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JAPANESE LETTERS OF LAFCADIO HEARN

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GREAT letter-writers, like other artists, must needs have the original birth-gift; but this gift, to ripen to complete fruition, requires certain fostering circumstances. Without these propelling forces, possessors of this charming art let it languish for want of constant use. Some loneliness of character or of circumstance there must be to make it a needed resource. Either shyness, or a lack of the power of oral expression, drives the letter-writer to his pen for the expression of his intimate self; or lack of sympathetic companionship obliges him to send his fancies far afield for that echo without which his thoughts seem to him as unresonant as "ditties of no tone."

Madame de Sévigné and Lord Chesterfield were both reputed stiff and dry in conversation. FitzGerald was exaggeratedly diffident. Lamb's family sorrows forced him to turn to others for intimate intercourse; and the same was true of Thackeray. Stevenson's long exile made his pen his best means of fellowship.

All these conditions combined to make of Lafcadio Hearn a creator of famous letters. His shyness was extreme. His life, from his nineteenth year, was a sojourn in foreign lands. Without family ties for twenty years, those ties, when formed in middle age, bound him to aliens in race and tongue. He never mastered Japanese sufficiently to express his thoughts freely and completely in the language of his wife and children. Though, as with most of the great letter-writers, literature was his profession, the writing of books

is a formal expression: an episode in which the artist walks on cothurns, and speaks through a mask to a large and dimly realized audience. Intimate communication, mental companionship, could be had only by letters. Through this medium only could he find an adequate outlet for the crowding flood of his emotions, observations, and reflections. And through this vent he let them flow with astonishing fullness and intensity.

In one who wrote with such conscientious labor, such almost agonized care, the number and fluent richness of his letters is the more surprising. At times he wrote to some one of his correspondents almost daily, and at great length. After a day of teaching, or of many hours of drudgery at uncongenial journalism, he would bend himself to further long hours of intense toil at creative work, and at the end of all throw off page after page to some friend, describing his travels, retailing the touching or amusing incidents of the life about him, or discussing the books recently read; analyzing the condition of public affairs (some of his political predictions have been curiously verified), the trend of education, the characters of his associates. Little vignettes of men he had known would be sketched in a few lines of subtle and conclusive portraiture. Reminiscence of past impressions and experiences, philosophic speculation, daring psychological conjecture, criticism, comment, suggestion, were poured out, according to his mood, without stint or haste — as only the born

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letter-writer can, or will, pour them out.

His insatiable intellectual curiosity, the large range of his interests, made these letters so delightful to the recipients that, with unstudied unanimity, they preserved every one of those many little bright yellow pages, covered with nervous delicate chirography, — no matter how brief or long the letters might be.

When, shortly after his death, a biography was planned, the usual search was made for such of his letters as might have survived the chances and changes of time. Such a wealth of material rewarded this quest, so great in bulk, so illuminative in quality, that it compelled a complete change of the plan of his biographer. He had told the story of his life, his work, his character, and of his mind, so fully and brilliantly in his correspondence that the work of a memorialist was reduced to little more than arranging and explaining the rich material ready to hand.

The reception of this self-told memoir by the public set him at once in the foremost rank among the great letter-writers. Since its appearance new stores of his correspondence have come to light, sufficient material for a third volume.

So unflagging was Hearn's zest, so instinctively did he turn to each of his friends a different phase of his mind, that these new letters have none of the quality of those "sweepings" so often put forth to dim a writer's fame after his best has been garnered.

The following extracts have been

chosen only from his correspondence with Professor Basil Hall Chamberlain, to whom, more than to any, he gave of his richest. And in them is shown, perhaps better than anywhere else, the wide scope of his mental excursions, the dignity and beauty of his character, and how inexhaustible to this "literary monk" was the delight and inspiration of intimate communion, of intellectual fellowship.

Professor Chamberlain, his favorite correspondent, had been one of his first and most helpful friends in Japan. Famous himself for his many works upon that country, — grammars of the language, compilations of colloquialisms, guide-books, studies of the Shinto and Buddhist religion, — and deeply interested in its folk-lore, superstitions, all Japan's traditional records, — to him Hearn could write with full assurance of comprehension and sympathy. The following letters were sent in most part from Kumamoto, where Hearn was teaching in the Government schools, and was becoming acquainted — much to his own disgust — with the newer, occidentalized Japan. He was revising those first delighted impressions received in the old-world Izumo, where the feudal life of the pre-Meiji period still lingered, with its honorable simplicities and sweetnesses. He was meeting again the hardnesses of modern competitive life, from which he had awhile escaped in Izumo: an all too brief faery episode, in which he for once had found himself at home and at peace.

KUMAMOTO, *January 17, 1893.*

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

I'm writing just because I feel lonesome; is n't that selfish? However if I can amuse you at all, you will forgive me. You have been away a whole year, — so perhaps you would like to hear some impressions of mine during that time. Here goes.

The illusions are forever over; but the memory of many pleasant things remains. I know much more about the Japanese than I did a year ago; and still I am far

from understanding them well. Even my own little wife is somewhat mysterious still to me, though always in a loveable way. Of course a man and woman know each other's hearts; but outside of personal knowledge, there are race-tendencies difficult to understand. Let me tell one. In Oki we fell in love with a little Samurai boy, who was having a hard time of it, and we took him with us. He is now like an adopted son, — goes to school and all that. Well, I wished at

first to pet him a little, but I found that was not in accordance with custom, and that even the boy did not understand it. At home, I therefore scarcely spoke to him at all; he remained under the control of the women of the house. They treated him kindly, — though I thought coldly. The relationship I could not quite understand. He was never praised, and rarely scolded. A perfect code of etiquette was established between him and all the other persons in the house, according to degree and rank. He seemed extremely cold-mannered, and perhaps not even grateful, — that was, so far as I could see. Nothing seemed to move his young placidity, whether happy or unhappy his mien was exactly that of a stone Jizo. One day he let fall a little cup and broke it. According to custom, no one noticed the mistake, for fear of giving him pain. Suddenly I saw tears streaming down his face. The muscles of the face remained quite smilingly placid as usual, but even the will could not control tears. They came freely. Then everybody laughed, and said kind things to him, till he began to laugh too. Yet that delicate sensitiveness no one like me could have guessed the existence of.

But what followed surprised me more. As I said, he had been (in my idea) distantly treated. One day he did not return from school for three hours after the usual time. Then to my great surprise the women began to cry, — to cry passionately. I had never been able to imagine alarm for the boy could have affected them so. And the servants ran over town in real, not pretended, anxiety to find him. He had been taken to a teacher's house for something relating to school matters. As soon as his voice was heard at the door, everything was quiet, cold, and amiably polite again. And I marvelled exceedingly.

Sensitiveness exists in the Japanese to an extent never supposed by the foreigners who treat them harshly at the open ports. In Izumo I knew a case of a maid servant who received a slight rebuke

with a smile, and then quietly went out and hung herself. I have notes of many curious suicides of a similar sort. And yet the Japanese master is never brutal or cruel. How Japanese can serve a certain class of foreigners at all, I can't understand. Possibly they do not think of them (the foreigners) as being exactly human beings, — but rather *Oni*, or at best *Tengu*.

Well, here is another thing. My cook wears a smiling, healthy, rather pleasing face. He is a good-looking young man. Whenever I used to think of him I thought of the smile, I saw a mask before me merry as one of those little masks of *Oho-kumi-nushi-no-kami* they sell at *Mionoseki*. One day I looked through a little hole in the *shoji*, and saw him alone. The face was not the same face. It was thin and drawn, and showed queer lines worn by old hardship. I thought "he will look just like that when he is dead." I went in, and the man was all changed, — young and happy again, — nor have I ever seen that look of trouble in his face since. But I know when he is alone he wears it. He never shows his real face to me; he wears the mask of happiness as an etiquette.

Do you remember that awful Parisian statue, a statue of which I forget the name, though the name might be, *Society*. A beautiful white woman bends smiling above you in stone. A witchery is that smile of hers. After admiring her awhile face to face, you turn about her, to see more of the artist's work. And then, lo and behold! the face you looked upon turns out not to be a face at all; it was a *Masque*; you now see the real head thrown back, in a distortion of unutterable pain. I think such an Oriental statue might also be made. This Orient knows not our deeper pains, nor can it ever rise to our larger joys; but it has its pains. Its life is not so sunny as might be fancied from its happy aspect. Under the smile of its toiling millions there is suffering bravely hidden and unselfishly borne; and a lower intellectual range is counterbalanced by a childish sensitiveness, to

make the suffering balance evenly in the eternal order of things.

Therefore I love the people very much, more and more the more I know them.

Conversely, I detest with unspeakable detestation the frank selfishness, the apathetic vanity, the shallow vulgar scepticism of the New Japan, the New Japan that prates its contempt about Tempo times, and ridicules the dear old men of the pre-Meiji era, and that never smiles, having a heart as hollow and bitter as a dried lemon.

And with this, I say good-night.

Ever most truly,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, January 26, 1893.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN:—

English self-suppression is certainly a marvellous quality. Yet it is something so different from this Eastern self-control. Its pent-up vital force moreover finds vent in many ways unknown to the Orient, and foreign to its character. And lastly, is it not considerably one-sided? Is it not confined to the outer repression of everything suggesting weakness or affection, — not to the masking of other feelings? Think of Heine's Englishman, with a black halo of spleen cutting against the sunny Italian sky! But, jest aside, see the faces of London (I remember them still), or the faces of any English crowd. There is such pain and passion there. Again, the extraordinary mobility and development of the facial muscles shows something totally different to the Buddhist Jizo-calm of these Japanese masks. If we could draw a line at all I would say it lies here: we suppress the amiable facial expression, and expose the aggressive and the sorrowful and the painful feelings, while the Japanese cultivate the former, even as a mask, and suppress, in physiognomical play, everything representing the latter. Of course the peculiar nakedness of the American face greatly exaggerates the harder side of physiognomy, as we know it in Europe. America is the country of

terrible faces; Fourier ought to have lived in it before writing his chapter on the physiognomy of the *civilisés*. One other thing in the way of opposites, I think, is that we suppress certain forms of action more than their expression by physiognomy; while the Japanese repress the facial exhibition more than the action which would be the ultimate possible result of the feeling in question. A Western man would (unless belonging to a very artificial class of society) be apt to look serious before killing himself. But even the average Japanese would smile more pleasantly, and act more kindly than usual, just before cutting his throat or lying down in front of a railway train. Hard and fast lines, however, are difficult to draw. Nothing is so hazardous as to attempt to make any general statement, — and yet no temptation is stronger.

Ever with best wishes,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO (no date).

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN:—

Here I may say something Bourget has defined in my head, — I doubt the spirituality of the Latin races. They seem to me essentially materialistic. The emotional life of them seems to be in the nerves, even their most exquisite sensations. Taine has well shown how debauchery and vice are contrary to the Northern nature in a sort, — how the English instinctively recognize they can't be immoral without becoming brutal. On the other hand, the French seem unable to become philosophical without becoming grossly materialistic. They talk forever of "*abîmes*;" yet which of them dive to the profundities or soar to the heights reached by the Genius of the North? Imagine a French Goethe! Or a Spanish Richter! Or an Italian Emerson or Carlyle! Compare even their realism with Northern realism, — say Kipling with Maupassant. Find anything resembling what Clifford calls a

"cosmic emotion" in their positivism. Even Renan is a Breton, — not a Latin. Fancy a Frenchman writing anything with a sustained ghostly charm of intellect in it like *The Soul of the Far East*.¹ The nearest approach to soul in French books is an extreme sensual refinement, — a vibrant sense of nature in relation to the body; and this quality (easily mistaken for something higher) vanishes with youth, and the dulling of the nerves, — and there remains the ashes of the commonplace.

Then what force in a Scandinavian or Russian novel, compared with a Latin one! For morbid pathology, Bourget is a child to Dostoevsky; — for another sort of story, compare Tolstoi's *Cossacks* with the best work of Merimée, — say *Carmen* or *Colomba*. I rather think it desirable that Europe should "become Cossack." We are growing too nervous and tired and enervated in the West, — a general infusion of barbarian blood would greatly assist, and improve literature. Our morbid Englishman is Mallock. I read and detest him; his work is symptomatic. If you have no liking for him, give the book to some friend who may. By the way, do you know Sascher-Masoch? I have sent for his novels. If you have not read *La Mère de Dieu*, you will have a treat. I think he is a Jew; and I am very fond of the Jewish novelists. The best are Slavs, — or at least from the Slavic side of Austria.

I am charmed by your delightful suggestion of faith in future possibilities beyond scientific recognition, — though too much of a Spencer-lover to think of Spencer as dogmatic. We know that memory is inherited, — only in the process of transmission it now becomes transmitted into instinct and impulse, — into vague unaccountable shrinkings and aspirations, loves and fears. But why should we hold it must always be so. As the spectroscope reveals the existence

¹ *The Soul of the Far East*. By PERCIVAL LOWELL.

of color-scales invisible to our imperfect vision, there may well be psychic facts undreamed of yet awaiting discovery. The time may come when the fable of the Bodhisatta's memory will prove a common truth, — when with each advance in development there will lighten up recollections of past existence, and one can say, "What a fool I was to do that thing five thousand years ago." Remembrance of all the past in all its details might be horribly unpleasant, but also incalculably useful. And I can imagine (illegitimately, perhaps, but still imagine) a condition of developmental activity in which time and space would have no relative existence, — and a thousand years be as a day. There is one grim fact about our new philosophy. We know that we are approaching slowly a degree of equilibration which means happiness; but we also know that the dissolution of a solar system is as certain as its integration. Everything evolves only to dissolve, — so far as known facts teach us. After all, we have reached no further than the unscientific but strangely inspired thinkers of India, with their ancient theory of cycles. Buddhism and Spencer, before the Ultimate, stand upon the same ground. And I think of your wise saying about taking one's faith ready made. Assuredly it seems the most rational, and beyond doubt it is the prudent, course for those who can devote their minds to more momentous and useful things. Then I would say: For me, Buddhism.

Mason said a delightful thing in his last letter to me, about the effect of Japanese art in teaching him to see and feel the beauty of snow. I have had the same experience. European art does not seem to me to have ever caught the Soul of Snow as the Japanese art has, — with its fantasticalities, its wizardisms. And the Japanese fancy has its "Snow-women" too, — its white spectres and goblins, which do no harm and say nothing, only frighten and make one feel cold. I can see the beauty of snow now, but still it makes me shiver. I think the Yukiouna,

sometimes when I am asleep, passes her white arm through a crack of the *amado* into my sleeping room, and in spite of the fire, touches my heart and laughs. Then I wake up, and pull the *futons* closer, and think of palm trees, and parrots, and mangoes, and the blue of the tropical water. What a delight it would be to follow the birds south every autumn. — But I forgot, you dislike heat, and blazing sun, and perspiration.

Ever most truly,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

P. S. What you said about railroads and Christ is admirable. I am beginning to doubt very strongly the ultimate value of our boasted material progress, — to doubt "civilization" as a human benefit.

KUMAMOTO, February 6, 1893.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN:

Your letter about the method of composition has come, — far more lucid than my rather vague epistle on the same subject, which I now find requires some further explanation. Of course I did not mean printed pages, — only MS. pp. like this. I could not make 150 good printed 12mo pages in less than four months, under very favorable circumstances and with the hardest work. Besides, I was speaking of forced composition. Inspirational work, emotional work, is just twenty times harder, if it can be measured at all. Too much importance cannot be attached to the value of an emotion, — the "kernel," as you so aptly term it. But this comes only as a feeling. To perfectly disengage it (*le dégager*), develop it, discover its whole meaning, focus it, is killing work. There is delight in looking at the result; but that is obtained only by actually giving one's blood for it. I am talking now, perhaps, as if I were a big instead of a very small writer; but the truth is that the cost is greater in proportion to the smallness of original power. I have had to rewrite pages fifty times. It is like a groping for something you know is inside the stuff, but the exact shape of which you don't

know. That is, I think, also the explanation of the sculptor's saying that the figure was already in the marble; the art was only to "disengage it."

Didactic work is one of the hardest, of course. Nothing is harder to write than a primer. Simplicity combined with force is required; and that combination requires immense power. (There I reverence Huxley, for example.) And as you excellently observe, the effect of the work is in direct ratio to the pains taken to produce it by a master hand. This takes no small time to learn. What apparent ease in writing really means, I regret to say that I only learned a few years ago; if I had learned sooner, it would have done me much good.

Otherwise your method is in all points like mine. I have to do much excision of "verys," "thats" and "whiches," — to murder adjectives and adverbs, — to modify verbs. Every important word seems to me to have three qualities: form, sound, and color. After the first and last have been considered, follows the question of the rhythm of the sentence. This I think may approach blank verse, at the termination of paragraphs, if a strong emotion be expressed. It may be smooth as oil if the effect to be produced is smooth, — or rough, — or violent as may be. But all this is never done by rule, — only by instinctive feeling, half unconsciously. In the body of a paragraph too much flow and rhythm seems to hurt the effect. Full force is best reserved for the casting-throw of the whole thought or emotion. I should like now to go through many paragraphs written years ago, and sober them down.

Print, of course, is the great test. Color only comes out in proof, — never in MS. I can't get anything perfect in MS. A friend is invaluable. You are very lucky to have Mason. I have nobody in Japan to read to, or to ask advice of; and I feel the void very much. Why a man of such delicate taste as Mason does not himself write charming books, I don't know. Perhaps you could make him try.

Then I keep note-books. I have no memory to speak of, since my experiences with tropical fevers and other sickness. I note down every sensation or idea, as you say *au vol*. And I have classified note-books, — with indexes; must show you some one of these days.

Now I am just going to “lie fallow” for six months. Indeed I can do nothing else; for there is nothing to see, hear, or feel in Kyushu, I think. And I want to learn something thoroughly, so as to try to write stories or sketches of a better sort. I want sensations too. But out of Japanese life I fear no strong sensation will ever again come to me. I feel fizzed out. “*Mon âme a perdu ses ailes.*”

Many thanks for your kindness in writing to Batchelor. My friend is really worth the trouble. I would like you to know him. If you ever visit Matsue, you will like him.

Faithfully ever,
LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO (no date).

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

To return to older topics, an idea is growing upon me about the utility of superstition as compared with the utility of religion. Indeed the latter is but an elaboration of the former, and both have truth at the bottom of them. Superstition in Japan has a sort of shorthand value in explaining eternal and valuable things. To preach to people (who know nothing) about sociological morality, — or the relation of cleanliness to health, — or other things of that kind, — would certainly be waste of breath. A superstition serves the purpose infinitely better. But I think the superstition is in many cases developed after the practice begins. Some practices must have originated simply in the will of political or religious rulers. After the force of their command had spent itself, it was continued and revived by new beliefs. The beliefs that to drop nail-parings in a *hibachi* will cause madness; that not to shave the hair and

eyebrows of Samurai children will cause them to have misfortune in war; that to lay the *futon* unevenly will cause a quarrel between husband and wife; that to make the *shoji* of a room overlap to the left instead of to the right is to invite misfortune; that to leave a room unswept is an invitation to Bimbogami; that to touch a pillow with the foot is displeasing to the gods; that to tread upon or crumple either written or printed paper, or writing of any kind, is wickedness, — all these and a hundred others are so closely related to practical truths of a much larger character than themselves, that one feels a new respect for superstition in analyzing them. Is n't it the same with much of our Western religion? Why, it was only the other day that the proposition for the teaching of sociological morality was made for the first time in America; in other words, it is only at the present day that we are able, in our very highest educational institutions, to rationalize morals and scientifically illustrate the relation of actions to consequences. Hell and damnation, angels and devils and myths, have certainly had incomparable value as shorthand religious moral teachings. Fancy trying to get into a peasant's head the whole reason why adultery, incest, or murder are punished as crimes.

Faithfully ever,
LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, April 13, 1893.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

We were talking about education the other day. I have been thinking that the deficiencies of educational systems will have in the future to be met by means which it is now impossible even to imagine. Perhaps one would be the abolition of schools, — as too mechanical and wasteful of time. (Herbert Spencer, I believe, never went to school at all.) But here is the difficulty, — always growing, — which the future must face. Accord-

ing to the present system, one-fourth of life at least must be devoted simply to preparation. Another fourth must be given to the struggle to live and maintain a family. At least half of life must go to the mere effort of preparing for life. This, I know, is commonplace. But all the sciences, enormously expanding and subdividing into branches, are outgrowing the institutions established to teach them, and must continue to outgrow them with ever increasing rapidity. (Who for example, can now pretend to be a good general physician? one must take a branch, and make it a life study.) The enforcement of specialization into even rudimentary educational systems could only meet the difficulty for a certain time, — it is one that never can be buried. And already the result of much high education is only a smattering of much with a knowledge of nothing, — for the average student. Our brains eat up our lives and the life of the world, — and yet are starved or fed with ornamental bric-a-brac. Progress is leading us to a future in which it will require half a century to merely prepare a brain for work; and unless the Elixir of Life be discovered, what is the use? *Inkyo* would scarcely be possible in the West. The parents (except among the really wealthy) die long before their children are able to do anything. I can't escape the conviction that an enormous part of what we now imagine to be education must be pitched overboard to lighten the ship. And we shall never, never have any more time to enjoy the world.

Ever faithfully,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

P. S. "Ah!"

(1) Statistically, it has been admirably shown that education does not decrease criminality. The superstition of the West has been that the lower classes should be educated to keep them from being dangerous. But education has made them much more dangerous than they ever were before.

(2) Buckle pointed out years ago that,

on the other hand, the extremely high culture of a superior class, so far from enabling it to elevate the class beneath it, actually exiles it from all other classes, — as in Germany, where even the language of the scientific classes had become totally unintelligible to all others. Since Buckle's time, the same might be said of the highly cultivated classes of other countries, — their thoughts, their words, their books, are hieroglyphics to the multitude.

(3) A world of extraordinary possible results can be imagined from the future aggravation of both states of things.

(4) The government of the Ancient Orient, "founded upon benevolence," resolved the difficulty unconsciously in a much better way. The education of the people shall be moral only, — shall be the teaching of eternal truths, — the relations of the family, the duties of children and subjects. And he who says anything new shall be put to death. Also he who invents inventions shall be killed. Both laws I find in the sacred books of China. They are good laws, from one point of view. And, after all, the matter is brought back to a celebrated maxim of Spencer's, —

That the object of all education should be simply to make good fathers and mothers.

Here the ancient Orient agrees with Mr. Herbert Spencer.

But how can people be educated to become good fathers and mothers, if the largest part of life must be devoted merely to learning that which is of no practical use, — and if, for the really learned, marriage becomes more difficult with every generation?

The imposition of Chinese laws upon the West for a time might not be so very bad.

"Let him who says anything new, or him who shall invent anything new, be put to death."

I send a couple of Masoch's volumes of stories for you and Mason to while away dull moments with.

KUMAMOTO, *April 28, 1893.*

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

Your criticism on my letter is penetrating. But in the interval an audacious idea has been taking visible shape in my mind, — definitely, strongly, — upsetting all my other ideas about the future of West and East. Perhaps I may venture to bring it out some day. But it will be a hard piece of work, — as I must give scientific records for every point taken. It is this: — That the larger brained and nervously more complex races of the West must give way at last to the races of the East, — and that Buddhism in some form will exist after Christianity and Christian civilizations have vanished.

The argument must be based, first of all, upon the enormous cost of individuation to the West, compared with the future cost of equally efficient (for sociological purposes) individuation to — say the Chinese. Vast races of highly complex creatures have already disappeared from the world simply because of the enormous costliness of their structures. The evolution of machinery furnished certain parallels for study in the question of economy of force and economy of expenditure. Then there will be artificial conditions to consider, as set in antagonism to purely natural, but equally efficient conditions. Of course the question of the survival of races is that of the survival of the fittest. But are we, as you suggest askingly, are we the fittest? The fittest life is that capable of meeting all exterior influences inimical to it by interior adjustments of its own powers. Are we most able to do that? I think we are now, — but *only because we avail ourselves of artificial means to oppose to natural forces*. We do this by intellectual cunning. But that intellectual power is obtained by us only at so vast a cost, that it can only belong to a very few. Given the same powers to the select of a race to whom the cost of being and thinking has been made by nature and habit infin-

itely less, — and what will we be in the competition? Less than nothing. The forces of national expansion are aggressive forces and very costly ones. But they do not represent the highest of our powers. The highest of our powers are of no use or meaning in self-preservation and race-contest. And the aggressive powers in our races are the most easily imitated and acquired by those nations we call inferior and barbarous. But that's enough to bore you with. I only suggest an outline of what I mean. In that case Japan ought to tie her future to China, when circumstances render that possible. Buddha will be safe anyhow.

Goodbye, with sincerest wishes that you take the best possible care of yourself for awhile,

Ever,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, *May 12, 1893.*

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN:

In the dead vast and middle of last night there came a telegram from Lowell, saying that he had sent a letter sixteen days ago, and to enquire therefor. I enquired as soon as possible, sending my little boy to the P. O. When he had delivered his message, instead of replying, the P. O. asked: —

“What is your name?”

“Kumagae Masayoshi.”

“Naruhodo! And you are in the house of the Sensei?”

“Yes.”

“Naruhodo! And of course you speak much English?”

“No.”

“Naruhodo! But you are not of Kumamoto?”

“No.”

“Naruhodo! You are from the West?”

“Izumo.”

“Ya! The people of Shimane are curious people. There is one in our P. O.; you know him.”

“No, I do not.”

“Naruhodo! The people of Shimane say, ‘fubachi, futatsu, fugashi;’ they say,

'jiji; ji-roku;' — they say 'sanji' for 'sanjui.' Ah, yes!"

"But the letter?"

"The Sensei received a telegram."

"Yes."

"The letter was sent — when?"

"Sixteen days ago."

"Naruhodo! Then it could not possibly have come to Kumamoto. To come to Kumamoto and not be quickly delivered is, for a letter, exceedingly difficult. We know all about the letters of the Sensei; we count them. Exceedingly very many there are. He gets letters daily. To-day, as know, he got one?"

"Yes."

"Then the reason of the not seeing of the letter the Sensei desires is not difficult to understand."

"It is difficult."

"Oh, not. It is not difficult. The reason is simply that the letter never came to Kumamoto."

"Ah!"

"For having once come to Kumamoto it should have immediately been delivered."

"Ah!"

"But since it did not come, it could not have been delivered."

"Thanks."

"And therefore, not having been delivered, the Sensei did not receive it."

"Thanks."

"What have I done, etc."

To dispute the premises would have been quite useless, — so accepting the conclusion I prepared an elaborate telegram. The address upon Mr. Lowell's telegram was simply "Kokumeikwan." Masa trotted off again to the heart of the town. The telegram man disputed the address. Such an address would not suffice, — would give at the other end of the line enormous tribulation. For to send a telegraph to Kokumeikwan was like unto sending a telegram to Tokyo, — to Japan, — to the whole Orient, — to the whole of this vale of tears. And I suppose it best to address you on the subject as you have an address of a

sharply defined character. I think you told me that Lowell, like many another literary man, dislikes writing letters. I am especially sorry therefore for the mystery of the letter in question; it is discouraging and demoralizing, and would justify him in swearing by the eight hundred myriads of the Gods never to write another letter again for the rest of his life.

I have your kind letter about "Chita," etc. That you could read the book at all, is some encouragement, — that is, persuades me that at some far-distant time, by toning down the thing, some of it might be preserved in a new edition. But I feel it is terribly overdone. You are right, too, about Miss Bacon's severe and rather dry style. It has power, and it never tires, if the subject be of interest. A poetical style is only justifiable in the treatment of rare, exotic subjects. Those are the subjects I most love, however; how I envy my cousins in India, who will never write a line in their lives. I would give ten years of life for one year in India; — I can't ever hope to get it. But a host of small relations, to whom it is a mere source of living, can not only get any number of years in India, but can blaspheme the Gods at being obliged to live in such a blasted country.

What an education the Orient is! How it opens a man's eyes and mind about his own country, about conventionalisms of a hundred sorts, — about false ideals and idealisms, — about ethical questions. But it is a bitter life. I am ashamed to say, I feel worn out. Ancestral habit and impulse are too strong in me. I never understood how profoundly a man can be isolated even in the midst of an amiable population. I get letters from relations in England that make my soul turn, not skyblue, but indigo. I must be able to travel again some day, to alternate Oriental life with something else. And I am not without hope that will prove some day possible.

I wonder if I am right in thinking the Tempo men larger brained than the present University men. Somehow or

other, the most highly educated Japanese strike me as pitifully small when it comes to thinking about any subject whatever: — they talk like boys of fourteen or fifteen years of age. They have no grasp of questions, — no conception of relations. It is impossible to talk with them at all. Now the old men whom I have met were of a larger breed. They thought in a narrow circle, but fully, and originally, and well, so far as I could divine from interpretation. They gave me ideas. The class I am now in contact with have no ideas. Under such studies as they have made, their brains seem to have shrivelled up like kernels in roasted nuts. When they try to talk there is only a dry rattle. Perpetual questions about things that a new-born babe ought to know; and withal a conceit as high as the moon: — an ineradicable belief that they have mastered all the knowledge of the nineteenth century, — and that a foreigner is a sort of stupid servant to be used, but never to be treated as a real human being.

The other day I wrote a long article about Japanese students, intending to send it to the *Mail*, a plea for them; but reading it over I came to the conclusion I did not know enough about the subject of educational organization. Everything is kept concealed as much as possible from a foreign teacher. Some day when I get more information, I may try to develop the theme in another way. I think the present system is dead wrong; — I think so by its results. The boys are overworked. The standard is low; the years are wasted. But who would thank me for proving it?

We had a curious contradiction in official theories the other day. One minister tells the Governors if there be trouble in their provinces they are responsible. The other minister tells students if they are dissatisfied the fault is their own. That the perpetual change of governors and teachers and directors — the general flux of national disintegration — must lead to large troubles,

never seems to occur to these great statesmen. They are pitifully small, to judge by their idea of applying law to results instead of remedies to deeply seated and ever increasing causes. For the first time I feel like saying, “D——n Japan!” After all, the loss of her nationality might not be the worst fate for her. What a blue letter. I am ashamed.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO (no date).

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

You have heard of Composite Photographs, and know their value. Here is a composite composition, — the closing examination theme. I have made no changes, — only taken sentences from various compositions.

The Story of Tithonus.

“Tithonus was a youth very handsome and polite.

“Aurora was the rosy-fingered Goddess of the Dawn, — a very fine young lady with rosy fingers.

“She was used to get up in the earlier morning every day, and she was very studious.

“She fallen in love to Tithonus, and by her chariot taked him up to the sky.

“One day she ask to him that, — ‘Sir, I can give you all thing you want.’ Then he ask to her that, — ‘Please give me the eternal life.’

“Hoping to enjoy the eternal life of her husband, Aurora ask to Zeus, Father of all the Gods;

“And soon the eternal life was bestow on Tithonus.

“But Aurora forget to request for the eternal youth; therefore Tithonus have the only eternal life.

“Gods have the eternality of youth as well as life.

“Tithonus came to become thirty or fourty years of age.

“He became every day more old.

“He become **TOTALLY** old.

“And felt the miseration of this life.

"He became grieving and very confusing for weakness of the old.

"Whenever he saw down from the seat of the sky a burial in mankind, he desire to die.

"He became old till only the bones and skins have remained — like a wet paper was put over the wood.

"Aurora asked to Zeus to give her husband only one escapement of his torment by to die, — but in vain.

"Now Tithonus begged to the God to make him enable to die; but he was repulsed, — on that the God could not ever change his words.

"To the last desire he begged the God to make him a glasshopper and to hop on the ground.

"So for pity the God changed him into a glasshopper, which could hop about our world.

"And he is hop about the ground even now, and bears the dry looking.

"So from a man becomed the husband of the Goddess, and then to be changed into a vile worm!

"This should teach us well to ask never the inconsistent things."

KUMAMOTO, June 19, 1893.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

A funny story for you. At Kumamoto, they are vulgar folk — all the women play the *samisen*. Instead of calling in geisha, the poorer folk make their own music. Near us a family yesterday proceeded, after necessary delays, to celebrate the birth of a child. The wife played the *samisen*, the mother-in-law the drum, and the father danced to please the guests.

As all this was quite extraordinary to Izumo people, my folks went to look at it. It was night, and the gates were closed. A new servant alone was left to guard the front part of the house, while I guarded the rear. But the man thought he might also go to see just for a moment. He went to what he believed to be the gate of the street, opened it, and found

himself in absolute darkness. There was neither moon nor stars. He returned, said a prayer to the Gods, and tried the gate again. Black as a coal! Then he came back and waited.

When the family returned he naïvely asked, "Was there any light in the street when you went?" "Plenty of light!" all said, "lamps and a big moon." "So!" exclaimed the servant triumphantly, "*I knew it was a fox!*"

Now the truth of the matter was that he had opened the gate of the wood-house, mistaking it for the smaller street gate, which it very much resembles, — and finding himself in the dark he was convinced that a fox was trying to deceive him. We all laughed; but he said, "It would not have been the first time that a fox put his hand before my eyes."

My old Kurumaya has fox stories enough, but none of his own experience. He brought to the house, however, a young Kurumaya who told us that one evening a military officer engaged him to take him to a house near the Hanaokayama. He took him there. The officer went into the house, — a superb residence, — bidding him wait. He waited until 3 A. M. Then he suddenly saw there was no house, and that his Kuruma was gone. He got no money, and only found his Kuruma two days later, — in a gorge.

Ever,

LAFCADIO HEARN.

KUMAMOTO, June 27, 1893.

DEAR CHAMBERLAIN: —

I read part of your last letter with remorse. I am now all at one with you on the subject of Buddhism; and my first enthusiasm for Shinto, I fear, was wrong. I thought I saw in Shinto the soul of Japanese Loyalty, — self-sacrifice, etc. I wrote enthusiastically about it; — I fear you will justly condemn my views. Perhaps I shall be able to modify some of them in proof. Yes, Buddhism makes an appeal to the human heart, and Shinto only to tradition and race feeling.

There is, however, a power, — a mighty power, in that, too. I can't remember now where I read a wonderful story about a Polish brigade under fire during the Franco-Prussian War. The French batteries are directed upon it; the fire of the mitrailleuses is atrocious. The Polish brigade stands still under the infernal hail, cursed by its German officers for the least murmur, — "Silence! you Polish hogs!" — while the ground is being strewn with blood and brains and entrails. Hundreds fall; thousands! and the order is always, "Close up, you Polish hogs!" Just one instant with the bayonet, — one chance to retaliate, to die like men! But the iron order is to wait. Men sob with rage. "Silence, you Polish beasts!" And then, at last, old Steinmetz, smoking his pipe in the carnage, gives a signal, — the signal. The bugles ring out with the force of Roland's last blast at Roncesvalles, the air forbidden ever to be sung or heard at other times, — the national air — (you know it) — "*No! Poland is not dead!*" And with that crash of brass all that lives of the brigade is hurled at the French batteries. Mechanical power, if absolutely irresistible, might fling back such a charge, but no human power. For old Steinmetz, smoking his pipe, had made, Schopenhaueresquely, the mightiest appeal to those "Polish brutes" that man, God or devil could make, — the appeal to the ghost of the Race. The dead heard it; and they came back that day, — the dead of a thousand years.

And then you know the tremendous

story of the Cuirassiers at Reichshoffen, dying to a man to cover the retreat; each regiment charging in turn over the torn bodies of those who had formed the first regiment. That was a grand failure and a grand sacrifice. But what is not a failure is the annual ceremony, when, in the great camp, the roll-call of the dead is called, and every buried Cuirassier answers "Present!" — through the mouth of the living, because the grand dead never die.

Now, old Steinmetz smoking his pipe, waiting for the right moment; the French people, keeping alive the memory of the heroism of Reichshoffen, — both have the same thought, — the thought that moved Carlyle to say that not pleasure and happiness, but pain and misery and death, are the greatest attractions to men's souls, — that which they seek in preference to all else. (Carlyle puts it crookedly; but there is a thought there.) The race feeling is the most powerful of all impulses; stir it deeply, — and to the living the value of life and fame and love and all else disappear like smoke; and the dead become the masters; and the living only the instruments. Now, do you not think something of the magic by which that feeling can be stirred, is possessed by Shinto? If it is, then Shinto is mighty. If not, then Shinto is like a sacred awabi-shell, empty and full of holes.

But my letter is too long. Tomorrow I will write you about the *o-fuda* book, and other things.

LAFCADIO HEARN.

THE CONVENTION OF BOOKS

BY SAMUEL McCHORD CROTHERS

ONCE upon a time there was an Old Librarian who, attending a convention of his profession, closed his eyes. This was not because the papers were uninteresting; nor was it because they were not important if true, for they were both important and true. But the papers were many and the librarian was no longer young; therefore he closed his eyes that he might more easily follow the thought. So he followed the thought until he was out of hearing of the somewhat too even voice of the gentleman who was reading.

Suddenly he found himself in a convention of books. Now, the librarian had always loved books, and had cared for their safety, and had planned to extend their usefulness. But in the country to which he had been transported the conditions are reversed. The books assume responsibility for the care of their readers, and arrange them in order and decide upon their merits. For the books in their own country set great store by their readers. When a book misplaces its readers, or loses them, it is looked upon as unskillful. It is no small achievement for a book to look after a large collection of miscellaneous readers, and to select those that are valuable.

When the Old Librarian arrived, the convention hall was almost full. There were books of all sizes and ages, all engaged in animated conversation. There were venerable folios, grave middle-aged quartos, flashy young duodecimos. Blue-blooded classics were elbowed by pushing "best-sellers." Shabby odd volumes shambled about, looking for members of their family circle from whom they had been separated for years. Now and then a superannuated Text-Book, lean and haggard, would ask for information from

a pert young fellow who had once been his pupil. A slight willowy Poem would trip along with a look of vague inquiry in her innocent eyes, as if she were seeking some one who would tell her what she was all about. She would draw her dainty singing robes around her to avoid the touch of some horny-handed son of prose with the dust of the Census Bureau yet upon him. There were grave, learned books who were spoken of with bated breath as "Authorities;" and there were "Original Sources," aristocrats of long lineage, who still clung to the antique garb of their youth.

There were few in the company who ventured upon any familiarity with these worthies. It was however whispered by an enterprising Thesis, who had made their acquaintance, that some of them, in their own day and generation, had been rather common.

Near the doors were groups of half-grown pamphlets who had not yet reached the dignity of full book-hood. They formed a disturbing element, and it was a question whether they should be admitted to the floor, it being very difficult to keep these unbound hobbledheys in order.

The Old Librarian was not one of those indefatigable persons who can sit through all the meetings furnished by conscientious programme-makers. He was glad that so many papers were provided at all hours, but there was a touch of altruism in his nature, so that he rejoiced in the thought of the information which the minds of others received while his own lay fallow. After the convention had been opened, he wandered in a leisurely way from one section to another, listening to such of the discussions as interested him,

and observing how the books conducted their business.

There was much wrangling over the report of the Committee on Credentials, as there was a great difference of opinion as to what constitutes a book. It is an old controversy between the strict constructionists and those of more democratic tendencies. In this case the strict constructionists were outvoted, and the Old Librarian noticed a number of volumes taking part in the proceedings, to whom he would not have given the privileges of the floor.

There was one general subject for discussion, "The Care of Readers," but each section considered its own questions of technique. Never had the Old Librarian been so impressed with the sense of the importance of readers. The president in his opening address declared that the reader could no longer be treated as a negligible quantity. Readers might be said to be almost essential to the existence of books. It was a great satisfaction to the Old Librarian to hear this, for he had often been grieved at the haughty airs of certain of the more learned books who had refused to make any allowance for the natural infirmities of their readers. They would lead them into verbal labyrinths and heartlessly leave them there, laughing with erudite glee at their confusion. But this was not the spirit of the convention.

The Old Librarian listened with much interest to a paper on "The Classification of Readers." The readers were classified according to the natural method, —

The readers who read through,

The readers who read at,

The readers who read in,

The readers who read round about,

And the well-beloved readers who read between the lines.

Boswell's *Life of Johnson* said that he was accustomed to divide readers into two classes, the herbivorous and the carnivorous. The herbivorous reader is a quiet, ruminating creature who likes to browse in a library. He could best il-

lustrate the characteristic of the carnivorous species by quoting a note that he had made of Dr. Johnson's way of reading. "He seemed to read it ravenously as if he devoured it. He knows how to read better than any one . . . he gets at the substance of a book directly, he tears the heart out of it. He kept it wrapt up in the table-cloth in his lap the time of dinner, resembling (if I may use so coarse a simile) a dog who holds a bone in his paws in reserve while he eats something else that is thrown at him."

"How shocking!" said Mrs. Hemans's *Poems*, shuddering.

"Do not be alarmed, madam. I was only using a figure of speech."

A paper was read on "The Treatment of Ephemeral Readers; how they may be catalogued to be made available during their lifetime and retired with the least time and labor."

There was some difference of opinion as to what constitutes an ephemeral reader. Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason* defined him as one who never got beyond the title-page. He never felt that a reader was worth cataloguing unless he had got into the first chapter. He was sorry to say that most of his readers belonged, not to the class that reads in, but to that which only reads about.

Royce's *The World and the Individual* remarked that he had noticed a good many of these second-hand readers of Kant lying around in the colleges.

"I wonder," said *The Spectator*, "why so many readers insist on forcing themselves into the company of books that are above their station in life. They must know that they would be happier with those of their own class."

"I remember a remark of Dr. Johnson which may throw some light on the situation," said Boswell's *Life of Johnson*. "It was one day when we visited the Pantheon in London, then newly opened as a place of entertainment. I said, when I had paid the entrance fee, 'There's not a half-guinea's worth of pleasure in seeing this place.' To which Dr. Johnson re-

plied, 'But, sir, there's half a guinea's worth of inferiority to other people in not having seen it.' "

"It's lucky that so many readers have that amiable weakness," drawled Lord Chesterfield's *Letters*. "Those big-wigs over there," pointing to the World's Classics, "would n't be dressed in full morocco if it were n't that every blessed reader is willing to give his guineas to be saved from the inferiority of not knowing them."

Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* rose from his chair with some effort, to resent what seemed to him an unworthy fling at the readers whose reading was done by proxy.

"I have been highly esteemed and kept in good reputation by successive generations that have taken me on trust. They slap me on the back and call me 'Good old Burton,' and 'Quaint old Burton,' and quote somebody who quoted somebody I quoted. I have no doubt but that they will keep it up for several hundred years longer. Is n't it just as well as if they actually took the trouble to read me? They certainly have kept up a pleasant speaking acquaintance."

The *Complete Works of Josephus*, neatly attired in calf, arose to testify to his approval of the philosophical remarks of his young friend. Two hundred years is a short time in the life of a book. As for himself, he was approaching his second millennium, and he was happy to say that his circulation was still good. Since his first publication no generation had arisen that knew not Josephus. He attributed his longevity to his regular habits. He had very early got himself talked about in learned and semi-learned circles. Works dealing in a popular way with Hebrew history are accustomed to say to their readers, "See *Josephus*."

"Do the readers see you?" asked a thin, anxious-looking commentary.

"That is immaterial," answered the *Complete Works*. "They like to have me near at hand, so that they can see me in case of emergency. If one is asked

to address a meeting of Sunday-school teachers it is a great convenience to be able to say, 'Herod Antipas must not be confounded with Herod the Tetrarch, as is well known by every reader of *Josephus*.' Now, every one is liable to be asked to address a meeting of Sunday-school teachers at some time or other, and it gives a feeling of security to have me at hand. Of course a narrow-minded person may deny that readers of this kind should be included in the card catalogue, but I should not know what to do without them. But for them I should be as lonesome as my old friend Philo of Alexandria. He had a great reputation in his day, but he is now known only to scholars. There is no distinction in that, for scholars are willing to know anything."

The *Letters of Junius* said that he had spent a great deal of time in the study of readers, endeavoring to find out what became of them. The more he looked into the matter, the more the mystery deepened. It was not merely the fugitive reader that disappeared. He supposed that every book here that had made a collection could tell of serious losses.

Friendship's Garland, a single volume of uncertain age, said that she had been greatly troubled in this way. All her readers had mysteriously disappeared without fault of her own. Far be it from her to cast suspicion upon her fellow books, but she feared that, if an investigation were made, it might be found that some of them had readers that did n't belong to them.

Rollin's *Ancient History* said that once he had a large number of readers that he had collected with much industry. They had disappeared one by one. He supposed that it was now too late to recover them. Works of Fiction had at one time been accused of purloining readers from unsuspecting Histories. He had noticed a gang of Historical Romances loafing in the vicinity. They were suspicious characters living without visible means of support. Many years ago *Thaddeus*

of *Warsaw* had borrowed some of his readers and had never returned them. He had, however, been told that of late there had been a reformation among Works of Fiction and that they are becoming quite serious.

"That is true," said a sad-faced problematic novel. "There is no danger to be apprehended from us. We are poor but honest."

Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* remarked that while such petty larcenies as those of which *Thaddeus of Warsaw* was accused were to be reprehended, we must push the investigations to the books higher up. He himself had lost some valuable readers. "We must protect ourselves from the depredations of certain malefactors of great literary wealth."

As he sat down he cast a searching glance at the *Waverley Novels*.

"I hope that all questions involving property rights in readers may be submitted to arbitration," said Disraeli's *Quarrels of Authors*. "It would save much ink-shed."

"As for the losses of our honorable friend the *Decline and Fall*, perhaps another explanation might be given," said Horace Walpole's *Letters*. "It may only be that his readers are mortal. There was a remark of my Lord Chesterfield that was famous in its day. When he and his friend Lord Tyrawley had been missed from the gay society in which they had been ornaments, my Lord explained, 'Tyrawley and I have been dead these two years, but we don't choose to have it known.'"

"Do you know," said James's *Pragmatism*, "that I sometimes think that we books take ourselves too seriously. Why should n't our readers slip away from us if they can? It shows their sense. Just because we are bound volumes and sport a table of contents, we think there must be something in us. Sometimes there is, but the relation between printed matter and mind is variable. There is a great deal of superstition in the assumption of our
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educational value. It is far from absolute. I should n't wonder if we were some day put out of business by the fifteen-cent magazines."

"Hear! hear!" cried Poole's *Index*. "It all depends," said *The Strenuous Life*, "on the man behind the book. Now in Africa —"

"Speaking of Africa and of educational values," interrupted Mungo Park's *Travels in the Interior of Africa*, "I have seen a good deal of them both. If you don't mind my repeating myself, I will tell you of a little experience I had. It was some time after I had escaped from Tiggeity Sego, and I was taking leave of the Dooty of Dingyee. I had stayed over night with an old Foulah whose name I now forget. In the morning, as I was about to depart, he, with a great deal of diffidence, begged me to give him a lock of my hair. He had been told that a white man's hair made a *saphie* (charm) that would give the possessor all the knowledge of white men. I had never before heard of so simple a mode of education, but instantly complied with the request; but my landlord's thirst for learning was such that with cutting and pulling he cropped one side of my head pretty closely, and would have done the same with the other had I not signified my disapprobation by putting on my hat and assuring him that I wished to reserve some of the precious merchandise for a future occasion."

"I must make a note of that," said G. Stanley Hall's *Adolescence*, taking out his fountain pen. "It is a very interesting variation in pedagogy. Here is Mr. Mungo Park who tells us that in Wassiboo it was supposed that a liberal education could be obtained by cutting off the hair of any traveling gentleman of the Caucasian race. The candidate for a degree evidently followed a strict curriculum. In our colleges, on the other hand, our adolescents firmly believe that a liberal education may be obtained by allowing the hair to grow long and thick about the time of the autumnal

equinox. This is a survival of the ancient cult of the gridiron, which is connected with human sacrifices."

"After all," said Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, "there is a good deal to be said in behalf of this capillary theory of education. It indicates that even in modern times the primitive notion is preserved that education has something to do with the head. The only dubiety is as to whether the educational process shall go on internally or externally. This is but a detail. The superstition that is more common is one by which we books profit. There are those who attribute to us a magic which produces results altogether independent of any activity either within the cerebral cavity or on the superficies of the cranium. They imagine that a book is a perfect substitute for the fatiguing process of cerebration. Such readers would consider it a work of supererogation to use their own heads. I would admit that this superstition is less rational than that to which our friend *Travels in the Interior of Africa* refers, but the question is, Should we disturb it? We books must live. Of course we know that we are not really wiser than the people who write us, and we may know no more than the people who read us, but should we take the public into our confidence?"

At this point Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy* arose and inquired anxiously whether any reporters were present. On being assured that there were none, he said that he would venture to remark that every book is as wise as he looks and every reader as wise as he feels.

"Still," said Hill's *Rhetoric*, "we must remember that we all make mistakes. No book is a hero to his own proof-reader."

Pope's *Essay on Criticism* asked to be allowed to correct his learned friend the *Vulgar Errors*, who had accused certain passive readers of not using their heads. It was only fair to say that they allowed their heads to be used free of charge. They were useful as storehouses.

Miscellaneous material left in cold storage was never interfered with, and when called for was found in the same condition in which it arrived. He would therefore repeat the tribute which he had given some time since to

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head.

"In behalf of some of the most respectable books here present, I would return thanks for such repositories."

Marie Corelli's *Works* then read a paper entitled "A Heavy Plea for Light Readers." She argued that the economic law of supply and demand should be more fully recognized in high critical circles. She also argued against government by injunction. A bench of critics had no right to enjoin light readers who were engaged in the pursuit of happiness.

In the discussion that followed, complaint was made that the most troublesome reader of the lighter sort was the humorous reader. He was always finding in a book something which the author had not intended to be seen.

In order to weed out such readers, it was moved that a committee be appointed to be composed of the clerical members of the convention. It was hoped that their professional gravity might have a restraining effect on those addicted to the lighter vein.

The chair appointed the *Wit and Wisdom* of the Rev. Sydney Smith, *A Sentimental Journey* of the Rev. Laurence Sterne, the *Lyrics* of the Rev. Robert Herrick, and the *Complete Works* of the Very Reverend Jonathan Swift, Dean of St. Patrick's. The *Dunciad* called attention to one "who sits and shakes in Rabelais' easy chair," and said that it should not be forgotten that Rabelais was of the cloth. The chairman declared that it might as well be forgotten, and that he would so rule.

By way of interlude, Chesterton's *Essays* consented to entertain the company as a prestidigitator. He was not

he explained, a prestidigitator, but that made no difference.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the *Essays*, "I will not flatter you by saying 'a penny for your thoughts.' I never pay more than the market price for such articles; but I will ask you to lend me a few thoughts, if you happen to have any about you. Any simple little thing will do; all I ask is that it shall have been long enough in your possession to make you think that it is your own."

Several truisms were handed up, together with one or two brand-new paradoxes.

"Thank you, ladies and gentlemen; be sure not to take your eyes off your thoughts while they are in my hands; something might happen to them. I suppose you want them back? Certainly, you shall have them. They are of no value except to the owner, but I understand your feeling about them, they have associations. Here they are! By my faith, they do look different.

"Here, madam, is your Orthodoxy, which you handed me just now. It's the newest thing out. So original! How did you happen to get an idea that nobody ever happened on before? It's a great find, and yet you were so demure about it I was deceived at first: you seemed to take it as a mere matter of course. And here, sir, is your Heresy which you allowed me to examine. If you take a good look at it you will see the name of Athanasius stamped on the right-hand corner. It's genuine old-fashioned fourth-century orthodoxy, sixteen hundred years old, if it is a day. It's greatly to your credit that you have it in your possession, for I trust you came by it honestly.

"Will any other lady or gentleman lend me a thought?"

Bartlett's *Familiar Quotations* handed up "And things are not what they seem."

"Quite so," said the *Essays*, "that's what people generally suppose, but of course the fact is just the contrary. Things are things, and that is just what

they seem to be. It is you who are not what you seem. You seem to be philosophizing on the nature of things, but if you would stop to consider you would be convinced that you are doing nothing of the kind."

The *Familiar Quotations* acknowledged that this was perfectly true.

"There must be some trick about all this, I can but think," said a small thin book who stood at the back of the hall.

"Did I hear correctly?" asked the *Essays*. "Did you assert, 'I can but think'? Why, my dear sir, that is the one thing you cannot do.

"Ladies and gentlemen, I suppose some of you have by this time got the idea that I am quite clever and original because I have so many ideas that are different from your own. I assure you that you are altogether mistaken. It is you who are clever, having so many ideas that I can differ from. I am only a plain, plodding, literal-minded person, who cannot understand your brilliant paradoxes. I have contracted the habit of contradicting them at sight, and in nine cases out of ten it turns out that I am right. The results are monotonous, but I can't help that."

The Old Librarian shook his head doubtfully, for he had always enjoyed the *Essays*, and in spite of his disclaimer he felt that he was really very clever after all. He remembered an illuminating remark of his: "I never in my life said anything because I thought it was funny; though of course I may have had ordinary human vain-glory and may have thought it funny because I said it.

"It is one thing to describe an interview with a gorgon or a griffin which never existed; it is another thing to discover that a rhinoceros does exist, and then to take pleasure in the fact that he looks as if he did n't."

"I think we owe a great debt," said the Old Librarian, "to one who makes a specialty of the things which are true and which look as if they were n't. When the mind gets sluggish from lack of suf-

ficiently varied exercise, and can move only one way, I believe there is great benefit in going to some one like the *Essays* for vigorous osteopathic treatment."

The spirit of the convention was thoroughly democratic, and yet there was a tendency for certain congenial books to get together. Various groups were thus formed by their natural affinity for certain readers. No greater pleasure exists for the reader than to select the book friends in whose company he has spent many hours, and the books have the same feelings. They always think that their own readers are the best. The Old Librarian had some compunction of conscience when he remembered that he had been compelled to force so many volumes into unnatural and irksome companionship, and to bring them together according to subjects instead of according to personal likings.

He fell in with Sir John Lubbock's *Best Books*, and the *Heart of Oak*, and many *Select Libraries*. There were little groups gathered around veterans who were giving reminiscences of readers they had known. Homer's *Iliad* told about nights he had spent with Alexander the Great. After the battle they two would refresh their souls with talk about Achilles and windy Troy. Plato's *Republic* recalled the converse with Hadrian and Trajan and Marcus Aurelius, when they were doing all that heroic rulers could do to arrest the decay of the Roman Empire. When that plan failed he had communed with Augustine in regard to the City of God that was to be the new spiritual empire. After the invasion of the barbarians, he said, he had taken several centuries off, leaving his friend Aristotle to wrestle with the ignorance of the times. About the fifteenth century he had returned to active life much refreshed, and since then he had known intimately all the men of light and leading. He had, however, little time to dwell upon the past, as the Twentieth-Century problems were

so interesting, and there seemed so little time in which to get ready for the Twenty-first. Whereupon he began to talk with all his old-time enthusiasm about the future.

Machiavelli's *Art of War* talked in a breezy fashion of his experience in Virginia, where he had gone in company with his inseparable friend Captain John Smith. Many were the times when they discussed the question whether the tactics that proved effective in the valley of the Po, or in the passes of the Apennines, would be successful against the Red Indians.

Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* told of a reader he had met in a backwoods cabin. He was an unformed lad named Abraham Lincoln, who had little acquaintance with books. "I liked him none the less for that. I used to tell him of Mr. Greatheart and Mr. Honest and Mr. Valiant-for-the-Truth. One night I told him how Giant Grim and his lions blocked the way of the pilgrims and said that they could go no further along the King's highway. Now Mr. Greatheart was a strong man, so he was not afraid of a lion. And he said, 'These women and children are going on a pilgrimage, and this is the way they must go, and go it they shall, in spite of thee and the lions.' I thought by the light in the boy's eyes that some day if he should meet Giant Grim and his lions he might prove another Greatheart; and so, I am told, he did."

"Is n't it remarkable," said the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyám, "what little incidents will turn the whole current of our lives? I was over seven hundred years old before I learned English, which I speak now better than I do my native Persian. I fell in quite by accident with a European named Fitz-something-or-other, who introduced me to a new circle, so that I am now living a most exciting life. I find that my most enthusiastic readers live—not in Ispahan, but in Chicago. I have a reader who every evening is suspended from a strap and hurled through

space in a machine invented by a malignant whirling dervish. As he sways back and forth, he murmurs to himself, —

A book of verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread — and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness,
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

The Old Librarian was convinced of the wisdom of those who urged the over-ambitious readers to make the intimate acquaintance of a few good books who would stay by them through life. For their own pleasure and profit they must make a choice of friends, and a few real friends are worth a host of ill-assorted acquaintances. He was not therefore disturbed by the good-natured chaffing which always accompanies the attempt at bringing together those who ought to know each other.

There are little jealousies among books, and it is impossible to please all of them. He was conscious of this when, in a corner of the hall, he saw a number of books chosen for their especial serviceableness being seated on a divan five feet long. Each as his name was called came forward with a look of modest merit, while betraying a momentary surprise as he glanced at his neighbor. This is only book-nature. John Woolman's *Journal*, finding himself seated next to the *Arabian Nights*, was ill at ease.

"Friend, I fear thou art one of the world's people, being decked in gay apparel. I warn thee against vanities."

He was reassured by seeing one of William Penn's works in close converse with Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations*.

Five feet, though ample to accommodate any one reader's intimate book friends, is rather a small space, and however wise the choice, some excellent candidates are sure to be left out. This necessarily causes criticism.

When *A Blot in the 'Scutcheon* was invited, there was some hard feeling among the other works of Robert Browning. *Saul* maintained a dignified silence, and *Sordello* looked on with enigmatic calm, but *Pippa Passes* whispered pet-

tishly to *The Ring and the Book*. Some people, she said, were just as good as some other people.

Most of the invited books were quite sober, but *Tam O'Shanter* was evidently a little intoxicated by his success. "Sorry that you've been left out," he said to Wordsworth's *Excursion*, slapping him on the back. "But we don't think any less of you because you are not in our set. As a friend of mine said, 'a book's a book for a' that and a' that.'"

"When it's so crowded," answered the *Excursion*, "you have the advantage over me in being rather slight."

"Good-morrow!" said Walton's *Compleat Angler* to Emerson's *Essays*. "It's pleasant to see new faces. We old fellows find such occasions a little sad. So many old friends drop out. I'm the only survivor of Dr. Johnson's list of serviceable books. You know he made out a list for young Mr. Astle of Ashbourne in Derbyshire, brother of the learned and ingenious Thomas Astle, Esquire. It was the first time that my name had been mentioned in this way. No other honors have ever given me such pleasure. Perhaps you would like to know some of my companions at that time. I have the list in Dr. Johnson's own handwriting. Among them are Puffendorf's *Introduction to History*, Carte's *History of England*, Clarendon's *History*, *The Duty of Man*, Watt's *Improvement of the Mind*, Sherlock's *Sermons*, Law's *Serious Call*, Prideaux's *Connection*, Shuckford's *Connection*, *Nature Displayed*. I could hardly believe it when I found myself in that distinguished company, actually seated between Law's *Serious Call* and Sandys's *Travels*. This, I said, is fame."

The *Compleat Angler* was almost overcome by his emotion.

"Excuse me," he said; "if some one will hold this seat for me for a few minutes I will go down on the floor and see if I can't find some of the old crowd and arrange for a reunion. Ah! I see Clarendon's *History*. He's still extant, though he looks a little lonely. I see the *Serious*

Call, but where's *The Duty of Man*? I wish I could come across Sandys's *Travels*. And here, last and not least on Dr. Johnson's list, are *Some Commentaries on the Bible*. I wish I could remember which they were. I wonder if I shall recognize them. There is such a strong family resemblance among commentaries. I am afraid I should not know *Nature Displayed*, though I have a vague recollection that he was a great swell in his day."

At last they were all seated.

"Rather a tight squeeze," said Plutarch's *Lives*.

"Yes," said Bacon's *Essays*, "reading maketh a full man."

"Where's Shakespeare's *Works*?" inquired Marlowe's *Dr. Faustus*.

"You may search me," said Bacon's *Essays*.

They were so pleasant and cheery that the Old Librarian was impelled to

go about and seek out his own cronies and bring them together in some little space. They were good friends whom he was always happy to meet. It was only when he got them together that he was aware what a miscellaneous collection they were. The only thing which they had in common was his liking for them, but this it proved was a sufficient bond.

It was quite late when a party of gay young volumes of fashion, who had been attending a coming-out party of one of their number, passed through the corridors. As they looked into a tiny room, they saw the Old Librarian seated in the middle of a circle of cheerful old volumes. They were singing, "Should auld acquaintance be forgot, and the days of auld lang syne."

"I wonder," said the youngest of the party, "whether any of us will ever give so much pleasure."

BE COMFORTED, MY LITTLE MUSE

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

I

Be comforted,
My wistful little muse;
Lift up thy head;
To pipe thy slender strain no more refuse.
Poor creature, could'st thou choose,
Great themes thou would'st indite;
Scorn thy kind bed,
And pacing the dim valley all this night,
A POEM write;
A poem lovely in its sound
As Lycidas, or L'Allegro;
And in its thought a trump to blow, —
A sword to wound, —
A banner under which to fight!

II

But turn and see,
My foolish little muse,
What young Theocritus is he
Who walks by yonder "fountain Arethuse"?
A schoolboy loitering home at even
With face as bright as the far western heaven;
Walking apart,
And thinking of the Greeks at Marathon,
Or Richard of the Lion Heart; —
The English barons and King John,
Or farmer troops at Lexington.
Oft, in the meadows round his home,
He sees the colonnades of Rome, —
Sees Holyrood, and London Tower;
Or, waking at the midnight hour
On some chill evening of spring,
He sees the fairy lanterns swing,
And hears a chime of magic bells,
And feels the waft of many a tiny wing
Through the lone farmhouse where he dwells.
Then, on a Sunday morning calm,
Hearing in church some mighty Psalm,
He lifts his joyous head on high,
And in his heart for some great cause would die.

Dost thou not see,
Poor little muse of mine,
Melpomene
Walk by his side, and leaves of laurel twine?

THE RELIGION OF THE PAST

BY HENRY DWIGHT SEDGWICK

I

THE religion of the future is occupying men's minds. They are right to think of it, to talk of it, and hope for it; their leaders, as leaders toward the new have always been, are men of the pioneer sort, animated by a need of room, eager to avoid and escape from the restraining bounds, the narrow quarters, in which the old centuries have lodged us. They are brave; they set their faces toward the new, and feel the fresh salt breezes of the unknown sea blow full in front. Their courage is none the less praiseworthy because at times it seems to shine the more from contrast with the dull hues of a sicklier liver; nor is their self-reliance less to be admired because it is quickened by a knowledge of the self-helplessness of others. They are leaders; their business is to lead, and one of their duties is to prod the laggards and the stay-at-homes. They have so much right upon their side, that they may well be excused for thinking they have it all.

The need of change, of cutting away old, time-eaten parts of religion, of replacing that which is cut away by modern notions, of substituting dogmas that will stand the hammers of logic and science for those that dissolve impalpable before a child's knowledge of physics and history, is and may well be ample justification for a wide sweep of the pioneer axe. They, however, by the very thoroughness of their devastation, force the issue of the value of this thoroughness. Their trenchant ploughshares uncover our holes and crevices, and stir the dispossessed "Wee, sleekit, cowrin', tim'rous" acceptors of old ideas into an attitude of asking for further proof of this light-

hearted confidence in the new. Is there not some small remnant of religious use left in the old home? Have the emigrants got it all stowed away in their lockers?

For if, by this uncompromising thoroughness, they raise a comparison between themselves and us, if they vaunt their riches in contrast to our poverty, they must be scrupulous to measure, and set apart the things that are theirs on one side and the things that are ours on the other. There must be no confusion. The produce of the new land whither they go is theirs; the produce of the old home and its garden belongs to us. Let us divide clearly and mark the division.

The new religion has a "god;" but at the very outset we may ask, What right have they to take our name? How can they strip that name of a hundred associations that come thronging,—the belief of good men, the hopes of the unhappy, the trust of the valiant, the passion of those who set their hearts upon the things that are not of this world? What is their "god"? They feel the pulse and throb of countless forces, they feel their sensibilities played upon, their consciousness awake and receptive, their fires of life fed with fuel; they assert that all these unknown commotions, these stirrings, waves, fluctuations, movements, are the results of contact with innumerable manifestations of one primal force, and they say he is their god. But this very zeal for unification, for oneness, for an all-embracing whole, is of our creation; we of the past have created that. They of the future have only a vast aggregate of like elements, if even they have that. They combine and mould together in one form these inorganic, intolerant forces, and then they wrap this moulded image up in

our emotions, in the reverence and awe that we of the old home have made. Reverence, awe, love, are the makings of the past, the handiwork of ignorance, of superstition, of belief, of faith; they are ours to deck our altars and our idols.

The "god" of the future is but a concatenated aggregate of unknown forces, and both aggregation and concatenation are assumptions. They claim reverence for the reign of law, with its uniform and measured impartiality, in place of the arbitrary and tyrannical actions of a jealous God; but they have no right to reverence. Even if they will kneel to the downward fall of an apple, and the elliptical orbits of the planets, even if they will sing hymns to the swell and ebb of the tide, and praise the union of hydrogen and oxygen, they have no right to take our words, our associations, our frippery of old thoughts and emotions. Unless they are prepared to bestow an adequate allotment of ecstasy on each electric volt, they have no right to clap all the volts together in one symbolic whole and bow down before them. The only rational attitude toward the "god" of the future is distrust. That god must be utterly dehumanized and given its due, no more, no less. "It" should inspire such amazement and respect as generalizations of the human mind, made in the laboratory or the lecture-room, are entitled to. "It" must be charged with whatever sin and suffering, whatever pain and distress, there may be throughout the universe. "It" may well be feared by the timid and should be defied by the bold. "It" cannot attach to itself any of the emotions that the religion of the past has called into being. We are men, and the relation of humanity toward the universal forces is one of enmity. We must conquer or die. We must outwit them, control them, counteract them, or they will beat us down under their feet. There is no evidence of any friendliness toward us; those forces, for which the reign of law is emotionally claimed, will destroy us according to their laws unless

we can control them. We are human, they are non-human; this is all we know.

In this respect the reformers have taken from our stock what belongs to us; by their own doctrine they may not take a word, — the word of words, — transfer it to their stock, and then pretend that they have taken a mere term of dialectics, as if they could leave behind the connotation which is its essence, and strip off all vestiges of those yearnings which *semper, ubique et ab omnibus* have given the word god all its significance. Then on this borrowed word they seek to build the religion of the future.

What attribute of religion can they hang upon it, they who have cut themselves loose from all the network of affection that man's history has woven about the God of the past? They cannot take duty. Their god has nothing in common with duty; the two conceptions are antagonistic. Their god acts on motives that we can neither know nor conjecture; this present manifestation of contemporaneous phenomena that we call our universe comes from we know not where, and goes we know not whither. All is dark. But duty is plain and readily understood. Duty is a human conception, a means for human good, a human contrivance in the long war of humanity against the forces of evil that encompass us on every side. Good is that which is good to humanity; evil is that which is evil to it. The unconscious forces that nourish germs of disease, that rob us of health, of happiness, of life, that cause untoward heat and cruel cold, that "hurl the lightnings and that wing the storms," that create venomous reptiles and poison-bearing insects, that cool the old earth and threaten our race with a miserable end, are to our human desires wholly evil. They are all law-abiding, and in them as well as in us lies a portion of the dignity of the universe; and yet we hate them. Our duties are toward our parents and children, toward our wives and husbands, toward our fellow townfolk, toward such as chance may render our

neighbors, toward our horses and our dogs. Out of earthly relations our duties are begotten; but out of what shall we create a notion of duty toward this "god," or how shall we, except by making ourselves mere fate-led puppets, identify duty with its will? Our human duties, our sense of solidarity, our consciousness of common joys and sorrows, are not affirmations of this new "god," but a denial of it. If we shall awake, as the reformers say we shall, to a keener appreciation of the need of standing by one another, of working together, it will be because we perceive that we are alone, unaided, sailing in one great ship over an unknown sea. The sense of human duty may grow stronger as we shall cease to rely on outside help, we may become more self-reliant under the new gospel; but self-reliance is not religion.

II

The religion of the past is of a different order. It was born of ignorance and superstition, nursed by credulity and need, fostered and tended by evil times, by misery, disappointment, fear, and death. Nothing could be further from a rational and scientific explanation of this extraordinary phenomenon, life, than the God of old. He grew with the growth of our race, he acquired attributes as we progressed, he gradually became high, holy, and loving; and, when, in our deeper need to feel communion with Him, He put on human shape and shared our common human experiences, man loved Him passionately. He is the creation of many great hearts; and because humanity has made Him, we love Him. Humanity has loved its beautiful creation; and, rounding out the allegory, created a human mother for its offspring. We feel our weakness, our ignorance, our incapacity to stand alone, and we cling to that which we have created.

Yet because we can see no further than our own handiwork, because we seem to have been creating something out of

nothing, is it necessarily so? And if it is so, was the handiwork a waste of labor and of love? Is the image of a loving God with a human heart, botched and marred though it is by the glosses of churchmen, necessarily an unserviceable illusion? How are we to know that it is an illusion? What is this world? What are illusions, what is the line that divides them from other impressions, and are not illusions as worth while as other things? Are they not oddly like reality, and have they not their special uses? What is our conscious life, but a storehouse of illusions, and what are our senses but mechanical doors to let more illusions in? Why should we not, for our comfort, our well-being, our ennoblement, create one illusion the more?

Or ought not our old religion to be called a work of art rather than a cluster of illusions? Is it not the incomparable work of the imagination, upon which, as upon speech, all men have been at work? Here and there, indeed, great men have altered the design, remodeling sometimes the fundamental plan; while all the time, here and there, according to their personal tastes and capacities, the mass of believers have been adding touches: filling in the background, heightening the color, strengthening a line, or deepening a shadow. Is not this work of art a beautiful thing in itself, with all its rudeness and crudity; and is it not so entwined and entangled with the history of the human race that any divorce between them must be a maim?

They may prove without any great fear of opposition that the tribal god was a barbarous conception, that a rational god is at times an irrational and mischievous hindrance to the progress of civilization. But why not proceed, as nature does, from seed to shoot, from shoot to stalk, from stalk to trunk, drinking in from sunshine and rain new properties and powers, till the climber climbing to its topmost bough sees ever further and further? If we have grown, the tribal god has aided our growth. In the home,

in the school, in the counting-room, in the court-house, on the battlefield, or in the penitential cell, he or his successors have helped men and women, boys and girls, to fight the good fight. When Israel conquered Moab, when Greece defeated Persia, when confederate Europe beat back the Huns, when a high-aspiring soul has turned away from temptation, were not these victories touched at least with the glory of divine achievement? It is important for the right to prevail, even if in the doubtful balance the right leans to one side only by the least fraction of a scruple. Whenever the side impregnated with a greater degree of high purpose and aspiring will has overcome the other, that has been a victory for the divine cause. Whenever a man has sacrificed himself or what he loved most, in obedience to the command of what he held holy, whenever he has renounced the easy pleasure for the hard denial, whenever the little persistent instincts of sympathy and human fellowship have triumphed over his passions, there the tribal god, the national god, the sectarian god, or the human god, has been by his side, helping, sustaining, encouraging. Wherever men have felt that the issues before them were fraught with a significance greater than the balance and adjustment of appetite and expedience, there one of the old gods was at work. The old God was human, He cared for men, their tears, their endeavors, their love, their obedience; but the god of the future is to have no human sympathies. From now on, man is not to rely on god but on himself, and we are now to watch the deceitful vapors, that have set themselves together in the shape of walls, bastions, ramparts, and bannered citadel, dissolve in the white light of disillusion. The real and the non-real must be set sharply apart.

The old religion had a mass of additions, accretions, agglutinations, gathered to it as it rolled along the path of history. These were unjustifiable in any logical system of theology; but why should we adopt a manner of judgment that judges

according to origins? Why should we not judge according to results? That has been an old habit of mankind. When men felt a relief, an enlargement, a revival, a more potent energy, a new and kindling vigor, they ascribed these accessions of life to an animating power of goodness, and fell upon their knees and worshiped it. They invented the word *sacred* to define, as well as a single word might do, these animating influences; and when, after an habitual association of the felt effects and the imagined causes, they desired to experience again the remembered blessings, they invoked the symbol of these casual circumstances and hastened on the consequence. They established ceremonies in the hope of putting themselves and their children in the way of receiving the benignant gifts of the Spirit. They kept old traditions, usages, terms, and practices, as a grown man calls his father and his mother "papa" and "mamma;" and by unreasonable association of sentiments they swelled childish emotions into manly deeds. It may even be that these superstitious imaginings of the past were instinctive recognitions of forces uncomprehended, happy reachings out for spiritual sustenance, and erroneous only in the explanation of their nature; that they really found a way to draw upon secret sources of power and life.

What is less reasonable than baptism? But if a man has been baptized, and his father, and his father's father, and his again, then the memory of these repeated dedications of young life, — the memory of young and radiant mothers praying and smiling as they prayed, — from a time back beyond all records, renders the ceremony more potent in its effect upon the imagination than any argument drawn from common sense. Such ceremonies do not square with reason; they quicken deep emotions and bring their rude barbarian strength to the support of right doing. Men who stroll across the fields of Gettysburg and mark the contours of the hills, the slope of the falling ground,

and feel their feet press the very sods pressed by the dead and dying on those three great days, do not ask whether on that summit a factory might be built, on *this meadow grain planted, and along that ancient line of fence a highway laid out*; they stop, and highly resolve to quit themselves like men on whatever field the battle of life may chance to range them.

If men are moved to adhere to the cause of right because of visions and dreams of other men who died long ago, if they are cheered and emboldened because they wear a uniform, follow a flag, and tramp to the rolling of sticks beaten on taut pigskin, why not keep these beneficial supports, irrational though they are? A thousand chances every day remind us that we are not creatures of reason, but act willy-nilly in response to innumerable stimuli that prick us from we know not where.

Marriage under the new dispensation will not be a sacrament. But is not this a question of words? How is a man, in the full flood of romantic passion, going to formulate with any pretense of fitness the sentiments that draw him high above the meannesses of life, unless he calls on God to witness, and vows to love, honor, and cherish forever? These rites are stammering efforts to give expression to sentiment. Never again is God revealed so present to man and woman, never again is a moment in their wedded lives so sacred. No man knows a sentiment except at the moment when he feels it; the most vivid imagination falls hopelessly short of another man's passion or even of his own remembered emotions. If passion is to be expressed in form or word, it must be by him whom the passion at the moment possesses; and to him love is of God and eternal.

In the new religion there are to be no intermediaries between God and man, none to whom, by self-dedication and long ministration, the habits of self-sacrifice, of aspiration, of willing unworldly things, of obeying high impulses,

shall have become a power and an authority fit to help those whom the common occupations of life encumber; none to whom music, poetry, gratitude, and love are daily cares, to whom the old trappings of holiness are especially dear. God will be so immanent in nitrogen and carbon, in drop of water and puff of smoke, that nothing else will be necessary; we need no intermediary to feel heat or cold, to catch waves of light and sound, and such other vibrations as do not elude us. The alderman will register the names of our children, the mayor witness our contracts for the reproduction of our kind, the sheriff's deputy may superintend the cremation of our bodies. Churches, purged from superstition, fetiches, and idolatry, will be turned into parlors for summer lectures, as in the golden age swords were beaten into ploughshares; and chapels will become reading-rooms with scientific tracts on the tables and the best literature on the shelves. Surgeons, physicians, dentists, and other health officers of society, will satisfy the rational needs of mankind; and the ignorant yearnings, the unintelligible appetites, that have cried aloud for a draught that shall satisfy them, will atrophy for lack of pampering.

III

Above all, in this new religion there shall be no mystery. Along the periphery of this luminous spot, which our five senses shine upon, we shall, to be sure, still continue to come into direct contact with the dark and the unknown; but we shall let it alone. Like well-behaved children, we shall not concern ourselves with what is not set on the table before us. The old, foolish, passionate cry, demanding to know why, why, why, do I suffer pain? why am I called out of the tranquil insentient mass into this sentient being, merely to feel my nerves quiver and shrivel in the fires of grief, disappointment, sorrow, jealousy, and shame? Why, oh, why, am I? And what

art Thou, dread power by whose will I live? These futile questions, obviously asked far too often, will be dropped. In fact, mystery is to be ignored. Men, who in love and longing fling themselves away from the things they know on the bosom of mystery, stretching their arms toward the great dark, are no longer to be tolerated. All the correlatives of mystery — awe, reverence, holiness — must depart together with mystery. And yet what is knowledge, what at any moment and how large is the content of consciousness? Are we to live, incurious islanders, forever satisfied to turn our faces inland and forswear the long encircling beach, where the waves of mystery forever beat and ocean winds bend the fringing trees, shaking their tops to sibylline utterance?

And is our reasoning self the most intimate part of us, the most permanent and central? Is that the axis of our revolving life, to which moment by moment new sensations are fastened, and from which memories are sloughed off? Is that the tube through which the wind of life passes, catching its melody from chance stops by the way? Why then does the call of a bird, or the note of a violin, stir us so profoundly? There is a pleasure in the dark, a joy in the night, a relief from the inadequacy of waking, a freedom from the thrall of sight and speculation. It is only through mystery and in mystery that man has the feeling of buoyancy, of an all-embracing being that bears him up, of an imagined contact with something unfathomable. In the light of day, staring at the outward aspects of such things as are within his horizon, he feels the littleness of his possessions, of his interests, of himself and his universe, he feels their insipidity and futility.

All the phenomena that astronomy, physics, chemistry, open their windows on, derive their qualities from man. The stars and the interstellar spaces are glorious and awe-inspiring, because man is here to feel the glory and the awe. The

minutest elements that reveal themselves to the chemist are marvelous because of our ignorance. This universe, unreflected in any intelligence, moving unknown, unthinking, and unthought, would be an immeasurable *ennui*. It is the human relation that flatters the mountain-tops of science and gilds its discoveries with heavenly alchemy. The marvelous is merely our first acquaintance with the unfamiliar. But mystery is out of the category of the marvelous. Man, in face of that which transcends his intelligence, experiences a rest from effort, a peace; he feels the impotence of vexation and of striving. A pervasive calm that cannot be shaken wraps him round; he is free from the importunity of his senses. Neither sight, nor sound, nor movement, nor dimension, nor scope for activity, disturbs him; nothing is present but a fading consciousness that self seems slowly drifting from him. As when a long-drawn note upon a violin is held until the hearer no longer hears whether it continues or has ceased, and this uncertainty fills his attention; so man, confronting the mystery that encompasses all existence, absorbed and self-forgetful, insensibly doubts whether it and he are or are not. As the mind is refreshed and inspired by sleep, by exile from things and images, by submersion in self-unconsciousness, so, too, in the presence of mystery, loosed from the oppression of the familiar and the known, lifted above the friction and the fret of petty cause and consequence, the mind, grasping nothing, touching nothing, feeling but freedom, is refreshed and inspired.

From this bath of his soul, man comes back to earth and daily life purified and ennobled. The trivial has a glint of some far-off meaning, the common loses the texture of its commonness, and our animal life — the needs and appetites of the body — becomes the symbol of something that shall justify toil and sacrifice. It is for this that creeds have gone beyond the verge of common sense and practical understanding in their endeavors to find

some symbol to express the incomprehensible. And if you once grant the significance of mystery,—that it transcends experience and cannot be classed in this order of phenomena or in that,—then why not let each man adjust his relations with it as he thinks or feels to be the best for him? Let him express his approach, his envisagement, his reactions, all his relations with mystery, in such forms and ways as he pleases; let him take such aids to further what to him is a desirable state of being as his experience shall counsel. There is still, for some people at least, in the vaulted nave, in the exultant, heavenward leap of the pointed arches, in the glory of color, in the long, deep rolling of the organ, a power that awakens dormant capacities for worship. Even in the little wayside church, where friends have met together for years, where the last words have been said over the well-beloved dead, where vows have been plighted, where babies have cooed at the minister while the young parents gazed proudly at each other, there is a touch of poetry that pushes back some bolt in the heart, and opens the door to higher purposes. "Open wide the door of my heart that Thou mayst enter in," said St. Augustine. What matter, so long as the door is opened, whether it is music, liturgy, ritual, the blending sweetness of sad and happy memories, or some rational key, that opens the door?

Another distinction between the old religion and the new is the attitude toward pain. Under the old, often, oddly enough, it is true, pain was regarded as the gift of God, something to be accepted with humility and resignation. Death, disease, disappointment were, if not marks of special favor, marks of special interest. Under the new religion, pain is a base inconvenience, an ignoble discomfort, to be removed speedily and completely. Nobody will quarrel with the attempt to remove pain as speedily and as completely as possible. Pain hinders living and loving, and is an evil. But we

have not yet succeeded in removing pain, and there is no prospect that we shall. Death, disease, discontent, the coolness of lovers, the indifference of friends, the broken promises of life, are not to be got rid of. How had we best look upon such pains while we endure them? Shall we regard them as a tear in a garment, a leak in a pipe, as a mere base inconvenience, or may we do as the old religion teaches, and try to climb up on them as steps to a fuller and larger life? The place of pain in natural philosophy, whether it be a link in the chain of human action or a mere register to record a backward step, is not of great consequence to us. If from pain we can call forth resolutions that free us from the bonds of lust, of gluttony, or other bestiality, if we can use it as a background from which the colors of life stand out in greater charm, or as the death of old life from which newer and better life springs up, why should we not let the gains shine back upon that liberating and fertilizing pain, and dignify it with the name of blessing? Why not deem it good in its own bitter way as the Christians do, and let gratitude cluster about it, and praise it as a condition and a help to the birth of higher life?

To reject this old use of pain because it is superstitious in origin, to refuse to make it our servant because we cannot banish it, is wasteful, and, being wasteful, blameworthy. Does not the desirable future, the happy land beyond the horizon of the present, show more clearly to the spirit in pain? Does it not see—purified from the distractions, the temptations, the misconceptions that dog the steps of happiness and content—what is right, what is just, what is good? To strike from human history the records of pain, the refinement, the ennoblement of man by suffering, when that has been accepted as a means of grace, would cheapen that history indeed. Self-sacrifice, too, must go. Its remote prototype, human sacrifice, its closer analogies, the holocaust of beeves, the blood of goats,

the burning of incense, are common arguments to show us how superstitious the practice is.

The new theology is surely right in this: We must either reject or accept the principle of sacrifice. If we reject the principle, we commit ourselves to the doctrine of the right of each to the fullest enjoyment of life that he can attain. No man is to make way for anything less strong than himself, or to sacrifice himself, or anything that is his, for another's good. If we accept the principle, we can ill justify our course by reason. For we cannot consistently stop at arbitrary limits to sacrifice, as for the good of a higher being, of the community, of society at large, saying that so far sacrifice is good but no further. And if we carry it out to logical completeness we also run foul of reason; for it is contrary to reason to sacrifice every member of a society for the sake of all; and it is still more absurd for each generation to sacrifice itself for the sake of the next; for then the long results of sacrifice would accumulate for the ultimate descendants of the human race, until the last man should finally experience the last satisfaction in solitude.

We can justify sacrifice only on the principle that there is in sacrifice some element of good for the sacrificial victim, some breath of a larger life, some draught of a nobler existence, some light from a higher sphere, if only for a time, how short soever. Society may, indeed, punish its members who refuse to sacrifice themselves for the common weal, so sternly that they shall be afraid to disobey; but then the doctrine of self-sacrifice will be destroyed. Or, society may inculcate by education a willingness to die or suffer for the general good, but that is by an appeal to superstition and bigotry of an order wholly analogous to those religious superstitions which the new theology rejects. Unless we become pure egotists, we are forced to come very close to the Christians; for what reason is there for preferring altruism to egotism

other than the witness of experience that to common men altruism offers a deeper and more intense emotional life?

Under the old religion, sacrifice was not judged by its origin. It was regarded as justifying itself. For, if what was sacrificed was a mere passing pleasure, a desire, an ambition, then, the appetite once passed, the sacrifice left barely a ripple on the memory, and the sense of self-mastery, of an easy wheel that lightly turns the ship, amply repaid the loss. If the sacrifice was serious, even to death, it was an oblation to duty and to the God from whom duty emanated. Sacrifice was not a loss; it was at most a displacement, a changing about, a shift; it added a more than compensating increase of power to some other member of the mystic body of which the willing victim was a part. He served his God, and his God blessed him. When the soul labors under an overwhelming emotion, words are idle and music is weak, and there is no voice to express the joy and rapture of love and worship, except sacrifice. It sounds unreasonable, but if we delve deep into human nature we find strange correlations, odd fellowships of experience and sentiment.

This fresh rejection of the notions of sacrifice, of holiness, of mystery, of sacraments, of a divine presence, of the spiritual uses of pain, is a recurrence of the familiar attempt to put human life on one plane, to reduce it to one scale of values, to render it intelligible, subject to demonstration, to a final philosophy. It is the working of the positive mind, which is impatient of the skeptical and the undecided, and, out of desire to have things settled, inclines to any law rather than to anarchy, to any order rather than chaos, to any scheme of reason rather than to superstition. It proceeds from a bent for action; it must be up and doing, it must have a course, it must hoist sail and away, with chart, compass, and pole-star. But the sea-captain, however great his experience, however wide his knowledge, is obliged to stay upon

the watery floor between the sea beneath and the air above. He is out of his element when he transfers his reckonings to religion. There are so many sides to life, so many sorts of experience, so many kinds of character, disposition, and temperament, so many different conceptions of what constitutes happiness and the value of life, that one might well leave the slow adjusting mind to continue to piece and patch the old constitution of his belief, changing it here and there, mending and tinkering, but preserving the main fabric which for centuries has procured him peace or victory and honor. Old conditions, the easy, rambling, comfortable habitation of the human heart, overgrown with memories and affections, if pulled down to make way for a modern structure, would leave desolation and barrenness. The lares and penates would not come to the new hearth.

IV

This discord between the old religion and the new is really, in one aspect at least, a reappearance of the contention over fact and poetry. To some men poetry is idle, deceitful, tending to sentimental mooning, a hindrance to doing, a barrier to achievement, and beneficent only in its sterner aspects, as filling the soul with Miltonic images and a high disdain; to other men poetry — the poetry of childhood, of romance, of daring and delicacy, of far-off scenes and idolized images, of unattainable visions and momentary dreams, of lights and shadows that never were on land or sea, of hopeless causes and impossible beliefs — seems the best justification of life, and the old religion is poetry. And poetry is a word of far-reaching meaning. The poet is a man upon whom the throbs of human experience beat with a clearer and more melodious resonance than upon other men. His imagination, led by a happy craving for harmony between these resonant experiences, selects and arranges, creating a melody; then, pro-

ceeding from melody to melody, he constructs a synthesis of sweet, concordant strains, and to these, as the echoes swell through his brain, an ideal significance attaches. The flush of color when dawn kisses the earliest clouds, the wave of sound when the breeze stirs the ripples and bends the rushes, the sensation of touch when hand meets hand, do not and cannot of themselves satisfy the yearnings they awaken; echoes, circling and rising, proceed onward and upward — till the memory of each, almost divorced from its origin, becomes to the exultant imagination a message from the infinite.

This ideal metempsychosis comes over all the great experiences of life; ideas, thus begotten, like some divine pollen, leaven as they permeate, and give a new aspect to common joys and pains, to right and wrong, to love and duty. Emotion, skillful musician, touches notes which in themselves are idle, until the hearer is banished from the world of bald experience into an ideal world of transcendent values. This ideal world becomes more important, more real than the phenomena of daily experience, lightly undergone and lightly forgotten. It is the dreamer's dominant habitation, it becomes his home; and by it he explains the trivial sequences of physical sensations. Because in this ideal universe there is a God, because there is an immortal life, because right is right forever, and wrong wrong, therefore human life, the relations of man to man, the satisfactions and discomforts of conscience, the success or failure of the soul, are matters of mighty consequence.

This ideal world is the world of religion. This is what the poetic needs of mankind have done with facts and imaginings picked up almost at random. Christianity, for instance, seized on many harsh and grating notes, as well as on sweet sounds, — the legends of Chaldean shepherds, the traditions of wandering sheiks, the chronicles of barbarous chieftains, the rites of fanatical priests, the

prophecies of unpoised minds, as well as on the story of a beautiful and holy life, rendered more beautiful and holy by its remoteness from European experience, and on many another note, in itself odd and seemingly unfit for religious use; and out of them it has created a religion, which, with all its defects, is permeated with poetry. The figure of Christ, the image of Mary, the stories of the Apostolic age, the Gregorian chants, the Gothic cathedrals, the Divine Comedy, the vesper bells, are all parts of this irrational poetry. And the defects are for the greater part due to the practical minds who desire to bring these strange, incongruous elements into a rational union, — rational according to an unpoetic interpretation of the experiences of life. And if one says that Christianity is permeated with poetry rather than with truth, it is because truth is of two kinds: scientific truth, which is the accumulated experience of the senses, ranged and sorted according to reason; and poetic truth, which is the sorting and arrangement of recorded images (exalted and illumined by an emotional hunger as they dwell in the memory), in accordance with the poetic needs of mankind. One satisfies the mind, the other satisfies the soul. And as the soul is vague, elusive, uncertain, tremulous, and passionate, it has never yet, at least with the masses of men, accepted the conclusions of reason. Its values do not coincide with the values of reason. Its satisfactions do not tally with

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the satisfactions of reason. Therefore rationalism and religion do not agree. Religion can take strange symbols, strange doctrines, strange dogmas, at which the scientific mind stares with amazement — sin, redemption, an incarnate God, a Trinity, a heaven, and a hell; because for religion these things do not rank as rational facts: they are symbolic causes, the least unsatisfactory explanation for the emotions and imaginings of the soul; they are the least unsympathetic evasions of the question, *Why am I?*

One may criticise Christianity, one may find it irrational or transcending human experience in almost every detail, one may be repelled by its superstitions, dull to its poetry; but, on the other hand, one cannot be rational and create a new religion. Religion is an emotional assumption to explain the world of reason. Poor humanity, it cannot have all that it would like. In our present stage of knowledge, at least, an adequate expression of emotional life can only be through poetry and religion. Poetry and music, love and hope, life and death, these persuade men that religion, however formulated in superstition and irrational dogma, is near to truth.

State contenti, umana gente, al *quia*:
 chè, se potuto aveste veder tutto,
 mestier non era partorir Maria.

If rationalism could satisfy the soul we should not need a God or a religion.

A GIFT FROM HIS YOUTH

BY INEZ HAYNES GILLMORE

THE sense of relief that came with the telegram lasted all through his lonely dinner. He had been dreading the freezing Christmas journey to New Hampshire as, in the last three months, he had dreaded all physical exertion. When he left the hotel for a stroll up Broadway he was almost buoyant. He felt like doing something. What, he did not know; but all kinds of impulses were riddling the surface of his lethargy. A week or two of such a mood, he reflected, conscious of his invigorating quality, would set him up completely. He might even bring himself to consider the offer of the British Columbia people.

It was a beautiful night, nipping, but clear and still after a windy day — an ideal Christmas Eve. The air was electric; it seemed as if it must crackle and sparkle as he drew it through his nostrils. Wind-polished to an abnormal brightness, the stars glittered coldly like cut silver. In contrast, the golden window-lights, the notes of Christmas color, green wreaths and crimson ribbons, offered an agreeable warmth. Broadway hummed with belated shoppers — women worn but eager, men irritated and perplexed. On their faces lay the look of the Pursuit of the Gift. Everybody carried too many bundles, but the sprays of holly and mistletoe protruding from them made festival of this inconvenience.

George Daly moved slowly. Because he sauntered, most of the crowd looked once. Because of other reasons, many looked again. Erect and soldierly at sixty-nine, the combination of his extreme height and his handsome old face, still hawk-eyed and weather-beaten, was a striking one. The keen air whipped his face full of color, so that the lack-

lustre look of his sleeplessness, the lined look of his weakness and fatigue were, for the moment, wiped out.

He walked to Fifty-Ninth Street before his feeling of exhilaration began to evaporate. It came first in an inexplicable sense of detachment from the scene. He had all the provincialism of the naturalized New Yorker. New York belonged to him, and he to New York. It had never occurred to him that any aspect of the city could seem alien. But to-night it turned a cold shoulder on him. He could not feel a part of it. Why, he wondered.

Suddenly the reason came to him. He was not only on the outside of the scene but of the festival. Everybody else rushed. He strolled. Everybody else had an object. He alone was aimless. Worse, he was lonely.

He paused irresolutely on a corner, and in the interval his buoyancy went from him. His desire to do something dwindled. The mood of the last three months came back, blighting every impulse; came back with a throbbing sense of desolation; came back with one of his hopeless rebellions against old age. It was an earmark of senility that it could not handle freedom, he reflected bitterly. He had been at last released from an obligation that was irksome to him; and now he did not know what to do with himself. He was the foolish old slave of his habits — take one of them away and he had not initiative enough to fill the gap. It was dreadful to be lonely, but it was worse to be old. He looked questioningly down the crowded street. It might have been a vista in Mars for all the relation he felt to it. A panic came over him. He turned and walked swiftly back to the hotel.

From a distance it seemed a haven of refuge.

But, once inside, a distaste for a lonely Christmas Eve in his room enveloped him. What could he do, he wondered listlessly. He did not want to make calls. Christmas Eve seemed a family festival as sacred against intrusion as Thanksgiving dinner. The theatre did not appeal to him. He wandered into the bar. One look was enough — a line of well-dressed riff-raff from the Tenderloin playing at enjoyment. Because nothing else offered, he went to the hotel register in the dim hope of finding a familiar name, perhaps one of the world-roving friends that he was always finding in unexpected corners. He scanned one column of new arrivals with an avid interest. Not even an acquaintance. He turned the page. And there he came upon what, after fifty years, made his blood leap faintly. It was a woman's name, written in a woman's hand — a tremulous but still characteristic handwriting.

"Mrs. Josephine Rumwill, San Francisco, Cal."

Josephine Rumwill! He read "Josephine Rumwill," but he thought "Jo Jackson." He stared at it for a long moment in which he lived through a half-decade of memories. And he smiled as a multitude of little red slippers seemed to dance upon the page. He roused himself and turned to the clerk.

"Is this Mrs. Rumwill an old — an elderly person?" he asked.

"811 — let me see — yes, about seventy, I should say," the man answered.

"What time did she come?"

"Early this morning."

"Know how long she's going to stay?"

"She leaves in the morning."

Daly considered these answers gravely. Then, like one in a dream, he went to a writing-desk and scratched off this note:

MRS. JOSEPHINE RUMWILL:

Dear Madam, — If you are the Jo Jackson that I used to know in California fifty years ago, and if you have a

moment to spare anywhere, do let me come and see you, for I'm the loneliest old codger in the whole city to-night.

GEORGE DALY.

He called a boy and sent the note to her room.

He found himself, while he awaited the reply, pacing back and forth in an impatience that gave the lie to old age. Jo Jackson! What golden days the name brought up! He must see her. And unless she were a much-changed Jo, she would be as delighted to see him as he to see her. Jo Jackson! He wondered what she looked like now, after fifty years. He must see her. She was attractive enough when Peter Rumwill sent for her. *Petite*, pretty, *piquante*; of all feminine types to introduce into a womanless mining-camp, she was the most provocative. Active as a child, full of spirits, bubbling with a coquetry that was half her insatiable energy, yet with the home-making instinct latent in her mothering type, she had brought the whole camp to her feet. But she was as straight as a die. Whatever matrimonial temptations more successful men had held out to her, she had kept her promise to poor, dreamy, easily-discouraged Peter Rumwill. And what a home she had made for him! Jo Jackson! He must see her.

But the boy had come — with a note. He tore it open with the fervor of a hero in melodrama.

DEAR GEORGE, — Give an old woman an hour's time to make herself look as young as possible, and then come here and spend the evening with me. How I want to see you! Goodness, isn't it strange!

Yours affectionately,

JO JACKSON RUMWILL.

P. S. Please make yourself look young, too. O George, how I *hate* to be old!

His heart beat high when he knocked at her door. He had schooled himself to sustain the shock of her appearance, but

he had not anticipated the apprehension with which he listened for her voice. It came almost with a girl's accent, and he heard the quick rustle of her skirts as he opened the door. She stopped short of the threshold, held, as he was, by the wonder of the moment. Tears flooded to their eyes. But she was a woman and could speak, although her voice was half whisper.

"Oh, Georgie!" she said, and lifted her face to his kiss as naturally as on the day of her wedding.

It seemed a long time before he could speak. His heart was sinking slowly. For she showed every one of her seventy years. All the roses had died on her cheeks. All the blue had washed out of her eyes. The last glint of gold had bleached from her hair. Her face, shadowed by the sadness of reminiscence, looked sunken, looked dead.

"I've brought you some California, Jo," he said at last. He put a big white bundle into her arms.

She unwrapped it with a kind of nervous haste as if she wanted to find respite from something. And now she did not look at him. Was her heart, too, sinking with sadness?

"Manzanita!" she exclaimed. "Manzanita! Where on earth did you get it? Now it really feels like Christmas. But I should be homesick if you were n't here, Georgie." She held the big scarlet bunch at arm's length and looked at it. "What a beautiful color! You see everybody's sent me red things, knowing I'd be alone this Christmas Eve; but, of course, nobody in the East would think of manzanita."

He was conscious of a profusion of red Christmas decorations that took the curse off the florid hotel furnishings — holly and poinsettia everywhere. But he did not look about. Hungrily watching her moving figure, he found himself bombarded by a bewildering series of impressions.

She was old: white hair, sunken contours, faded surfaces — time had branded

her with all these; and she was not old; there was something that time had left untouched, had augmented; no, time had created it. As in her girlhood, her brisk staccato talk flooded her face with light, and her feet tapped the floor in eager little dashes of energy when she walked. Her figure was still straight, still slender as a wand. But even the sum of these left much unaccounted for. The extra thing was the extraordinary vitality that she exuded. And yet it was not vitality. What was it — personality, magnetism? He could not get it.

"I've come to meet my daughter, Marion," went on her explaining chatter. "She gets in from Europe on the Cedric to-morrow. Then we go to Boston on the noon train. That's how I happen to be alone here, Christmas Eve."

He had scarcely acknowledged his perplexity to himself before another impression came — an impression of — what was it? Ah, it came from her clothes. He examined each detail just as, when a boy, he had drunk down every girl-element in her pretty eastern finery. A scarf of Mexican lace, pure-white, tenuous, fluted in soft folds about her face. The pale-hued silk that she wore took silver lustres from the light, and fluttered noiselessly. He noted its cut that made as few concessions to age as a graduating-gown; diamonds of the purest water, in fragile, unobtrusive settings, pinning the scarf-ends to her shoulders: diamonds on her taper, well-kept fingers; and at last a faint perfume of white roses. There seemed a coquetry in all this — a delicate coquetry, redolent of lavender and old lace, that etherealized in the crucible of her age and his. Yet none the less was it deliberate, punctilious. It brought his spirits up.

"I wanted to bring you a pair of two-and-a-half red slippers, Jo," he laughed, "but I did not dare."

"I would have worn them," she said gallantly. "And I *could* have worn them," she added with a flash of pride. Something glittered at the tip of her skirts: she

was lifting brilliantly-buckled ankles to a foot-stool. "See, I've grown old and wrinkled, but my feet are just as small as then. Sit down, Georgie!"

Her tone slipped into the imperiousness with which she had always treated him.

Perhaps it was that note in her voice which whiffed away the last figment of disillusion. For Jo Jackson had come back. It seemed to him that through the mask of faded coloring and sunken contours, the girl of twenty, rosy-cheeked, azure-eyed, coquetted with him.

"Jo Jackson, you have n't changed a particle," he said — and believed himself.

"You have!" She examined him with open mischief now. "You're better-looking." Which was true. "Why, Georgie, you're as handsome as a picture!"

She was not disillusioned, then. His spirits took another leap.

"When I read your name on the register — Lord! you don't know what it brought back — hundreds of things. But, mainly, the old bar and that little red satin slipper perched up over it — the one you sent Peter the year before you came out. Do you remember it? It was the first taste of a woman that some of us had had for five years. When Peter set it up there, men came from twenty miles round just to look at it. It nearly made a drunkard of me — buying drinks just for the chance of seeing it. It was such a dainty little thing! To this day I never see a red slipper anywhere without thinking of you. Lord! Jo, we were all crazy about you before you got out there. Why, we came near changing the name of the camp to Red Slipper; but something prevented, I've forgotten what. But we always insisted that it would bring us luck. And, sure enough, we struck it in the Red Slipper in a month."

"Peter always thought that slipper was his mascot," Mrs. Rumwill said, with a practical woman's indulgence for a crotchet of sentiment. "He would never go anywhere — not even on a vacation-trip — without it. If it ever got lost —

well, I wish you could have seen him. Why —"

She stopped and her eyes wandered to her trunk. She seemed to be considering something. But it came to nothing except the little mischievous smile, that, merely curling her lips at first, broke out finally into a laugh.

He laughed too, but not with her. He had been thinking.

"Jo, do you remember the time you had teaching me to dance?"

"Do I remember! Why, George, I used to be black and blue from it."

"I believe it." He chuckled.

"My very youngest grandchild knows about George Daly, and how I used to steal out of camp to give him dancing lessons."

"Grandchildren," Daly repeated. "Great Scott, Jo Jackson, what do you mean by having grandchildren?"

"What do you mean, George Daly, by not having them?" she retorted with spirit. "Grandchildren! I should say I had. My oldest grandson graduates at Stanford this spring. I've got to get back for his Commencement. His sister's in Vassar."

"Just think of it! Just think of it! How many children did you have, Jo?"

"Four. Mark, Daisy, Marion, and Willie."

"I remember Mark and Daisy. How I loved Daisy!"

"Daisy died — did you hear?" Her brooding look at him seemed to ask more than the question.

"Daisy — I never heard. That was tough, Jo."

"O Georgie — you don't know. I guess it was because Peter took it so hard that I did n't have any time to think how I felt. Daisy was Peter's favorite — the apple of his eye. But when I got to be an old woman, and the children all grown up with children of their own, I lived it all over again. That's the worst thing about old age; it gives you time to think and mourn. I miss her now more than I ever did. She was the loveliest little thing

— such hair, long and thick and golden — and such eyes. You remember her eyes — dove's eyes, you always called them. She always kept that look in them. She was only sixteen when she died. Peter was never the same man afterwards."

"I don't wonder. She sure was the sweetest little girl. It hurts me a lot to hear that, Jo." He paused. "And Peter — How long?" he ventured.

"Peter's been dead twenty years."

"Is it as long as that? Poor Jo." He thought for a long, concentrated interval, in which he seemed to take account of many things. But it could not have been of any one of them that he spoke; his air seemed to betray a mental cant sideways. "Where's Mark now?"

"In Seattle. It's Mark's oldest son that's in Stanford."

"And where are the other two?"

"Marion! She's my other daughter. She's married and living in Boston, though she's been abroad for three months. Marion's never had any children — she's the one I'm going to visit. My other son, Willie — he was the baby, you know — Willie's in Buenos Ayres. He's not married yet. I have n't seen Willie for five years." She sighed; but, as if with a determined briskness, she turned to the brighter aspect of the situation. "He's a good boy — writes me regularly, the longest, jolliest letters." Deliberately, it seemed, she let talk of herself slip away in the following pause, during which she dropped her eyes from his face to her own hands. "You never married, Georgie," she began.

"No. I was engaged once. But she died. I never felt like marrying after that."

"My poor lad," Mrs. Rumwill said. Her eyes came back to his face. But with an exquisite deftness she did not touch his wound. "I've followed your career as closely as I could," she veered away from it. "It used to make me so proud when Peter'd read me about the big engineering things you were doing. It was exactly as if you were my oldest boy. I always

had a mother's feeling for you, I guess."

"You might well take all the credit of it — if there is any credit. I worked at first only to gain honor in your eyes."

He stopped. A change — soft, subtle, evasive — illuminated her face; another instant he saw that it was her faded blush. But she smiled in the same frank, clear-eyed way in which, as a girl, she had smiled through rose surging over deeper rose.

"Of course," he went on scrupulously, "later I worked to please another — Emmeline. Her name was Emmeline Purcell."

He paused as he pauses who presents a gift. Mrs. Rumwill's face softened to the compliment.

"I always wondered what she would be like — and yet when you never married — I used to wonder and wonder — " What it was she wondered she never told. Instead, "Have you her picture?" she asked with a kind of abruptness.

From a pocket he took a faded photograph, *carte-de-visite* size. Mrs. Rumwill examined with a long fixity the pensive oval of a face rising on a delicate neck, from slender, bared shoulders.

"She's lovely," she said, "lovely — angelic." A wistful note lay, a little sad, in her appreciation. Her eyes bent again to the picture, but she seemed to look through it to other vistas.

"I tried to please her," Daly said, "but I never knew. She died suddenly before I won my spurs. I hope I did."

"Of course you did," Mrs. Rumwill protested. Her fervor rounded her voice out like the note of a bell; it killed the sadness in it. "How could you help pleasing her? You were the purest, loveliest boy a woman ever saw. I tell you she died proud. And she's proud now — as I am." She linked her name to that of his dead sweetheart with a smile, mutely apologetic. "You don't know how proud I am of you. Why, Georgie, you're wonderfully preserved. I guess you don't know how splendid you are — especially if you have n't had any women-folks to

tell you so. It makes me happy, for I know you've lived the kind of life I wanted you to live. I used to be so afraid for you! How I brooded after you left the Red Slipper — you, motherless at sixteen and adrift in the world at twenty-one. I hated to let you go, but I knew it would be wicked to keep you tied to my apron-strings there. But I always thought you would have stayed if I'd asked it. Would you?" she inquired with a suddenness almost strange.

"Stay! Stay! Of course I would have stayed. I only went because you made me. How I hated to leave you. It was the worst wrench I ever had but one. O Jo, you were so good to me!"

"Was I good?" she asked with the eagerness of a self-questioning long suppressed.

"Good? You were an angel! Heavens, you gave me my start! She — she was your kind of woman. It was something in her reminding me of you that first drew me to her."

She took this in with a trembling smile, prolonged in the soft physical flutter that was her blush. But it seemed to plunge her into a deep reflection.

"Did you tell her about me?" she asked unexpectedly, out of it. And at his smiling, "Oh, yes," she asked suddenly, "Did you tell her *that*?"

He seemed to know exactly what she meant. Again smiling, he again answered, "Oh yes."

"And what did she say?" Her interrogation came this time with a haste almost breathless.

"She said she must always love you as much as I, because you made me for her."

Mrs. Rumwill studied this, her head bent. "What a woman to lose!" Her comment was almost whispered.

"Do you wonder the light faded out of the world?" A spasm of his old pain crumpled his face; the deep note of his old despair fought its way to his voice. The animation had died out of his look. The last vestige of the mirth of an instant

ago had gone with it. He was exhausted-looking, wan, old.

She looked at him with a scrutiny the softest and tenderest. "Georgie," she said simply at last, "something's wrong. When you came in, I thought you looked fine. But now that I've had a better chance at you, I see you're not well. Tell me about it."

"It's nothing." He made an attempt at a smile. "Just growing old, I guess."

Her gaze grew acute with a compelling sympathy. "Tell me about it, Georgie." Again her girl's voice rang imperiously in her brief order. "I want to know every word of it."

He gave a short, embarrassed laugh. "Oh, I don't know that there's anything to tell, Jo. It's just as I said; I'm growing old. Not growing old. I *am* old. I'm done. I would n't admit it to myself, but it's come upon me at last. Why, up to three months ago, I felt young —"

His voice grew querulous as his indignation with his own impotence flowed into it.

"I felt young with the best of them. Oh, I don't say as young as twenty, but, certainly, as young as forty. Young, at least, as that first great change. You know, the one that comes about forty?"

She nodded.

"It's an awful blow — that feeling. A man would n't go on after forty if he did n't find capabilities in himself that take the place of the things that have passed. I did find them — plenty of them. It was my second wind. I could do things that I did n't know it was in me to do. Things that seemed so big to me that I never regretted my youth. And, as sure as I live, I never had another feeling of that sort until three months ago. Then it all came over me like a flood."

She nodded again. But she did not speak. She listened, tense.

"It's been awful — awful — this last three months. Why, Jo, I have no more interest in my work than you have. I, who have always been so proud that I seemed to keep my standing after younger men

had gone out — that I've held my own with boys. For a month I've been trying to make myself close with an offer some British Columbia people have made me. And Jo — this is God's truth. I want to do it. It's a big piece of work — it would be the rounding-out of my career. I want to do it. How I want to do it! But, before God, I can't. I can't make myself. I'm as weak as a sick cat. I'm all in. I'm a dead one. I'm old and done, and I wish I were out of it."

She had been following this confession with a look growing from interest to intense concentration. But, strangely enough, she punctuated the last of it with smiles of comprehension, not with the tears that, the moment he stopped, he was regretfully fearful of drawing; with little bird-like nods of her head; with sudden, half-inarticulate twitters of sympathy.

"Oh, I know all about it," she said in a burst, catching it up with his last word. "I know so well. Why I've been through it all myself, within two years. Georgie, listen to me. It began three years ago, after Willie went to Buenos Ayres. Willie and I had planned that I was to go to Seattle to live with Mark's wife, or come on here to Boston to be with Marion, either or both as I pleased. But suddenly something came over me and I could n't get up the gumption to do either. I wrote Mark and Marion that I'd come later; and although I put them off and put them off, I don't think either of them suspected what I went through in those two years. I look back upon it now, and wonder how I lived through it. I shut myself up in the big San Francisco house, and never went anywhere and never saw anybody. Often I thought I was going to die. I had moments when I wanted to kill myself. I got the idea in my head that I was so old I was no use to anybody and that the best thing to do was just to stay there and die. But Georgie —"

She paused and her voice lowered impressively as if she were about to give him the inner secret of this spiritual crisis: —

"I never lost my feeling that I wanted to go on if I could only make myself. And then, one morning last spring, I woke up — and everything had changed in the night. That awful depression and melancholy had gone. What it was, or how it came, or why it went, I shall never know. But gone it was. And how different I was! — I felt as light as a flame. My body was old — I had to take care of that — but my spirit could move mountains. Why, Georgie, I felt young. And yet, it was n't youth either. I had n't the strength of youth, but I had something else. I knew I could go on. Do you know what I did? That very day I sat down and wrote Mark that I'd come up to Seattle for the summer and fall, and Marion that I'd come here for the winter. And then what do you suppose I did?"

Amusement at her own action brought back an old-time radiance to her smile.

"I just went right out and bought me all the clothes I could think of — Why, I got a regular trousseau — silk gowns, laces — jewels, even." Her hands made unconscious parade of their diamonds. "Why, I had let myself go until I was positively shabby — and worse. I made up my mind that Paul and Marion should n't be ashamed of me. I made up my mind that I was going to be as well-dressed as I knew how until I died."

Her smile faded a little.

"But ever since that experience I've been trying to study it out. And this I know, Georgie. There's a kind of youth in old age that young people know nothing about. Or, at least, there's no such thing as old age so long as you want to go on. If you've got the instinct to go on, the strength will come. You just wait for the impulse. It will come. I'm sure of it. I know, as well as I know my name, that you'll have to take that British Columbia job. You'll have to. Old age has nothing to do with the spirit. Some people are old at twenty because they've given up wanting to go on. Some are born old

— they never wanted to go on. But you're young at sixty-nine because you still want to go on. And you will. I know it."

George Daly woke up Christmas morning with a laugh on his lips. The laugh came at the end of a wonderful dream that burst like a bubble in his memory even as he tried to recall it. But, thinking hard, he seemed to catch a flitting glimpse of it, — enough to know that its scene was the Red Slipper Mine. Of course it had evolved out of Jo Jackson's talk. How she had talked that jolly two hours that closed the evening he spent with her! The wit of her! The joy of her! The sheer charming femininity of her! How she had talked — it was really more wonderful how she had laughed. It came to him now — the secret of her strange vitality. It was not of the flesh, but of the soul; the energy that in her tempestuous youth leaped high, sank low, had changed to spirit; it burned in clear, bright flame, a steady, deathless thing.

Flashes of her reminiscences came back to him. She had recalled everything from the moment she struck the camp — the wonder of the redwoods and the rain shooting down in silver files between their straight boles; her surprise at the doorless cabins; her delight in the reception that the shy, overawed, dazzled men had given her — to the day, long after, when she went away with Peter. Then the comedies of the life into the queenship of which she had so easily slipped! Why, she had remembered every last foolish bear-story of its history. He had forgotten them all. Even about that inquisitive bruin who had broken into a flour-barrel and, driven out of camp, lumbered along the trail, a ghostly figure that shed a tangible aura. He roared at the picture. And then the gossip she had collected! She seemed to know what had become of everybody. She had kept on the track of each one of her subjects, following him as long as he was in sight, with her interested sym-

pathy. Oh, the stories she had told him! He recalled one after another. He laughed again.

The sound of this third burst of laughter waked him completely. Waked him to much more than the new day. Waked him to a sense of a new feeling. He felt happy. He felt strong. He had sloughed off his old mood completely. Why, he felt young! He wanted to do something. His muscles tingled with strength. His eager spirit quested the future, looking for its opportunity. He could do anything. Oh, thank God, the British Columbia offer was still open. He'd do that last big thing yet. Jo Jackson's words came back to him. "There's no such thing as old age as long as you want to go on." He wanted to go on now. His mind was hungry for its old problems. His very fingers itched.

A knock at the door interrupted. It was a bell-boy. "The lady in 811 went away this morning," he said, "but she told me to be sure and give you this, Christmas."

From the extended hand, Daly took a narrow bundle, done up in white tissue-paper, tied with red Christmas ribbons, stuck with red Christmas berries. He opened it eagerly. It gleamed red as he unfolded it, but he did not guess what it was. From the last covering dropped into his hand a tiny slipper.

Of satin, faded and scarlet, of a quaint cut and curve, with a ridiculous, narrow, high heel — he knew it at once.

She had sent him the Red-Slipper luck. She had sent him Peter Rumwill's luck. Tears came to his eyes. He smoothed it with a tender hand, recalling many things. And he marveled, pondering how much that delicate girl-thing had had to do with the course of his life. But whatever it had done for the past, it was going to do more for the future. It seemed to symbolize to him that new hold on life and ambition which she had breathed into him. He sat for a long time holding it.

THE COÖPERATIVE FAMILY

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

WE may lay it down as a general principle that the first symptom of the approaching settlement of a social or ethical question is its serious discussion by persons who recognize that it has two sides worth presenting. As long as one view of it is alone in evidence, its definite decision is as far off, for all practical purposes, as when it lay dormant in men's minds, unrecognized as a possible problem. This is what inspires a faith in some of us that we are in a fair way to get to the bottom of the divorce question, and to hear the last word on the question of woman's right to the ballot. But there is a perennial topic for papers read at women's clubs and contributed to women's periodicals that involves a nice question of domestic obligation, the adequate settlement of which may be fraught with peace and happiness for hundreds of households, yet on which nothing is heard save on one side, — the side of complaint against conditions as they exist. I refer to the subject of the wife's interest in the family exchequer.

For years I have not seen in print any general discussion of feminine affairs without coming across some allusion to the uniform habit of husbands of doling out to their wives sundry small sums at uncertain intervals for necessary expenses, and to the universal desire of wives to receive a regular allowance, however modest, of money which they could use for such purposes, with the privilege of keeping for their own whatever balance might remain. If any champion has espoused the cause of the husbands, or even ventured to express a doubt of the wisdom of granting the prayer of the wives for an allowance, it has escaped my observation. The question raised has

gone undebated, and the habits of the husbands have continued without change. In the hope of breaking the spell of this mortal apathy, and advancing the prospect of some sort of a solution, I propose to inquire whether there is not another view of the subject worth considering.

Let me set out with the assertion that I am a strong individualist in property matters. I believe that a married woman has as good a right as a married man to hold what is hers in her own right, and to have her say, if she so wishes, about the disposal of it. If she comes into an inheritance, for instance, why shall she not spend it as she chooses? The consequences ought to be fairly laid before her by some one who presumptively knows more of the sordid world than she does, so that her choice of courses in any given situation may be intelligently made; but, that done, I can see no reason why she should not be as free to save her substance or to waste it as anybody else. We educate a boy in the handling of business by letting him handle some; why not the married woman, especially if the principal sufferer from any mistakes she makes is going to be herself? If she exercises her discretion by turning over a part of her property to her husband because she prefers to do so, that is of course her privilege; but what a vast difference there is between such an act of grace and the same thing done under compulsion or by way of yielding to unendurable importunities! The husband with any chivalry in his soul treats such a grant as a sacred trust, and would sacrifice everything he owns rather than let anything impair the interests of his ward.

Now, reverse this order and suppose the money to be, as it commonly is among

the class whose income depends upon their own efforts, on the husband's side: why should any different rule apply? Will compulsion, browbeating, pressure, or wheedling, be as effective for promoting a fair division, with good feeling, as leaving him to be governed by his generous impulses? In other words, would not a fixed stipend, extorted from a man by force, either legal or moral, be obtained at a cost of something beside which all the money, and all the satisfaction resulting from its possession, would dwindle into worthlessness? There is that in every man who deserves the name, which revolts at any attempt to dragoon him into a gratuity of a single dollar, though he may stand ready to give thousands in a cause which appeals to his business sense. As this question of an allowance is not one of abstract right, but one of preference or expediency, it cannot be considered from the same point of view as some of the other questions affecting family or sex. The woman who argues for liberal divorce laws has at least the excuse of working for the protection of herself and her children; one who claims such recognition of her equality as is conveyed by admission to the polls can base her logic upon the ideal of non-discrimination between citizens; but does not she do more to postpone the day of concession than to advance it, who berates her husband as unjust because he does not choose to set apart a certain portion of his income every month as capital for her free use? For is not this an effort to force him to be generous — a paradox in terms?

That the indifference of husbands in general to such demands is not due to any settled objection among men to the liberal treatment of wives, is obvious from the prompt response called forth by every such appeal as that clothed in the farm ballad, "Betsy and I are Out." The mass of the people, who are not finical in their literary tastes but who love best a theme and expression which touch their own inner experience, are full of the spirit which animated that bit of verse. A good

many years ago I was interested in some litigation which involved the sale of the property of an old Mohawk Valley farmer, and was present when his attorney questioned him as to the disposal of the proceeds. He was an unlettered man, and, from what we drew from him later, it was plain that he knew no more of Will Carleton than of Ben Jonson or Edmund Spenser. "What are you to do with the money?" he echoed; "why, give half on 't to me and half on 't to her" — meaning his wife.

"But it all belongs to you," interposed the lawyer, "and I did not know whether you wanted it paid to you in cash here, or mailed to you in a draft."

"P'rhaps the law does give all on 't to me," persisted the old man; "you know more 'bout that 'n I do. But it ain't my way 'v lookin' at it. All I got in the world she helped me save up, 'n' if the law don't give her half on 't, then the law ain't fair."

Nothing could modify his conclusion on this point, and he had the satisfaction of hearing his learned counselor say, as they shook hands at parting, —

"Mr. B——, the law is as I stated it; but I agree with you that the law is not fair when it leaves the wife's sacrifices out of account."

I did not care to mar so sympathetic an understanding, so I forebore to obtrude my views. If I had, I should, as a moralist, have put in a word of excuse for the law; for to have compelled a division of profits under such conditions would have rendered impossible the charm of that voluntary surrender.

Human nature is much the same wherever we find it. In its original form the federal statute providing for the allotment of lands in severalty to Indians assigned a double acreage to the head of a family, on the theory that, their unmarried offspring having been separately cared for, every married Indian would recognize his obligation to use his farm for the support of himself and his wife, and that such an arrangement would

tend to cement their union. Had the authors of this provision been familiar with conditions actually existing in the Indian country they would have been more cautious, for when an Indian divorced his wife, with or without reason, she was left with nothing. So the statute was amended to give the husband an allotment of normal acreage and the wife a separate one of equal extent. Meanwhile, however, a good many married male Indians had received allotments under the original dispensation, and it became necessary to induce each of these to relinquish one-half his farm in favor of his wife. The interesting feature of the case for present purposes is the ready response of the husbands to the suggestion that they deal generously with the women concerned, regardless whether they still held them in marital bonds or not. Indeed, the only grumbling I have heard on this score has been at the government's compelling them by law to accept the smaller acreage so that the women could have each a big piece of land. What they were universally willing to concede as a free gift, these men seemed loath to grant under the rule of "thou shalt."

So much for what we may term the externals of the topic. Now, what effect has the allowance system upon the wife? It is a familiar psychological law that an arbitrary limitation is a constant temptation to extremes. The creditor who has been almost willing to forgive a debt feels a sudden craving to collect it, on discovering that the date when the statutory bar will apply is close at hand. One fence, marking a trespass line, arouses an appetite for fruit in the boy who could pass a dozen unprotected orchards without thinking of apples. In like manner, the notice to a beneficiary that he will have a thousand dollars to spend next year, but not a cent more, is a pretty sure forecast of the expenditure of that sum and a deficit or a debt of some hundreds besides. As a college student, I was myself put on an allowance; and although it was yearly increased because the last year's

amount seemed to have fallen short. I never succeeded in keeping my expenses within it; and I knew scores of other boys, no more conscious spendthrifts than I, whose experience was the same.

Since I have had children of my own, I have listened with interest to the confessions of other fathers. Said one to me, "My daughter is on an allowance which is supposed to cover everything but her 'clothing';" but I notice that she includes in this category her jewelry, her toilet appliances, and numberless other things which contribute indirectly to her presentable appearance in public. All told, they swell by twenty or thirty per cent the sum I had figured on." Said another, "I have a boy at college who is supposed to take care of himself on a fixed stipend exclusive of tuition, books, and furniture. But he crowds into his book list two or three hundred dollars' worth of what he calls 'supplementary reading;' and every time a table or a desk shows any marks of hard usage it goes to the auction room, and I am expected to replace it with a new article while he pockets the proceeds of the sale." These men and others who have told me similar stories candidly faced the fact that they were dealing, not with a personal idiosyncrasy, but with a widespread human trait; and instead of holding their children to a strict responsibility they charged to profit-and-loss the difference between expectation and realization, and thanked Heaven that it was no worse.

Moreover, when we set boundaries to anything which is to be enjoyed by another, even as a privilege, we are apt to establish in his mind the correlative idea of a right. At first it is merely an inchoate impression, but time hardens it into a principle which we cannot question, much less violate, without exciting him to defensive resistance. No one who has had much to do with charitable relief work has failed to discover that a definite service offered once in a spirit of benevolence is usually expected thereafter with almost automatic certainty, either period-

ically or whenever the same conditions recur. The court records teem with stories of families wrecked because, having lived in prosperous times at the rate of so many thousand a year, they have been unable in a period of financial stress to cut their expenditures down to half that amount. The trouble with all of us is that whatever is good and pleasant and profitable in our lives we come to count upon as sure to continue forever; and the more clearly fixed are the limits of this enjoyment, the more our innate optimism reaches over them in the hope of getting something yet better.

Now, whoever enjoys a bounded privilege asserts therein an interest adverse to the interest of some one else, for the only limitation on our freedom is the line that marks the beginning of the rights of others. Hence it seems to me worth inquiring whether, when the bread-winner binds himself to set apart a certain proportion of his estimated income each year as a gratuitous allowance to his wife, he does not by that act call into being an interest adverse to his own, and endow with it the one person who ought to be in the highest sense his partner? And if this concession is wrested from him in contempt of his preferences, by persistent importunities or thinly veiled rebellion, does it strengthen or weaken the tie between the pair?

But on such a subject an argument which is not constructive as well as destructive is of little value, and I can well understand the reader's demand to know what plan I would offer as a substitute for the allowance system to which I find so many objections. In a family with whose internal affairs circumstances have made me uncommonly familiar, and whose head I will designate, for the purposes of this paper, the Philosopher, a practice prevails which thus far has developed no weak points, but fits into the general scheme of things with a cleanness that speaks much for its logical basis.

When the Philosopher married, he reasoned that a woman who was worthy to

be trusted with his happiness in a partnership for life was at least as fit to share his cash balance as some man whom he had tied to his fortunes by written articles of agreement. Besides, he had a squeamish sense that the marriage ritual meant something, and that, when a woman pledged herself to love, honor, and obey him as long as they both should live, in response to his endowment of her with all his worldly goods, the one promise in the compact was just as binding as the other. So, as his wife felt the same way, they clubbed their modest belongings in a common fund, opened a joint bank-account, and set themselves up in the business of home-making and family-building as partners, in the broadest acceptance of that term.

Like most young women of her time brought up in a household with father and brothers, the wife had not been trained in practical affairs. She did not know how to draw or indorse a check, to fill out a draft or a note, to buy a bond or sell a share of stock. She had never even purchased a railway ticket or checked a trunk. From the bottom up, therefore, the Philosopher had to undertake her instruction in such matters. Naturally, she made a good many mistakes at first, but they were trivial; and she was so grateful for a chance to learn, and he was so patient, that these primary lessons seemed almost like a renewal of their honeymoon. In later years his work carried him away from home for a considerable period now and then, and during his absences she had to pay the bills of their little establishment, negotiate with the landlord and the coal baron, as well as with the butcher and baker and candlestick-maker, and, in short, be for the nonce the man of the house. Again and again the wives of her husband's friends came to Mrs. Philosopher in distress: their lords had gone away, the modicum of money left with them for expenses had given out, and they were faced with the alternative of borrowing from their neighbors or telegraphing for remittances.

It was then that she felt the greatest pride in her husband's solution of the domestic fiscal problem, and this stimulated afresh her sense of responsibility for the trust reposed in her. She would have gone without the fondest luxury on her list at any time rather than disappoint him in her administration as the "resident partner" of the firm.

In due course, children came. With the birth of each, or as soon thereafter as the baby was named, the Philosopher opened in the savings bank a hundred-dollar account for John or Emily. That was to be the nest-egg for the little one. And as the children grew into recognizable boys and girls, were they put upon an allowance? By no means. From the time that they began to show any capacity whatever for practical usefulness, they were offered a chance to do something, and paid for it at the same rate that an equal service would have commanded for an outsider. The money thus earned was their own, to do with absolutely what they pleased. No demon of a penny bank brooded over the mantelpiece; no such miracle menaced the young capitalists as is sometimes witnessed on a farm when Sonny's calf grows into Papa's cow. If one boy wished to save his earnings till he had enough to pay his way on a hunting expedition, he was free to do that; if his brother preferred to hie to the candy-shop the moment a dime came into his possession, he was equally free. Whatever lessons were learned as to the consequences of wise or foolish acts in their small financiering were not memorized as precepts, but driven home by experience, and "stayed learned."

Presently the young folk passed from childhood into the adolescent stage where the higher education made too severe demands upon their time to permit of their longer earning their pin-money. Did the allowance come into play then? No. The Philosopher reasoned that the family, not the individual, is the unit of our social order; that the boys and girls were now sufficiently mature to be able to do some

pretty fair thinking; and that, having been bred in an atmosphere of mutual love and confidence, they would recognize their responsibility to and for each other, not by any cold intellectual process, but by an unconsciously cultivated instinct. So the family purse was kept in common, and every member understood that it was not plethoric. Each knew — and, what was better, felt — that anything he took for himself meant the reduction, to that extent, of the resources open to the rest, so that an extra bonnet at Easter for Bessie might require Ann to refurbish her last year's walking suit. The lad at college joined in the rational pleasures of his class, but excesses of frivolity were checked by the remembrance that there were partners at home. The tendency of the whole system was, to put all the brothers and sisters upon their mettle, to think first of the others' interests; and their satisfaction at seeing their instinctive little acts of self-denial bear fruit was greater, I venture to say, than the pleasure they would have got from spending double the family income on themselves.

Yet I would not leave you with the impression that they were prigs in any way whatever. On the contrary, their small sacrifices were sometimes so cautiously planned that no one suspected them for years afterward. It was the real thing they were after — not the superficial show; and they were as far from goody-goodyism on the one hand as from smugness on the other.

Thus the group grew up, and some of its members have laid foundations for homes and households of their own. The family bond is as strong as ever, and any of them, would to-day gladly deny himself the most cherished desire of his heart to insure the happiness of the others. What one has is at the command of any of the rest who need his help. The social gossips will never be treated to an account of the quarrels of these brothers and sisters over money matters, broken wills, or punitive codicils. Is not theirs a

pleasant picture to look upon, if only as a relief from another sort which is continually forced under our eyes? I leave it to carry its own moral.

This does not mean that I am unprepared for the comment which will come from a dozen sources at once: that I have ignored the human equation, and outlined an ideal state of things which could not be duplicated in one family out of every hundred. Not so fast, friends! Have I set up a single condition which any of you would condemn as impracticable in your own case? Then, I regret to say, you must confess to a bad failure somewhere in your domestic career. Perhaps, sir, you do not think your wife could be trusted with the freedom of a common check-book? Do not you trust her with your honor, which you value more than all the wealth that could be piled in all the banks? Are you so doubtful of her judgment, dismissing any question of her honesty, that you have warned your tradesmen against selling her anything on credit without your special authorization? If not, she has substantially *carte blanche* now by tacit consent of all parties; pray, then, in how much greater peril would you stand if you enabled her to draw, as her needs require, upon a fund kept in bank in your joint names and for your joint benefit?

Responsibility feeds on freedom. That tailor of Sheridan's knew human nature, who, after dunning the easy-going playwright for a year to liquidate his I O U, tore up the note in his presence, and received the cash at once, because the debt at law had thus been converted into a debt of honor. The man, woman, or child who is incessantly kept under restraint, whether it be mamma's apron-string, or the forbidden night-key, or the banknote irregularly doled out, or even the stated periodical allowance, will never learn to stand up straight and walk a right line for the mere satisfaction there is in being one's own master.

Or suppose, madam, that that daughter

of yours appears to be incapable of comprehending the value of money or cultivating any common sense in spending it: are you going to make over her entire nature by inducing her father to give her a certain stated sum each year, beyond which she is not to let her self-indulgent whims have play? Depend upon it, if she seems bound to waste every dollar she can lay hands on, you are not going to teach her better manners by telling her just how many dollars she may waste in a given period. If she is past your power to change, she will find some means of getting hold of more, or of running the family into debts which you will rather pay out of court than in it; but if, on the other hand, she has in her any right instinct, — no matter how far down in her soul it may be hidden, — she will respond far more promptly to an appeal to her affection for you and her father than to any threats or warnings of arbitrary restrictions with which you may be tempted to beset her.

That better conditions are possible, I have shown you by a true story of a single family. You will hardly be rash enough to deny, without the test of a trial, that it can be repeated in other families similarly situated. All the experiment requires is that the husband shall carry into his married life the same unquestioning faith he carried into his courtship; that the wife shall cease demanding as a right a limited privilege which at best could be granted only as an act of grace, and approach her husband on the side of his generosity, his chivalry, and his confidence in her; and that both, if children come, shall do for them willingly, and in time to influence their whole future lives, what it may otherwise be necessary to do at a later stage in order to save the good repute of the family. Is it too much to ask that any reader, who is faced with the domestic exchequer problem, give these tentative suggestions a little sober thought, and see what sort of programme for his own life he can work out of them?

SOME PLATITUDES CONCERNING DRAMA

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

"THE moral" is the keynote of all drama. That is to say, a drama must be shaped so as to have a spire of meaning. All human life and character have their inherent natural moral; and the business of the dramatist is so to pose the group as to bring that moral poignantly to the light of day. Such is the moral that exhales from plays like *Lear*, *Hamlet*, and *Macbeth*. But such is not the moral to be found in the great bulk of contemporary drama. The moral of the average play is now, and probably has always been, the triumph at all costs of a supposed immediate ethical good over a supposed immediate ethical evil.

The vice of drawing distorted morals has, in fact, always permeated the drama to its spine; discolored its art, humanity, and significance; infected its creators, actors, audience, critics; too often turned it from a picture into a caricature. A drama which lives under the shadow of the distorted moral forgets how to be free, fair, and fine; forgets so completely that it often prides itself on having forgotten.

Now, in writing a play there are, philosophically speaking, three courses open to the serious dramatist. The first is to set definitely before the public that which it wishes to have set before it: the views and codes of life by which the public lives, and in which it believes. This way is the most common, successful, and popular. It makes the dramatist's position sure, and still not too obviously authoritative.

The second course is to set definitely before the public those views and codes of life by which the dramatist himself lives, those theories in which he himself believes, — the more effectively if they are the opposite of what the public wishes

to have placed before it, — presenting them so that the audience may swallow them like a powder in a spoonful of jam.

There is a third course: to set before the public no cut-and-dried codes, but the phenomena of life and character, selected and combined, *but not distorted*, by the dramatist's outlook, set down without fear, favor, or prejudice, leaving the public to draw such poor moral as nature may afford. This third method requires a certain detachment; it requires a sympathy with, a love of, and a curiosity as to, things for their own sake; it requires a far view, together with patient industry *for no immediately practical result*.

It was once said of Shakespeare that he had never done any good to any one, and never would. This, unfortunately, could not, in the sense in which the word "good" was then meant, be said of most modern dramatists. In truth, the good that Shakespeare did to humanity was of a remote, and, shall we say, eternal nature; something of the good that men get from having the sky and the sea to look at. And this was because he was, in his greater plays at all events, free from the habit of drawing a distorted moral. Now, the playwright who supplies to the public the facts of life distorted by the moral which it expects, does so that he may do the public what he considers an immediate good, by fortifying its prejudices; and the dramatist who supplies to the public facts distorted by his own advanced morality, does so because he considers that he will at once benefit the public by substituting for its worn-out ethics, his own; in both cases the advantage the dramatist hopes to confer on the public is immediate and practical.

But matters change and morals

change, men remain — and to set men, and the facts about them, down faithfully so that they draw for us the moral of their natural actions, may also possibly be of benefit to the community. It is, at all events, harder than to set men and facts down, as they ought, or ought not to be. I am far from meaning to say that a dramatist should, or, indeed, can, keep himself and his temperamental philosophy out of his work. As a man lives and thinks, so will he write. But this I do say, that to the making of good drama, as to the practice of every other art, there must be brought an almost passionate love of discipline, a white heat of self-respect, a desire to make the truest, fairest, best thing in your power. And that to these must be added an eye that does not flinch. Such qualities alone will bring to a drama the selfless character which soaks it with inevitability, and convinces its audience.

The word "pessimist" is frequently applied to the few dramatists who have been content to work in this way. It has been applied to Euripides, to Shakespeare, to Ibsen, among others; it will be applied to many in the future. Nothing, however, I venture to think, is more dubious than the every-day use of the words pessimist and optimist: for the optimist appears to be he who cannot bear the world as it is, and is forced by his nature to picture it as it ought to be; and the pessimist, one who can not only bear the world as it is, but loves it well enough to draw it faithfully. However this may be, a remnant of insane persons insist that the true lover of the human race is the man who can put up with it in all its forms, in vice as well as in virtue, in defeat no less than in victory; that the true seer is he who sees not only joy but sorrow, and the true painter of human life one who blinks nothing. It is possible that he is also, incidentally, its true benefactor.

In the whole range of the social fabric there are only two impartial persons, the scientist and the artist, and under the lat-

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ter heading all dramatists who desire to write not only for to-day, but for to-morrow, must strive to come.

But dramatists being as they are made, — past remedy, — it is perhaps more profitable to examine the various points at which their qualities and defects are shown.

The plot! A good plot is that sure edifice which slowly rises out of the interplay of circumstance on temperament, and temperament on circumstance, within the inclosing atmosphere of an idea. A human being is the best plot there is; it may be impossible to see *why* he is a good plot, because the idea within which he was brought forth cannot be fully grasped; but it is plain that *he is a good plot*. He is organic. And so it must be with a good play. Reason alone produces no good plots: they come by original sin, sure conception, and instinctive after power of selecting what benefits the germ. A bad plot, on the other hand, is simply a row of stakes, with a character impaled on each — characters who would have liked to live, but came to untimely grief; who started bravely, but fell on these stakes, placed beforehand in a row, and were transfixed one by one, while their ghosts stride on, squeaking and gibbering through the play. Whether these stakes are made of facts, or of ideas, according to the nature of the dramatist who planted them, their effect on the unfortunate characters is the same; the creatures were begotten to be staked, and staked they are! "I like a good plot!" is a saying not unfrequently heard. It usually means: "Tickle my sensations by stuffing the play with arbitrary adventures, so that no one need be troubled to take the characters seriously. Set the persons of the play to action, regardless of time, sequence, atmosphere, and probability!"

Now, true dramatic action is what characters do, at once contrary, as it were, to expectation, and yet because they have already done other things. No dramatist should let his audience know what is coming; but neither should he

suffer his characters to act without making his audience feel that those actions are in harmony with temperament, and arise from previous known actions, together with the temperaments and previous known actions of the other characters in the play. The dramatist who depends his characters to his plot, instead of his plot to his characters, ought himself to be depended.

The dialogue! Good dialogue again is character, marshaled so as continually to stimulate interest or excitement. The reason good dialogue is seldom found in plays is merely that it is hard to write. It requires not only a knowledge of what interests, or excites, but such a feeling for character itself as brings misery to the dramatist's heart when his creations speak as they should not speak, — ashes to his mouth when they say things for the sake of saying them, — disgust when they are "smart."

The art of writing true dramatic dialogue is an austere art; denying itself all license, grudging every sentence devoted to the mere machinery of the play, suppressing all jokes and epigrams severed from character, relying for fun and pathos on the fun and tears of life. From start to finish, good dialogue is handmade, like good lace: clear, of fine texture, furthering with each thread the harmony and strength of a design to which all must be subordinate.

But good dialogue is also action. In so far as the dramatist divorces his dialogue from action, he is stultifying τὸ δράμα — the thing done; he may make pleasing disquisitions, he is not making plays. And in so far as he twists character to suit his moral or his plot, he is neglecting a first principle, that truth to nature which alone invests art with handmade quality.

The dramatist's license, in fact, ends with his design. In conception alone he is free. He may take what character or group of characters he chooses, see them with what eyes, knit them with what idea, within the limits of his temperament.

Once taken, seen, and knitted, he is bound to treat them like a gentleman, with the tenderest consideration of their mainsprings. Take care of character; action and dialogue will take care of themselves! The true dramatist gives full rein to his temperament in the scope and nature of his subject; having once selected subject and characters, he is just, gentle, restrained; neither gratifying his lust of praise at the expense of his offspring, nor using them as puppets to flout his audience. Being himself the nature that brought them forth, he guides them in the course predestined at their conception. So only have they a chance of defying Time, which is always lying in wait to destroy the false, topical, or fashionable, all — in a word — that is not based on the permanent element of human nature. The perfect dramatist rounds up his characters and facts within the ring-fence of a dominant idea which fulfills the craving of his spirit; having got them there he suffers them to live their own lives.

Plot, action, character, dialogue! What subject for a platitude is left? *Flavor!* An impalpable quality, less easily captured than the scent of a flower, the peculiar and most essential attribute of any work of art! Flavor is the thin, poignant spirit which hovers up out of a drama, and is as much the differentiating essence of it as is nicotine of tobacco, or caffeine of coffee. It is, in fine, the spirit of the dramatist projected into his work in a state of volatility, so that no one can exactly lay hands on it, here, there, or anywhere. This distinctive essence of a play, marking its brand, is the one thing at which the dramatist cannot work, for it is outside his consciousness. And this is the chief reason why speculations, periodically indulged in, as to whether dramatists ought, or ought not, to consider their public, are superfluous; and why, too, it is somewhat futile to lament that authors often deliberately produce work beneath their best powers. For, in reality, though that work may vary in

interest, in intellectual attainment, or in carefulness — in the supreme quality, flavor, whether it be written to boil a pot, or regale a stage society, the work of a dramatist does not vary. A man may have many moods, he has but one spirit; and this spirit he communicates in some subtle, unconscious way to all his work. It waxes and wanes with the currents of his vitality, but no more alters than a chestnut changes into an oak, or an elm into a plane tree.

I like to look on dramas as if they were trees, springing from seedlings, shaping themselves inevitably in accordance with the laws fast hidden within themselves, drinking sustenance from the earth and air, and in conflict with the natural forces round them. So they slowly come to full growth, until, warped, stunted, or risen to fair and gracious height, they stand open to all the winds that blow. From each dramatist springs a different race of trees; and he is the spirit of his own sacred grove, into which no stray tree can by any chance enter.

One more platitude. It is not unfashionable to pit one form of drama against another: holding up the realistic to the disadvantage of the epic; the epic to the belittlement of the fantastic; the fantastic to the detriment of the realistic. Nothing can be to less purpose. The essential meaning, truth, beauty, and irony of things may be revealed under all these forms. Vision over life and human nature can be as keen and just, the revelation as true, inspiring, delight-giving, and thought-provoking, whatever fashion be employed, — it is simply a matter of doing it well enough to uncover the kernel of the nut. Whether the violet come from Russia, from Parma, or from England, matters little. Close by the Greek temples at Pæstum I once came on violets that seemed redder and sweeter than any ever seen — as though they had sprung up out of the footprints of some old Pagan goddess; but the next April, in a Devonshire lane, the little blue scentless violets there had captured every bit

as much of the spring. And so it is with drama, — no matter what its form, — it need only be the “real thing,” need only have caught some of the precious fluid, *revelation*, and imprisoned it within a chalice to which we may put our lips and continually drink.

And yet starting from this last platitude one may perhaps be suffered to speculate as to the particular forms that our renascent drama is likely to assume. For our drama is renascent, and nothing will stop its bursting the old bottles. It is not renascent because this or that man is writing, but because of a spirit in the air. This spirit is no doubt in part the gradual outcome of the impact on our home-grown art of Russian, French, and Scandinavian influences; but in the main it springs from an awakened humanity in the conscience of our time. It is part of what is, below the surface, a religious movement; part of a slow but tenacious groping toward a new form of vital faith — the faith of “all for one, and one for all.” A faith so far removed from, and so much bigger than, party politics, that it may and will ever increasingly be an integral part of the life of all our little sects, from Tories to Anarchists, from Church of England folk to Quakers. It is a great visiting wind, sweeping into the house of our lives through a hundred doors, of which the drama is one, and not the narrowest.

What then are to be the main channels down which the renascent English drama will float, in the coming years? To me at least it seems that these main channels will be two in number, and situate far apart. The one will be the broad and clear-cut channel of naturalism, down which will course a drama poignantly shaped, and inspired with high intention, but faithful to the seething and multiple life round us; a drama such as some are inclined to term photographic, gulled by a seeming simplicity into forgetfulness of the old proverb, “*Ars est celare artem*,” and unable to perceive that, to be vital, such drama is in every respect as depend-

ent on imagination, construction, selection, and elimination — the main laws in fact of artistry, — as ever was the romantic or rhapsodic play. The question of naturalistic technique will bear, indeed, much more study than has yet been given to it. The aim of the dramatist employing it is obviously to create such an illusion of actual life passing on the stage as to compel the spectator for the moment to lose all sense of artifice, to think, and talk, and move with the people he sees thinking, talking, and moving in front of him. A false phrase, a single word out of tune or time, will destroy that illusion, and spoil the surface, as surely as a stone heaved into a still pool shatters the image seen there.

But this is only the beginning of the reason why it is the most exacting and most difficult of all techniques. It is easy enough to *reproduce* the exact conversation and movements of persons in a room; it is desperately hard to *produce* the perfectly natural conversation and movements of these persons, when each natural phrase spoken and each natural movement made, has not only to contribute toward the growth and perfection of a drama's soul, but also to be a revelation, phrase by phrase, movement by movement, of essential traits of character. To put it another way, naturalism, when alive, indeed to be alive at all, is simply the art of manipulating a long procession of the most delicate symbols. A technique which employs an inflated, semi-poetical, invented form of speech for the portrayal of every-day life is by many degrees less exacting. Fine writing — so-called — is the easiest of all writing, and the first that the real workman will tear up.

It should be the aim — as it is the justification — of naturalistic technique to secure a presentment of the dramatist's vision, so gripping, and permeating, through eyes and ears, the minds of an audience, as evermore to convince each one of them that the vision has been part of his own experience, something lived

through, or seen, in real life, and not merely watched as a show. This effect can be achieved only by complete austerity, and those delicate strokes and continual significant touches which establish a perfect intimacy between the audience and the figures on the stage. Many plays, written in the naturalistic vein, fail to enrich us with any sense of actual experience gained at first hand. And this either is due to want of self-restraint in the dramatist, or is because, not *feeling* the life of his characters, he cannot really make us intimate with them. No amount of "strong" situation or cleverness — good things both — will atone for the want of that utter intimacy which is the essential quality of good naturalistic drama. In the struggle to perfect this form of technique there must, of course, be presented much photographic stuff. The naturalistic drama is not, because of that, to be regarded in other than its true character — as the most fastidious and poignant of all dramatic forms. This main channel of naturalistic drama will be concerned with men, not floating on two boards far out to sea, accompanied by a passion, but anchored to land in their natural environments. Its service will be the swaying and focusing of men's feelings and thoughts, in the various departments of national life. It will be like a steady lamp, held up from time to time, in whose light things will be seen for a space clearly and in due proportion, freed from the mists of prejudice and partisanship.

And the other of these two main channels will, I think, be a twisting and delicious stream, which will bear on its breast new barks of poetry, shaped, it may be, like prose, but a prose incarnating through its fantasy and symbolism all the deeper aspirations, yearnings, doubts, and mysterious stirrings of the human spirit; a poetic prose drama, emotionalizing us by its diversity and purity of form and invention, and whose province will be to disclose the elemental soul of man, and the forces of Nature, not perhaps as

the old tragedies disclosed them, or in epic mood, but with a certain freakish beauty, and the spirit of discovery.

Such will, in my judgment, be the two vital forms of our drama in the coming generation. If I am right, we must guard against crude unions between them: they are too far apart; the cross would be too violent. It is this ill-mating of forms that has killed a thousand plays. We want no more bastard drama; no more attempts to dress out the simple dignity of everyday life in the peacock's feathers of false

poetry; no more straw-stuffed heroes or heroines; no more rabbits and goldfish from the conjurer's pockets; nor any limelight. Let us have lamplight, starlight, moonlight, sunlight, and the light of our own self-respect. Whatever the main forms of drama in the near future, let them keep austere to their own high destinies, borrowing from none, and breathing out, each, its own romance. Let them go forward, in all eagerness, but in all serenity, and replace the forms which we have outgrown.

TO THE RISING SUN

BY O. W. FIRKINS

THE sorrows of long ages thou hast known:
Sad Egypt with vain toil and crossed desire;
Judea wailing with her captive choir;
Greece, and the Turk that scaled the Parthenon;
Rome with her fading laurel; Stamboul won;
And Venice treading in the steps of Tyre:
Ages are moths that wither in thy fire,
And empires, gnat-like, flutter, and are gone.
What are earth's trophies in thy conquering glance?
Shall bubble fane or mushroom pyramid
Dim thy clear eye or veil thy haughty lid?
Thou call'st in challenge through the azure plain
To zoned Orion, bidd'st the Pleiads dance,
And chid'st Auriga for his lingering wain.

THE STORY OF THE SANTA FÉ TRAIL

BY CHARLES M. HARVEY

I

"In November, 1809, three men by the names of Smith, McClanahan, and Patterson, under the guidance of a Spaniard, Manuel Blanco, left St. Louis for Santa Fé. Nothing further is known of them."

Thus, in its issue of the first week of October, 1810, the *Missouri Gazette*, the earliest newspaper which appeared west of the Mississippi, the progenitor of the present *St. Louis Republic*, referred to a commerce between the State of Missouri and the capital of New Mexico which was beginning to engage the attention of adventurers on the United States frontier. This commerce, which Pike's explorations of 1806-07 may be said to have incited, and which was opened as a regular branch of trade in 1821-26, developed by Kit Carson and many others who were prominent in the annals of the Southwest, and enlivened by the forays and ambushes of the Osages, Arapahoes, Pawnees, Kiowas, Cheyennes, Comanches, Apaches, and other red raiders, constitutes the Story of the Santa Fé Trail.

Romance and daring, however, had been busy in that region long before the persons here named were born.

In the half forgotten era,
With the avarice of old,
Seeking cities that were told
To be paved with solid gold,
In the kingdom of Quivira,
Came the restless Coronado,
To open Kansas plain,
With his knights from sunny Spain,
In an effort that, though vain,
Thrilled with boldness and bravado.

The reference in these lines by Eugene F. Ware, the Kansas poet, is to the dash by Charles V's *conquistadore*, Coronado,

from Culiacan, on the Pacific coast of Mexico, up to the present Kansas, in 1541, two-thirds of a century before Captain John Smith and his associates established at Jamestown, Virginia, the first permanent colony of the English-speaking race on the American continent; seventy-nine years before Carver, Bradford, and the rest of the Mayflower's passengers landed at Plymouth; and eighty-five years before Peter Minuit, the Stadtholder, the representative of Holland's Frederick, bought Manhattan Island from the Indians for sixty guilders (\$24) in beads, ribbons and bright-colored calicoes, and started the career of New York City. At many points Coronado passed over the course on which the Santa Fé trail was to be traced in the after time. It was about sixty years later that the Spaniards founded La Ciudad Real de la Santa Fé de San Francisco (the Royal City of the Holy Faith of St. Francis), a designation which our busier day has shortened into Santa Fé.

But it was two and two-thirds centuries this side of Coronado that the trade between the American settlements and Santa Fé began. The latter was still Spanish territory. In 1804 William Morrison, a merchant of Kaskaskia, Illinois, sent Baptiste Lalande, a French creole, to Santa Fé with a small stock of goods, with the intention of opening a trade with that place. Lalande went up the Missouri to the mouth of the Platte, where the present Omaha stands, proceeded along the Platte to the Rocky Mountains, traveled south to the New Mexican capital, disposed of his goods at a profit there, and liked the people so well that he remained, pocketing Morrison's money. Lalande was the advance courier of the

army of commercial travelers, or "drummers," who are diffused through the country in our day. He was perhaps the first man in the United States to start out to sell goods by sample.

Some of the Indians also began to take part in this traffic, although they never entered it in a large way. James Purcell, a Kentucky adventurer of a type familiar to the American frontier of that day, drifted to St. Louis in 1802, went up to the head of the Osage River with a few companions to trap and hunt, was driven into the Rocky Mountains by a large body of Sioux, captured by them, and sent with a few Indians to Santa Fé to ask the Spaniards to trade with them. Liking his white neighbors better than his red associates, Purcell, like Lalande, remained in the New Mexican capital. Pike met him there in 1807.

From these unpromising beginnings nobody could have dreamed that the traffic between Missouri River points and the Spanish-Mexican settlements would reach two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in a season by 1830, and touch seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars by 1843, the year in which President Santa Anna, believing that war with the United States was pending, shut the American traders out of New Mexico. Yet such was the fact. The commerce grew because the New Mexicans were as eager for it as were the Americans. Vera Cruz, the entering point for all foreign goods for New Mexico and Chihuahua, was farther from Santa Fé than Santa Fé was from the Missouri River, the time of transit was longer, and the cost of conveyance was greater. Under any reasonable tariff the Americans could sell their goods in Santa Fé — which was the distributing point for a large part of New Mexico and Chihuahua — and make a handsome profit.

Franklin, in Howard County, Missouri, which was swept away by the Missouri River afterward, was the American terminus of the trail until 1831, when the necessity for saving as much land

travel as possible transferred that point westward eighty miles to Independence, which was four miles south of the Missouri; and in the trail's latter days the outfitting point was shifted ten miles farther west, to Westport Landing, at the mouth of the Kaw, on the site of the present Kansas City.

Draw a line from Independence, Missouri, southwesterly into Kansas to the present Ellinwood, in Barton County, on the Arkansas River. Let the line follow the north bank of the Arkansas (which stream was part of the boundary between the United States and the territory of Spain and Mexico until the close of the war of 1846-48) to a point about twenty-five miles west of the present Dodge City, in Ford County. There, at what was called the Ford of the Arkansas, carry the line across the river southwesterly to the Cimmaron, continue it along the valley of that stream to the southwestern corner of Kansas, push it down into New Mexico to Las Vegas and San Miguel, and swing it northwestward to Santa Fé.

This was the route followed by most of the traders during the most flourishing days of the trail. By that course the distance from Independence to Santa Fé was about eight hundred miles, half of which was in Kansas. Some of the traders, however, in order to escape the sixty miles of desert between the Ford of the Arkansas and the Cimmaron, continued along the Arkansas into Colorado to Bent's Fort, which was erected by Charles and William Bent in 1829, near the present La Junta, from which point they proceeded southward till they struck the principal route where it crossed the Mora, in New Mexico. This was called the mountain branch of the trail — the branch which is followed by the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway to-day.

The starting time of the caravans from the Missouri River was usually between the middle of April and the middle of June, and the length of the downward journey ranged from fifty to eighty days,

while the return, with its lighter loads, was generally made in quicker time. But the length of the trip, or the decision as to whether there would be a trip at all, depended largely upon the temper of the Indians who infested the trail from 1825 onward, — especially from the Ford of the Arkansas down to the Rio Gallinas. — and upon the number and courage of the whites who were present to fight them.

II

Immediately behind Lalande and Purcell, who represent for us the Santa Fé trade in its adverse beginnings, came the man who was to give the United States and the world their first authentic account of the people and the conditions in New Mexico and much of old Mexico, to point out the possibilities for profit in a traffic which could be carried on between Missouri and that region, and to suggest the line along which it could be conducted. This was Captain Zebulon M. Pike — the Pike for whom the Rocky Mountain summit near Colorado Springs was afterward named, the General Pike who, as commander of the Americans at the battle of York, now Toronto, in the war of 1812, was killed by the British while leading his men to victory.

On July 15, 1806, Pike, with Lieutenant Wilkinson, son of General James Wilkinson, the commander at St. Louis, and sixteen soldiers, a surgeon and an interpreter, started from the cantonment at Belle Fontaine, a few miles north of St. Louis, near the confluence of the Missouri and the Mississippi, ascended the Missouri by boats to the mouth of the Osage, went up that stream to the Osage village, to which he escorted a party of Osages and Pawnees, and thence pushed westward overland through the present Kansas and Colorado.

Under the instructions given to him by General Wilkinson, Pike's mission was to endeavor to bring peace between the Osages and the Kansas tribes, and also

between the Yanktons and the Comanches; to urge the chiefs of all those Indians to visit Washington and call on President Jefferson; and to "ascertain the direction, extent and navigation of the Arkansas and Red rivers," which were part of the boundary between our newly acquired Louisiana province and Spain's territory of New Mexico. Pike was cautioned to "move with great circumspection" when he arrived in the neighborhood of New Mexico, "so as to avoid giving alarm or offense, because the affairs of Spain and the United States appear to be on the point of amicable adjustment."

These were the written orders which Wilkinson gave Pike. It is believed that Pike also had secret orders from Wilkinson to find a pass through the mountains by which Santa Fé could be reached readily and Mexico invaded. Spain in those days was a very disagreeable neighbor to the Americans. She held the province of Louisiana from 1763 until Napoleon coerced her into ceding it back to France in 1800, when he intended to utilize it, but the stress of a new war between him and England caused him to sell it to Jefferson. Spain also held the Floridas, comprising not only the present state of that name, but the southern ends of Alabama and Mississippi; and thus, in the whole region between the Atlantic and the Mississippi, barred the Americans' way to the Gulf of Mexico. As the owner also of part of the present Kansas and Colorado, and all of Texas, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, Nevada, and California, Spain was obnoxious not only to the restless spirits in the Mississippi valley, but also to many conservative people in the thirteen original states. Clashes with Spain, both in Florida and the Southwest, were often threatened.

Although wearing the American uniform, and in command of the most important military post in the West, General Wilkinson was in the pay of Spain, and had been for years. That affiliation did

not hamper him, however, from conspiring against Spain whenever his interest, or imagined interest, might be promoted thereby. At that moment he was deep in Burr's plot to separate some of the Western states from the Union, to unite them with Mexico, and to take Mexico from Spain and erect an empire or a republic there, with himself at the head.

Pike, who was a loyal and gallant soldier, was undoubtedly ignorant of Wilkinson's treasonable dealings with Spain, and also of his connection with Burr's designs. The telling of all this, however, may throw a light on Pike's movements in Colorado, and may explain why it was that his report of the things which he saw in Spain's territory was so interesting to his countrymen.

On November 14, four months after he left Belle Fontaine, he, as his journal tells, discovered a summit "which appeared like a small blue cloud," and then his party, "with one accord, gave three cheers for the Mexican Mountains." The "Mexican Mountains" which he saw were the Rocky Mountains, and the towering, cloud-like point was that which is now known as Pike's Peak. Pike then crossed the range, struck the Rio Grande, which he supposed was the Red River, and was thus in Spanish territory, near the site of the present town of Alamosa, in southern Colorado. In the mean time Burr, having been betrayed by Wilkinson, and his expedition dispersed, was arrested on the Tombigbee, in the State of Mississippi, by order of Jefferson.

Lieutenant Salcedo, with one hundred dragoons, arrived, on February 26, 1807, at the stockade which Pike had erected, and demanded his surrender for trespassing on the territory of Charles IV. He and his men were marched to Santa Fé and he was brought into the presence of General Allencaster, the Governor of New Mexico, to explain his presence in Spain's domain. Although a prisoner, Pike was treated with distinguished consideration. From Santa Fé he was taken to Chihuahua, to be examined by the mil-

itary commandant of the territory, at which place he was liberated. He was then conducted through Coahuila and Texas, which was part of Mexico, and at Natchitoches, in the State of Louisiana, he touched United States soil. This was July 1, 1807, almost a year from the time when he started from the mouth of the Missouri.

On the theory that Pike had secret instructions from Wilkinson to trace out a route from which Santa Fé could be entered from the direction of the Missouri River, he may not have been as ignorant as he pretended to be that he was on Spanish territory when captured by Salcedo. He found a route to that capital, and his journey through Mexico to Natchitoches gave him the opportunity to study the people, the resources, and the topography of that region, and to gauge the sort of resistance which the Spaniards could make to attack from within or without. All of this information was set forth in his report to General Henry Dearborn, Jefferson's Secretary of War.

In this report Pike cited a large number of articles which entered into the trade between Santa Fé and the other important towns in its locality; declared that Mexico surpassed all the other countries of the world "for riches in gold and silver, producing all the necessaries of life and most of the luxuries;" said that, notwithstanding these advantages, it had more beggars than any other country on the globe; and added that Spain was feeble, and also was hated by the people. As an evidence of their desire for independence, he mentioned a demonstration in which one hundred and thirty thousand people in the City of Mexico hailed the Count of Galves, the viceroy of Charles IV, as "King of Mexico." Galves refused the honor, but he was poisoned shortly afterward, showing, as Pike said, that "it is dangerous to serve a jealous tyrant." The priests, according to Pike, all wanted a "change of government," and he declared that if Napoleon should seize the Spanish crown it would be the duty of

the United States to drive Spain out of Mexico.

Just as Pike was penning these lines in 1808, Napoleon was deposing Ferdinand VII, Charles IV's successor, and Napoleon's brother Joseph was then placed upon the throne at Madrid, and ruled until 1814. And as an illustration of the attitude of the clergy, just as Pike's words were going through the press, Don Miguel Hidalgo, a priest, started a rebellion, which soon spread over a large part of Mexico; but after many victories he was captured and executed.

Raids into Mexico by Guitierrez, Kemper, Taylor, Lafitte, Long, and other adventurers, American and foreign, in the next few years, were the response to Pike's disclosures of her wealth and the weakness of Spanish authority. Several years later Pike's story sent Moses Austin to Mexico, where he obtained permission from Spain's representative to plant a colony of Americans in Texas, and his son, Stephen F. Austin, began to establish settlements there in 1822, just as the Mexicans were expelling Spain and winning their independence. Thus was started the chain of events which led to the inevitable divergence in race, language, and politics of the Texan Americans from the Mexicans, to the rebellion by the Texans, to San Jacinto and independence in 1836, to the annexation of Texas to the United States in 1845, to the Mexican War in 1846, and to the placing of New Mexico and California under the stars and stripes.

III

Unknown to captive and captors alike, manifest destiny marched with Pike into Santa Fé on that day in early March, 1807, when Salcedo escorted him before the grand inquisitor, General Allencaster, to tell what his mission was in the territory of his Catholic majesty Charles IV. It was the traders, however, and not the filibusters, and not even the empire-builders, Austin, Houston, and Rusk, who were

destiny's advance couriers. The men in the caravans on the Santa Fé trail americanized the people of New Mexico long before Zachary Taylor's shot on the Rio Grande in April, 1846, started the Mexican War. And one little passage in Pike's report, one which probably received no attention from Pike, President Jefferson, Secretary Dearborn, or General Wilkinson, showed a phase of life in Spanish territory which probably aided, more than any of those personages could possibly have dreamed, in making the trade attractive to many of the Americans who engaged in it.

"Send this evening six or eight of your handsomest young girls to the village of St. Fernandez, where I propose giving a fandango for the entertainment of the American officers arrived this day.

"DON FACIENDO."

This is a request which was sent to the alcaldes of several small villages by Lieutenant Don Faciendo Malgares, the officer who commanded the escort of Spanish troops who conveyed Pike from Santa Fé to Chihuahua. Pike mentions this ball as an illustration of the "degraded state of the common people." He concedes, however, that at it "there was really a handsome display of beauty." Pike's fellow countrymen, among the traders of the after-time, were not quite so puritanical as he was. As a diversion in New Mexico's principal towns, particularly in Santa Fé, the fandango not only remained throughout Spain's and Mexico's days of ascendancy, but lingered almost to the advent of the railway in 1880. The bright garb and the graceful movements of the women who engaged in it, and the sound of the guitar, the tambourine, and the castanet which were its accompaniments, gave a dash of color and gayety to life in that ancient community, especially from early June to late September, from the arrival to the departure of the caravans. And during that time, in a direct and emphatic de-

gree, the American visitors were a part of that life.

Pike's report, published in 1810, and Hidalgo's insurrection in that year, which promised to subvert Spain's authority in Mexico and abolish her prohibitory tariffs, sent Robert McKnight, Samuel Chambers, James Baird, and a few companions from the Missouri to Santa Fé in 1812; but by that time Hidalgo had been executed and his revolt suppressed. McKnight and his associates were seized by the Spaniards as spies, their goods were confiscated, and they were thrown into prison in Chihuahua, where they remained until the revolution, under Iturbide, drove Spain out of Mexico in 1821. Auguste P. Chouteau and Julius De Mun of St. Louis, with a few companions, tempted fate in 1815; but they were tried by court martial in Santa Fé, and their wares, valued at thirty thousand dollars, were appropriated by the authorities. With one horse each, which was allowed them by the Spaniards, they made their way to St. Louis, and appealed to Congress for the relief which a committee of the House said was due them, but which they never received.

When the news of the expulsion of Spain reached the Missouri, the tidings dispatched parties of traders, at different dates and by slightly different routes, under the direction of Jacob Fowler, Hugh Glenn, Braxton Cooper, and William Becknell, to Santa Fé, with small stocks of goods which they disposed of at a profit. These were the first successful ventures of Americans there, and they make 1821 notable in the annals of the trail.

Encouraged by this good fortune, Becknell, with twenty-one men, three wagons (the first wheeled vehicles which appeared on the trail), and five thousand dollars in goods, left Franklin, on the Missouri, in May, 1822, successfully ran the gauntlet of the hostile Osages between that stream and the Arkansas, and encountered trouble of a more serious sort

just afterward. Intending to make a short cut to Santa Fé this time, and avoid the détour westward along the north bank of the Arkansas to the mountains, Becknell and his party forded that river at "The Caches," five miles west of the present Dodge City, Kansas, and struck a direct line southwestward across the desert toward the Cimmaron. However, the stock of water in their canteens and kegs was soon exhausted, and they were forced to kill their dogs and cut off their mules' ears in order to drink the blood. At last, tantalized by mirages, half crazed by thirst, and almost exhausted, they were compelled, although at one time close to the Cimmaron without knowing it, to make their way back to the Arkansas. This they followed westward for several days, then pushed southward by way of Taos, and reached Santa Fé without other serious mishaps.

In the next few years the trail's activities rapidly expanded, and among the participants in them, in addition to those mentioned in the preceding paragraphs, were Marmaduke, St. Vrain, and the Bents. And now appears a person whose name has traveled farther than any of these, and written itself in more languages.

"Notice is hereby given to all persons that Christopher Carson, a boy about sixteen years old, small for his age, but thick-set, with light hair, ran away from the subscriber, living in Franklin, Howard county, Missouri, to whom he had been bound to learn the saddler's trade, on or about the 1st of September last. He is supposed to have made his way to the upper part of the state. All persons are notified not to harbor, support, or assist said boy, under penalty of the law. One cent reward will be given to any person who will bring back the said boy.

"(Signed) DAVID WORKMAN."

This advertisement in the *Missouri Intelligencer* of Franklin, Missouri, in the issue of October 12, 1826, is Kit Carson's

introduction to the country. In the forty-two years between his advent upon the scene and his death he played many parts, but his first appearance on the world's stage was as a mule-driver in the caravan of Ceran St. Vrain on the Santa Fé trail. Neither David Workman, himself a mountain and overland trader of some note, nor the town of Franklin, saw Kit Carson again until many years after this time, and the saddler's shop knew him no more.

But neither his new employer nor his old could have dreamed of the large rôle which that boy was to assume in the coming time. Let us take a glance at a few of its episodes. In a circuit of three thousand miles through the present New Mexico, Arizona, Utah, Nevada, and California, in 1828-29, with Ewing Young's party of hunters, Carson made a reputation as a trapper, Indian fighter, and leader which obtained him an engagement from Thomas Fitzpatrick, of the Rocky Mountain Fur Company, in the latter year. In that company's service, and independently, in the next few years, he trapped along the more important rivers of Nebraska, the Dakotas, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, Washington, Oregon, Utah, and Colorado, fighting Blackfeet, Crows, Sioux, and Utes, and coming into companionship with Ashley, Henry, Bridger, the Sublettes, Fontenelle, and other prominent plainsmen. Induced by Charles Bent to become hunter for Bent's Fort on the Arkansas in 1834, it was his duty to provide meat for a garrison of from twenty to thirty hungry men, with such frequent guests as the Santa Fé trade and the exigencies of Indian warfare cast into that post. And he did his work so well that it was with keen regret that Bent permitted him to leave his employ in 1842.

Now Carson enters the service of the government, in which he remains, with one or two short interruptions, until his death. After blazing the way for Frémont, in the exploring expedition of 1842, from the Missouri to South Pass, he, from

1843 to 1846, found paths for that "pathfinder" from the Rockies to the Pacific. He was active in the fighting in 1846 under Frémont, and Commodore Sloat and Stockton, in which the Mexicans were driven out of Northern California; and in September of that year, in command of fifteen men, he started on horseback for Washington with dispatches to tell President Polk of the empire which had been won on the Pacific.

Meeting General Kearny near Santa Fé, just after that officer's conquest of New Mexico, Carson was induced to hand his message to another courier, to be carried to Washington, while he placed himself at the head of Kearny's column in its march westward. At the battle of San Pasquale, in Southern California, when Kearny was outnumbered and surrounded, Carson went to the rescue. Making his way at night through the cordon of Mexican sentinels, he traveled on foot to San Diego, from which place Stockton sent a force to Kearny's relief. With dispatches, he left California in March, 1847, dodged some Indians and Mexicans and fought others, reached Washington in June, and shortly afterward, as bearer of a message, he crossed the continent westward, and arrived at Monterey in October. Appointed Indian agent in New Mexico in 1853, he held that station to the end of his days, dealing out Solomonian justice in the feuds between red men and white, and red men and red. In an intermission he fought Confederates and Indians in the Civil War, in which he attained the rank of brigadier-general. At his death at Fort Lyon, Colorado, in 1868, there departed as heroic, and also as modest, a spirit as the American frontier had seen.

By an odd coincidence the Indian fighting on the Santa Fé trail began just after Kit Carson's arrival. In 1828 Samuel C. McNees and Daniel Munroe, while asleep on the bank of a stream, which was afterward called McNees Creek, a branch of the Cimmaron, in southern Kansas, almost within sight of their comrades,

who were returning from Santa Fé, were killed by a party of Pawnees. Many traders had had horses, mules, and other property stolen from them by Indians, but so far as is known, these were the first murders committed by red men on the trail.

The comrades of the dead men, meeting a band of innocent Indians a day or two later, killed all except one, who escaped to his band, which retaliated by attacking the culprits. These escaped with their lives, but they lost all the proceeds of their trip to Santa Fé, including one thousand horses and mules. A few days afterward the same Indians fired on a party of twenty-five whites, who were returning from New Mexico but who had had no hand in the crime committed by the friends of McNees and Munroe. One of them, Captain John Means, was killed, and the horses and mules belonging to the rest were stolen. The other men, after "caching" their money, managed to escape.

Thus began the vendettas which, for the next forty years, etched in red the entire trail of prairie, desert, and mountain pass, from the Pawnee Fork of the Arkansas to the Rio Mora. Through Senator Benton of Missouri, the traders induced the government to furnish escorts for them; and in 1829, from the newly established Fort Leavenworth, Major Bennett Riley, for whom the present Fort Riley in Kansas is named, with four companies of infantry, convoyed a caravan commanded by Charles Bent. Riley stopped at the Arkansas, the national boundary, but Bent was attacked by Comanches just south of that stream, and Riley was compelled to go to the rescue. Several times afterward also the government furnished aid of this sort. In general, however, the traders were compelled to rely on themselves, and this necessity forced them to go in large parties, and well armed.

For several reasons 1831 is memorable in the annals of the trail. The principal outfitting point had by that time been

shifted to Independence. That year saw the largest and best equipped expedition which had yet appeared in the trade. One of its members was Josiah Gregg, who remained on the trail for many years; his book, *The Commerce of the Prairies*, published in 1844, gives by far the best account of that traffic ever furnished by any participant in it. His description of his first trip is remarkably vivid.

IV

Bustling, swaggering little Independence saw, on May 15, 1831, as gay and stirring a scene as the frontier had ever beheld. Straggling for miles over the daisy-dotted and butterfly-bespangled prairie, all headed southwesterly, were dozens of wagons, — the conestoga, canvas-top, "prairie-schooner" variety, so familiar on the frontier until the frontier vanished, — heavily loaded with calicoes, gingham, velvets, cotton goods, cutlery, firearms, and other light articles, each drawn by four or five pairs of oxen, or in some cases by mules, with scores of men, some on horseback, others on foot driving the wagons, and a few in dearborns and other small vehicles. With the party were some ladies belonging to a Spanish family who had been driven out of Mexico two years earlier by the authorities, but who, the ban against them having been raised, were now returning home. The air rang with the jingling of bells, the clattering of ox-yokes, the pistol-like cracking of the long swinging lashes of the whips of the drivers, the vociferous leave-takings of relatives or acquaintances at the outskirts of the town, and the singing and the shouting of the muleteers and camp-followers in anticipation of the adventures and the delights of the eight hundred miles of journey which were ahead of them. The armament, consisting of rifles, yagers, fowling-pieces, pistols, and all the other weapons then extant, was as miscellaneous as the dispositions and the costumes of the members of the expedition.

The rendezvous of the caravan was at Council Grove, one hundred and fifty miles southwest of Independence, in the present Morris County, Kansas, on the banks of the Neosho, one of the tributaries of the Arkansas. This point was reached on May 26. Council Grove was so named because the commission appointed by the United States government in 1825 to mark out a course to Santa Fé (which, by the way, the traders refused to follow, because it was too circuitous) met the Osages in council there, and induced them to agree to let all Americans and Mexicans who were engaged in this traffic pass through their territory unmolested. For many years all the detached parties of traders met there, chose officers and adopted military usages and discipline, so as to be able to combat the perils which were just ahead of them. No village was there. In those days there was not a habitation of white or red men on the trail between Independence and Las Vegas, within fifty miles of Santa Fé.

On this occasion "a gentleman by the name of Stanley, without seeking or ever desiring the office, was unanimously proclaimed captain of the caravan." So Gregg, the Xenophon of this Anabasis, relates. And the story of this "journey to the interior" registers the experience of scores of expeditions through all the years of the trail.

"Catch up! Catch up!"

This command by Captain Stanley and his aides, on May 27, aroused a hallooing of wagoners, and a hurried hitching of oxen and mules.

"All's set." "All's set," was the response from every direction.

"Stretch out."

Chaos slowly wriggled itself into two files, each about a mile long and two hundred feet apart, to be shortened and broadened into four files when approaching the danger-point at Pawnee Rock a few days later; and the caravan of two hundred men, two six-pounder cannons and one hundred wagons, carrying two

hundred thousand dollars of merchandise, and preceded by half a dozen horsemen, the largest outfit which had yet appeared on the trail, swung away from Council Grove, and headed for New Mexico's capital, six hundred and fifty miles distant.

Gregg, middle-aged, refined, and an invalid, quickly found, as did all the others in the train to whom the experience was new, that the prairie's sunshine, its ozone-laden winds, and its wild, free life, had reversed the cycle of the years. Before they reached Cottonwood Creek, a branch of the Neosho, two days out from Council Grove, he left his carriage, mounted his horse in youthful glee, joined with the others in helping to pull the wagons out of quagmires, took his turn promptly and cheerfully in mounting guard at night, ate the buffalo meat and the coarse food with a relish which dainties could not have excited before he left Independence, slept on boxes under the wagons in rainstorms, and on clear nights lay down upon prairie or desert with nothing but his mackinaw blanket between him and Vega and Arc-turus.

After passing Cottonwood Creek, and near the present Emporia, a wild dash was made at a buffalo herd by nearly everybody in the caravan. Several fat cows were killed, the meat from which was dried in the sun, and the odor from which, in cooking, brought a coyote sere-nade round the camp. Close to the Pawnee, a branch of the Arkansas, the sight of embers of recent fires, the bones of buffalo meat cooked upon them, old moccasins, and other Indian "sign," brought the command from Stanley which threw the train from the two-file into the four-file formation, hopped the horses, mules, and oxen inside the wagon corral at night, and increased the number and vigilance of the camp guard.

"Fill the water-kegs."

The Ford of the Arkansas, twenty-five miles west of the present Dodge City, in

southwestern Kansas, had been crossed on June 14, and the Cimmaron desert, a barren prairie with a succession of low sandhills and beds of dry streams stretching to the North Fork of the Cimmaron, sixty miles away, was now to be traversed.

"Catch up."

The caravan was off again. Neglect to take a sufficient supply of water in crossing the desert was at that moment bringing fatal consequences to a party a few days in advance of Stanley and Gregg, headed by Jedediah S. Smith, David E. Jackson, and William L. Sublette, mighty hunters all of them of the northwestern prairies and mountains, but all of them new to the southwestern trade. After they had lost their way and had exhausted the contents of their kegs and canteens, Smith started in search of water, with the hope of rescuing his comrades. Lured by a mirage to a branch of the Cimmaron, which he found to be dry, he was scooping a hole in the sand in its bed in an attempt to get water, when he was pierced by a score of arrows from a band of Comanches who had crept up behind him. The news of his death, which was one of the most notable of the tragedies of the trail, did not reach his associates until several weeks later. In the mean time, after terrible sufferings, and with further loss of life, they extricated themselves, and at last reached Santa Fé.

On the desert, Gregg's expedition met eighty well-mounted Sioux on a piratical tour; but the Indians, finding this particular outfit too strong to be attacked and too vigilant to be stolen from, told them, by signs, that great numbers of other Indians were just ahead. Next day, June 19, as the caravan was entering the Cimmaron valley, large bands of mounted Blackfeet and Gros Ventres, with a sprinkling of Comanches and Arapahoes, suddenly dashed out from the shallow ravines in the front and on the flank, and, with wild yells, swept down upon it. Instantly the wagons were thrown into a

square, with the animals and men on the inside, the cannon were swung into position, and the men were at their posts ready to fire. The Indians galloped back, but immediately pressed forward again, though in less hostile array. Then the calumet was produced by one of the chiefs, a peace-talk was had, by signs, and the warriors gradually and sullenly retired, joining the squaws, who swarmed in great numbers across the hills, and soon the valley was dotted with five hundred lodges, containing four thousand persons, over one thousand of whom were warriors. To these Indians probably belonged the band which had killed Smith a few days before. Though the presence of the squaws and papooses showed that, primarily, this was not a war-party, its great strength made it dangerous, and the whites put on double guards at night, and attempted, by rising before the sun, to escape. For two or three days the Indians hung round them as they traveled, the squaws and children begging and stealing little articles, and the warriors making away with a few stray horses and inciting many day and night alarms of threatened attack. At last the red men made it known that a peace pact is never binding until it is ratified by presents, whereupon the traders handed over a few blankets, knives, and trinkets, and their tormentors vanished.

Toiling on into New Mexico, crossing the Rio Mora, the Rio Gallinas, and other streams, past Wagon Mound, Las Vegas, San Miguel, and other places through which the traveler on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé dashes in 1909; greeted at San Miguel by lance-bearing cibeleros (buffalo-hunters), and conveyed for the last few miles by a company of Mexican soldiers and some customs officers, to prevent smuggling, the caravan, skirting the base of the mountains, ascended to a tableland, and saw, in the valley to the northwest, a collection of low, unburned brick houses strewn on both sides of a small stream which

flowed into the Rio Grande, twenty miles away. This was the point toward which they had journeyed for ten weeks. This was Santa Fé.

"Los Americanos." — "Los Carros."
— "La entrada de la caravana."

The outfit had been discovered as it descended the declivity, and men, women, and children rushed out and gave it a clamorous welcome. Down along the narrow, crooked streets, which appeared to lead anywhere or nowhere, through crowds of shouting men and boys, and women waving hands and scarfs, the caravan strode, with bells jingling, the horses and horsemen in the advance holding their heads high, the strutting and halloing drivers, with new "crackers" on their lashes, swinging their whips ostentatiously, into the *plaza publica*, and onward to the palace and custom-house, where the tariff on the goods was assessed and collected.

Any one who has seen the hilarious welcome which a circus gets on entering a country town may form at least a faint conception of the wild delight which the members of the caravans, their months of hardship and peril ended, exhibited when filing into Santa Fé, and of the enthusiastic greeting extended to them by the people of that place, particularly the women.

Now, for the owners of the merchandise, came sale, exchange, barter. For their attachés and the camp-followers came days and nights at fandangoes, with drinking, gambling, wild carousal, and barbaric abandon. Then came the leave-taking and the long, perilous journey homeward.

With sharp fluctuations, the trade over the trail increased till 1843, when it amounted to four hundred and fifty thousand dollars with Santa Fé, and three hundred thousand dollars with other points in the territory. That was the end of the traffic until after the expulsion of Mexico in 1846, for President Santa Anna, foreseeing the war with the United States which was just ahead, and fore-

seeing also that the Americans were making social conquests in New Mexico, closed all the ports to them.

v

Along the trail in the summer of 1846 the "réveillé" and "boots and saddles" sounded. War between the United States and Mexico had begun. Down that thoroughfare, from the mustering point at Fort Leavenworth, went Sumner's dragoons of the regular army, Doniphan's regiment of Missouri mounted volunteers, Clark's artillery, and Aubery's infantry. It was the army of the West, under General Stephen W. Kearny. Down by way of Pawnee Rock, Bent's Fort on the Arkansas, and the Spanish Peaks, through the Raton Pass, over the divide which separates the waters of the Purgatoire, the Cimmaron, and the Rio Colorado past the Rio Mora and San Miguel, along the paths blazed many years earlier by the traders, the column marched; and it entered Santa Fé on August 16. Immediately the stars and stripes were raised over the palace, from which Governor Don Manuel Armijo, commanding three thousand Mexican troops, had just fled: the palace, from which, for centuries, Spain gave the law to that part of America; the palace to which Pike was summoned in 1807 by General Allencaster.

"New Mexicans! We have come among you to take possession of New Mexico, which we do in the name of the government of the United States. . . . We have come as friends, to better your condition, and to make you a part of the American republic. . . . Armijo is no longer your governor. His power is departed. You are no longer Mexican subjects, but have become American citizens, subject to the laws of the United States."

The voice was Kearny's, but the deed was merely the completion and ratification of the work begun by Becknell, Fowler, Bent, St. Vrain, Marmaduke, Gregg, Kit Carson, and their associate

traders long before President Polk dispatched General Zachary Taylor, in the early months of 1846, through the disputed territory between the Nueces and the Rio Grande.

Annexation, which was proclaimed by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo of February 2, 1848, brought practically all of the present New Mexico and Arizona, the southwestern sections of Kansas and Colorado, and all of California, Nevada, and Utah, under the American flag, and immediately and rapidly extended and diversified the activities of the trail. With the custom-house embargo lifted at Santa Fé, the commerce with that region quickly expanded to figures never closely approached in the days of Mexico's ascendancy. In the later sixties and early seventies from five to eight million dollars in merchandise passed over the trail annually, for New Mexico and California.

In 1848 the mail and passenger stage-coach, the coach being made water-tight so that it could be transformed into a ferry boat in crossing streams, made its appearance, and was a familiar object on the trail till the end. Starting in 1849, eager parties of gold-seekers, on horses, mules, or in stage-coaches, began to surge down the trail to California, hurrying past the slow-moving ox-trains of the traders. By 1850 home-builders began to move into New Mexico, and some of them continued onward to Texas and California; and the stream of these immigrants along that national pike expanded in volume when, under the Douglas Act of 1854, Kansas, including Colorado, was separated from the "Indian country," and thrown open to settlement.

In the mean time life along the trail did not lose any of its old spice of peril. Pawnee, Comanche, Arapahoe, and Apache were more active and pervasive for many years after the Mexican War than they had been before, for the provocation and the temptation were larger. Moreover, a new and more versatile and persistent enemy had made his advent by 1849. This was the brigand, or road-

agent, whose favorite object of ambuscade and attack was the returning trader and argonaut.

Nevertheless, despite the dangers which remained with it to the end, some of the old-time attraction of the trail was lacking. The element of the alien, the mysterious, and the unknown, had vanished. Possession, familiarity, and the advent of American settlers along its line and at its western terminus, few and far apart as these were previous to 1860, robbed it of much of the charm which it had when Becknell, Gregg, and Kit Carson first saw it. Never again could the trail have the color, the contrast, and the romance which surrounded it in the days before the Gringo came.

And now enters a factor which eventually abolished the trail and its red, white, and yellow raiders. This is the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railway. Pushing onward through Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, and New Mexico, with the eastern terminus of the caravans retreating before it, and making a stand, successively, at Hays City, Kit Carson, La Junta, El Moro, and Las Vegas, that railroad reached Las Vegas in 1879, while, by a branch line from Lamy, the locomotive dashed into Santa Fé on February 9, 1880, and the career of the trail had ended.

In the Kansas counties of Ford, Gray, Haskell, and Grant, comprising part of the Cimmaron desert of the old days, — the desert upon whose horizon the mirage painted its fantastic pictures of forest, oasis, and river, — deep ruts made by the wagon wheels of the traders may still, in some places, be traced for distances of many miles. And as the passenger on the Atchison railway in 1909 — the passenger with an imagination, who is also familiar with the story of the trail — hears the stations Big Bend, La Junta, El Moro, Raton, Wagon Mound, and others called out by the conductors, he will, in fancy, see before him a vast procession of great figures, stretching from St. Vrain, Chouteau, and Pike, back to Coronado.

THE WORKER IN SANDAL-WOOD

BY MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

I LIKE to think of this as a true story, but you who read may please yourselves, siding either with the curé, who says Hyacinthe dreamed it all, and did the carving himself in his sleep, or with Madame. I am sure that Hyacinthe thinks it true, and so does Madame, but then she has the cabinet, with the little birds and the lilies carved at the corners. Monsieur le curé shrugs his patient shoulders; but then he is tainted with the infidelities of cities, good man, having been three times to Montreal, and once in an electric car to Sainte Anne. He and Madame still talk it over whenever they meet, though it happened so many years ago, and each leaves the other forever unconvinced. Meanwhile the dust gathers in the infinite fine lines of the little birds' feathers, and softens the lily stamens where Madame's duster may not go; and the wood, aging, takes on a golden gleam as of immemorial sunsets: that pale red wood, heavy with the scent of the ancient East, the wood that Hyacinthe loved.

It was the only wood of that kind which had ever been seen in Terminaison. Pierre L'Oreillard brought it into the workshop one morning, a small heavy bundle wrapped in sacking, and then in burlap, and then in fine soft cloths. He laid it on a pile of shavings, and unwrapped it carefully; and a dim sweetness filled the dark shed and hung heavily in the thin winter sunbeams.

Pierre L'Oreillard rubbed the wood respectfully with his knobby fingers. "It is sandal-wood," he explained to Hyacinthe, pride of knowledge making him expansive, "a most precious wood that grows in warm countries, thou great goblin. Smell it, *imbécile*. It is sweeter than cedar. It is to make a cabinet for the old

Madame at the big house. Thy great hands shall smooth the wood, *nigaud*, and I, I, Pierre the cabinet-maker, shall render it beautiful." Then he went out, locking the door behind him.

When he was gone Hyacinthe laid down his plane, blew on his stiff fingers, and shambled slowly over to the wood. He was a great clumsy boy of fourteen, dark-faced, very slow of speech, dull-eyed, and uncared for. He was clumsy because it is impossible to move gracefully when you are growing very big and fast on quite insufficient food; he was dull-eyed because all eyes met his unlovingly; uncared for, because none knew the beauty of his soul. But his heavy young hands could carve simple things like flowers and birds and beasts, to perfection, as the curé pointed out. Simon has a tobacco-jar, carved with pine-cones and squirrels, and the curé has a pipe whose bowl is the bloom of a moccasin-flower, that I have seen. But it is all very long ago. And facts, in those lonely villages, easily become transfigured, touched upon their gray with a golden gleam.

"Thy hands shall smooth the wood, *nigaud*, and I shall render it beautiful," said Pierre L'Oreillard, and went off to drink brandy at the Cinq Châteaux.

Hyacinthe knew that the making of the cabinet would fall to him, as most of the other work did. He also touched the strange sweet wood, and at last laid his cheek against it, while the fragrance caught his breath. "How it is beautiful!" said Hyacinthe, and for a moment his eyes glowed and he was happy. Then the light passed, and with bent head he shuffled back to his bench through a foam of white shavings curling almost to his knees.

"Madame perhaps will want the cabinet next week, for that is Christmas," said Hyacinthe, and fell to work harder than ever, though it was so cold in the shed that his breath hung like a little silver cloud and the steel stung his hands. There was a tiny window to his right, through which, when it was clear of frost, one looked on Terminaison; and that was cheerful and made one whistle. But to the left, through the chink of the ill-fitting door, there was nothing but the forest, and the road dying away in it, and the trees moving heavily under the snow. Yet from there came all Hyacinthe's dumb dreams and slow reluctant fancies, which he sometimes found himself able to tell, — in wood, not in words.

Brandy was good at the Cinq Chateaux, and Pierre L'Oreillard gave Hyacinthe plenty of directions, but no further help with the cabinet.

"That is to be finished for Madame on the festival, *gros escargot*," said he, cuffing Hyacinthe's ears furiously; "finished, and with a prettiness about the corners, hearest thou, *ourson*? I suffer from a delicacy of the constitution and a little feebleness in the legs on these days, so that I cannot handle the tools. I must leave this work to thee, *gâcheur*. See it is done properly. And stand up and touch a hand to thy cap when I address thee, *orvet*, great slow-worm."

"Yes, monsieur," said Hyacinthe wearily.

It is hard, when you do all the work, to be cuffed into the bargain; and fourteen is not very old. He went to work on the cabinet with slow, exquisite skill; but on the eve of Noël he was still at work, and the cabinet unfinished. It meant a thrashing from Pierre if the morrow came and found it still unfinished, and Pierre's thrashings were cruel. But it was growing into a thing of perfection under his slow hands, and Hyacinthe would not hurry over it.

"Then work on it all night, and show it to me all completed in the morning, or thy bones shall mourn thine idleness,"

said Pierre with a flicker of his little eyes. And he shut Hyacinthe into the workshop with a smoky lamp, his tools, and the sandal-wood cabinet.

It was nothing unusual. The boy had often been left before to finish a piece of work overnight while Pierre went off to his brandies. But this was Christmas Eve, and he was very tired. The cold crept into the shed, until even the scent of the sandal-wood could not make him dream himself warm, and the roof cracked sullenly in the frost. There came upon Hyacinthe one of those awful, hopeless despairs that children know. It seemed to be a living presence that caught up his soul and crushed it in black hands. "In all the world, nothing!" said he, staring at the dull flame; "no place, no heart, no love! O kind God, is there a place, a love for me in another world?"

I cannot endure to think of Hyacinthe, poor lad, shut up despairing in the work-shop with his loneliness, his cold, and his hunger, on the eve of Christmas. He was but an overgrown, unhappy child. And for unhappy children no aid, at this season, seems too divine for faith. So Madame says, and she is very old and very wise. Hyacinthe even looked at the chisel in his hand, and thought that by a touch of that he might lose it all, all, and be at peace, somewhere not far from God; only it was forbidden. Then came the tears, and great sobs that sickened and deafened him, so that he scarcely heard the gentle rattling of the latch.

At least, I suppose it came then, but it may have been later. The story is all so vague here, so confused with fancies that have spoiled the first simplicity. I think that Hyacinthe must have gone to the door, opening it upon the still woods and the frosty stars. And that the lad who stood outside in the snow must have said, "I see you are working late, comrade. May I come in?" or something like it.

Hyacinthe brushed his ragged sleeve across his eyes, and opened the door wider with a little nod to the other to enter. Those little lonely villages strung

along the great river see strange wayfarers adrift inland from the sea. Hyacinthe said to himself that surely here was such a one.

Afterwards he told the curé that for a moment he had been bewildered. Dully blinking into the stranger's eyes, he lost for a flash the first impression of youth, and received one of some incredible age or sadness. But this also passed, and he knew that the wanderer's eyes were only quiet, very quiet, like the little pools in the wood where the wild does went to drink. As he turned within the door, smiling at Hyacinthe and shaking some snow from his fur cap, he did not seem more than sixteen or so.

"It is very cold outside," he said; "there is a big oak tree on the edge of the fields that has split in the frost and frightened all the little squirrels asleep there. Next year it will make an even better home for them. And see what I found close by!" He opened his fingers, and showed Hyacinthe a little sparrow lying unruffled in the palm.

"*Pauvrette!*" said the dull Hyacinthe. "*Pauvrette!* Is it then dead?" He touched it with a gentle forefinger.

"No," answered the strange boy, "it is not dead. We will put it here among the shavings, not far from the lamp, and it will be well by morning."

He smiled at Hyacinthe again, and the shambling lad felt dimly as if the scent of the sandal-wood had deepened, and the lamp flame burned clearer. But the stranger's eyes were only quiet, quiet.

"Have you come far?" asked Hyacinthe. "It is a bad season for traveling, and the wolves are out in the woods."

"A long way," said the other; "a long, long way. I heard a child cry —"

"There is no child here," answered Hyacinthe, shaking his head. "Monsieur L'Oreillard is not fond of children, he says they cost too much money. But if you have come far, you must be cold and hungry, and I have no food nor fire. At the Cinq Chateaux you will find both."

The stranger looked at him again with

those quiet eyes, and Hyacinthe fancied his face was familiar. "I will stay here," he said. "You are very late at work and you are unhappy."

"Why, as to that," answered Hyacinthe, rubbing again at his cheeks and ashamed of his tears, "most of us are sad at one time or another, the good God knows. Stay here and welcome if it pleases you; and you may take a share of my bed, though it is no more than a pile of balsam boughs and an old blanket in the loft. But I must work at this cabinet, for the drawer must be finished and the handles put on and these corners carved, all by the holy morning; or my wages will be paid with a stick."

"You have a hard master," put in the other boy, "if he would pay you with blows upon the feast of Noël."

"He is hard enough," said Hyacinthe; "but once he gave me a dinner of sausages and white wine, and once, in the summer, melons. If my eyes will stay open, I will finish this by morning, but indeed I am sleepy. Stay with me an hour or so, comrade, and talk to me of your wanderings, so that the time may pass more quickly."

"I will tell you of the country where I was a child," answered the stranger.

And while Hyacinthe worked, he told — of sunshine and dust, of the shadow of vine-leaves on the flat white walls of a house; of rosy doves on the flat roof; of the flowers that come out in the spring, crimson and blue, and the white cyclamen in the shadow of the rocks; of the olive, the myrtle and almond; until Hyacinthe's slow fingers ceased working, and his sleepy eyes blinked wonderingly.

"See what you have done, comrade," he said at last; "you have told of such pretty things that I have done no work for an hour. And now the cabinet will never be finished, and I shall be beaten."

"Let me help you," smiled the other; "I also was bred a carpenter."

At first Hyacinthe would not, fearing to trust the sweet wood out of his own hands. But at length he allowed the stranger

to fit in one of the little drawers. And so deftly was the work done that Hyacinthe pounded his fists on the bench in admiration. "You have a pretty knack," he cried; "it seemed as if you did but hold the drawer in your hands a moment, and hey! ho! it jumped into its place!"

"Let me fit in the other little drawers, while you go and rest a while," said the wanderer. So Hyacinthe curled up among the shavings, and the stranger fell to work upon the little cabinet of sandal-wood.

Here begins what the curé will have it is a dream within a dream. Sweetest of dreams that was ever dreamed, if that is so. Sometimes I am forced to think with him, but again I see as clearly as with old Madame's eyes that have not seen the earthly light for twenty years, and with her and Hyacinthe I say "Credo."

Hyacinthe said that he lay among the shavings in the sweetness of the sandal-wood, and was very tired. He thought of the country where the stranger had been a boy, of the flowers on the hills, of the laughing leaves of aspen and poplar, of the golden-flowering anise, and the golden sun upon the dusty roads, until he was warm. All the time through these pictures, as through a painted veil, he was aware of that other boy with the quiet eyes, at work upon the cabinet, smoothing, fitting, polishing. "He does better work than I," thought Hyacinthe; but he was not jealous. And again he thought, "It is growing towards morning. In a little while I will get up and help him." But he did not, for the dream of warmth and the smell of the sandal-wood held him in a sweet drowse. Also he said that he thought the stranger was singing as he worked, for there seemed to be a sense of some music in the shed, though he could not tell whether it came from the other boy's lips, or from the shabby old tools as he used them, or from the stars. "The stars are much paler," thought Hyacinthe, "and soon it will be morning, and the corners are not carved yet. I must get up and help this kind one in a little moment. Only I am so tired, and the music

and the sweetness seem to wrap me and fold me close, so that I may not move."

He lay without moving, and behind the forest there shone a pale glow of some indescribable color that was neither green nor blue, while in Terminaison the church bells began to ring. "Day will soon be here," thought Hyacinthe, immovable in that deep dream of his, "and with day will come Monsieur L'Oreillard and his stick. I must get up and help, for even yet the corners are not carved."

But he did not get up. Instead, he saw the stranger look at him again, smiling as if he loved him, and lay his brown finger lightly upon the four empty corners of the cabinet. And Hyacinthe saw the little squares of reddish wood ripple and heave and break, as little clouds when the wind goes through the sky. And out of them thrust forth the little birds, and after them the lilies, for a moment living, but even while Hyacinthe looked growing hard and reddish-brown and settling back into the sweet wood. Then the stranger smiled again, and laid all the tools neatly in order, and, opening the door quietly, went away into the woods.

Hyacinthe lay still among the shavings for a long time, and then he crept slowly to the door. The sun, not yet risen, sent his first beams upon the delicate mist of frost afloat beneath the trees, and so all the world was aflame with splendid gold. Far away down the road a dim figure seemed to move amid the glory, but the glow and the splendor were such that Hyacinthe was blinded. His breath came sharply as the glow beat in great waves on the wretched shed, on the foam of shavings, on the cabinet with the little birds and the lilies carved at the corners.

He was too pure of heart to feel afraid. But, "Blessed be the Lord," whispered Hyacinthe, clasping his slow hands, "for He hath visited and redeemed his people. But who will believe?"

Then the sun of Christ's day rose gloriously, and the little sparrow came from his nest among the shavings and shook his wings to the light.

A PARLIAMENT FOR CHINA

BY PAUL S. REINSCH

THOUGH history repeats itself, it does so only in the great outlines of events. There is no iteration of concrete facts, and as the pageant of history passes, we behold an unending variety of incident. Thus, while the events which have happened in the political world of China during the last three years may be expressed in the general form of ideas with which we are abundantly familiar, such as political agitation and constitutional reform, the actual facts of the situation in China in detail are unprecedented. They constitute an entirely novel eventuality in the history of the world.

The change which China is undergoing at present may be expressed by saying that Chinese society is becoming political. Hitherto it has lived from generation to generation by custom, with no consciousness of political aims or purposes; nor has the government itself been influenced in its action by definite policies. Secure in its authority, it has selected its servants on the basis of examination tests, reinforced by such favor as promising candidates might be able to obtain through *douceurs* of various kinds. Now, all of a sudden, the political impulse is strongly awakening in the breast of the Chinese people. They see before them the nations which are consciously guiding their policy from the point of view of national life and national interests. It will no longer do to drift, to let customs take care of themselves, to deal with foreign nations from day to day in compromises, which never go to the root of a policy, but simply gloss over the difficulties of the moment. The intellectual and responsible among the Chinese people are feeling a deep need for a conscious expression of national

policy, and for the use of careful reason and long-headed foresight, as well as calm firmness, in the management of their national affairs.

The impulse came from without. Chinese self-complacency suffered a rude shock in the Japanese War of 1894. On account of the lack of centralization and of a common patriotism, this shock would probably have remained without a deep influence upon Chinese life had it not been followed by other and more serious catastrophes. It was, however, the signal for inroads upon China by all sorts of political and economic influences from without. The division of China impended. The masses of the people, at first vaguely restless, were soon deeply moved by fears and passions akin to panic, unrestrained, yes, even assisted, by high officials who were themselves not clear in their political aims. So they rushed headlong into new trouble by attacking the foreigners and their legations. Again China was to receive a poignant impression of her own weakness. This warning was accentuated when Russia made herself at home in Manchuria, and refused to listen to Chinese demands. The militant and political genius of Japan evinced itself; by contrast with Japanese victories and diplomatic successes, the Chinese at last came to perceive the depth of inefficiency to which their national life had sunk. Most touchingly this feeling expressed itself in the formation of "national humiliation societies." Hundreds of thousands became members, and women gave up the wearing of rings, with the exception of one upon which were engraved the words "national humiliation." Thus was China shocked into a feeling of her own weakness, and of the

dangers that beset her on account of the absence of a strong national political spirit.

The question was how to escape from this humiliating condition. That some change was necessary was recognized even by the most conservative, but the remedies suggested went all the way to the revolutionary proposal of the establishment of a republic. The government was fully impressed with the seriousness of the situation. It tried to find its path to a policy of national reform. It abolished the artificial system of education under which the officials of China had hitherto been trained, established public schools, and provided for instruction in science, law, history, and politics. It sent study-commissions to foreign countries to gather accurate information suitable to Chinese conditions, from all the countries of the world. The reports of these embassies were published in large editions, and were eagerly read by the educated throughout China, forming a basis for political information.

The task of reform before the government was, indeed, an appalling one. To transform the easy-going system of administration, under which the Empire had lived for centuries in time of peace and in the absence of all foreign competition, into a centralized, modern engine of national action, is in itself an undertaking that calls for the greatest originality and statesmanship. But the educated people of China were not satisfied to have the government concern itself with the administration alone. They instinctively centred all their demands about the cry for a national parliament. How could the nation be one before there had been created an organ to express its national public opinion? It was argued that, as all efficient countries are provided with parliaments, as Japan had strengthened herself by creating such an institution, the establishment of a national assembly must be the first step of actual reform. Thus reasoned reformers of all degrees of radicalism.

The government recognized the justice of these demands. It understood that in the great movement for public efficiency which it had undertaken, it ought to be able to count upon the coöperation of the Chinese people and of the natural leaders of Chinese society. What better institution could be conceived for gathering up all this powerful social support than a deliberative assembly? But the government was as yet by no means decided as to the character and form which should be given to this institution. By the highly important decree of September 1, 1906, it, however, put itself on record as favoring a constitution and the participation of the people in matters of government.

The last three years have been full of nervous action and reaction. Attempts to arrive at clear ideas with respect to great questions of policy have been interrupted again and again by personal controversy, court intrigues, and the panicky fear of revolutionary movements. The forces which the government has to deal with are complex in the extreme. The imperial clan itself, being non-Chinese, must avoid the appearance of following a mere family or clan policy. The privileged position occupied by Manchu officials had long been irksome to the influential Chinese. The mitigation of these jealousies, the unification of these two elements in the official world, or at all events the adjustment of their mutual claims, was therefore one of the first problems to be faced. The Empress Dowager always had reason to fear that the great national renaissance in China might take an anti-dynastic direction. The efforts of high Manchu officials to avoid such a result led them, in 1900, to make common cause with the Boxers. From the point of view of the imperial house, it is a most serious question how far the nationalist enthusiasm and tendencies can be harmonized with continuance of Manchu domination. That the true solution lies in the absorption of the Manchus by the mass of the

Chinese people, and in the suppression of artificial privileges, is recognized by the government, many of whose recent measures have been based upon such a policy.

The government, acting through its high Chinese and Manchu officials, has to deal, further, with all the interests, desires, and tendencies among the four hundred million people of the eighteen provinces and of the dependencies. That the desire for a unified national life and for an effective expression thereof has become so strong that resistance to it would invite revolution, is fully recognized; but, as elsewhere, the people is composed of many elements, discordant and confused in their aims and ideas. The masses of the people, the peasants, tradesmen, and coolie laborers, have not as yet come into political consciousness. They are simple-minded, easily guided this way or that by their leaders, but also apt to run into sudden frenzies of anger or panic, which, when once unloosened, have all the force of an earthquake or typhoon. The intellectual class, on the other hand, composed of men of education and of commercial and industrial importance, is, as that class usually has been, desirous of placing the institutions of the country upon a basis less broad than that of a pure democracy. Only the most radical reformers clamor for universal suffrage. The middle class is merely demanding parliamentary institutions through which the intellect of the nation may manifest itself in politics. On account of the constitution of Chinese society, the influence of these men on their own neighborhoods is greater even than that of the middle class in other countries. It is they who do the political thinking, and whose ideas are willingly followed and supported by the less educated. If the government could appeal directly to the masses of the people, it might ignore the middle class; but it seems impossible to organize the Chinese state on an efficient basis, to concentrate all the vast human energy which

it contains, without taking into account the desires of these natural leaders in the various communities.

The government has definitely embarked upon the policy of parliamentary institutions. Foreign as this conception is to the inherent character of Oriental authority, the exigencies of political life have prevailed, and the great counselors of the empire have placed the institution of a parliament among the leading reforms which are to give China a new vitality. By imperial edict in September, 1907, it was decreed that the constitutional government of the state should rest upon the principle of mutual counsel. Two houses of Parliament are held the necessary foundation of government; and, though the time is not yet ripe for the creation of both, as a basis for the future institution the decree established a council of government to be known as *Chih Cheng Yuan*, or the Department of Constitutional Study and Investigation. The Manchu prince, Pulun, and a high Chinese official, were appointed respectively president and vice-president. Other members were from time to time appointed by the throne. This department, in the beginning, is to be concerned with the work of investigating foreign institutions, and the conditions and needs in the provincial and national life of China. On the basis of its findings, it is to make suggestions to the throne with respect to fundamental laws which it may deem advisable to have promulgated. Its character at the present time combines, therefore, the functions of a commission of inquiry, and those of a legislative body. It is intended that gradually this body shall grow into what will be the upper house of the Chinese national parliament.

The majority of the present members of the council consist of high Chinese officials, whom the government has long known and trusted. But in the spring of 1908, an appointment was made which indicated the desire of the government to have a representation also of the more

advanced views among the reformers. The appointment was that of Yang Tau, a man who had lived abroad as a student, and a follower of Kang Yeu Wei, the original reform leader of China. While loyal to the dynasty, he represents most advanced views on institutional reform. His firm attitude in political matters was preserved by him in his official position. Shortly after his appointment, he delivered an address of five hours before the council, in which he discussed twenty measures of constitutional legislation which had been suggested. In his peroration, he declared that he had come up to the capital not for office nor for honor, but for the settlement of this life-and-death question for China. If he could not assist the government in forming the assembly, he would rather leave and help the people in various provinces to obtain it, regardless of whatever danger he might himself incur. He is firm in his unqualified belief that the assembly is the condition of all other reforms. In May, 1908, a vote was taken in the council as to how soon a constitution should be granted. Yang Tau and three others voted for the shortest period — two years. Seven counselors favored a period of five years, eight a period of seven years, twelve a period of ten years, and one believed it wise to defer the grant of parliamentary institutions for twenty years. It is interesting to note that the members who voted for the shortest period had been educated according to the old school, or in Japanese institutions, while those who had an American or a European education generally voted for a longer term, in most cases that of ten years.

As was to be foreseen, the government sided with the more conservative view, and in its edict of August 27, 1908, it decreed that during the next nine years reforms should be undertaken step by step which would prepare for the granting of a constitution by the year 1917. The edict proceeds: "The Constitutional Laws will then be definitely decided upon by us, and the date for the opening of the

parliament will also be announced by that time." A detailed scheme for the reforms referred to in the decree had been worked out by the Council of Constitutional Study, and was promulgated at the same time. It indicates, with considerable definiteness, the parts of the reform which are to be accomplished every year. Thus the work is to begin, in the current year, with the promulgation of regulations concerning the local self-government in cities, towns, and districts, and of regulations for a census; the Ministry of Finance is to reform methods of taxation and accounting; citizens' readers on government are to be published; codes of civil, commercial, and criminal law are to be edited.

The work of administrative reform is to go on gradually, until, during the last of the nine years, there are to be promulgated the Constitution itself, the laws of the imperial household, and the rules and regulations of the parliament and of elections. There is likewise to be created a special council of imperial advisers, probably suggested by the Japanese Privy Council (composed of the *Genro*), and a national budget is to be prepared. It is therefore to be expected that when parliament comes into being, the new administrative machinery will already be in running order, and the government will have the political situation well in hand. In the preparation of the various measures of reform, the administrative departments are to cooperate with the Council of Constitutional Study. The latter body thus becomes the central organ for a great amount of legislative activity of a constitutive character. When the parliament at last assembles, most of the important questions of organization will already have been settled. Throughout the preparatory era, special attention is to be given to public education, to the end that, by 1917, one-half of the male population of China shall be able to read and write. The government has always insisted that representative institutions should not be granted before the people

had acquired sufficient knowledge to understand their nature and to use them properly. Education is evidently looked upon as a conservative, as well as enlightening, influence.

The decree of 1907 with respect to the Central Council of Constitutional Study was followed, within a month, by an edict establishing in the various provinces similar bodies, which were to deal with all proposals for provincial legislation. These bodies were to be appointed, by the provincial governors, from among the notables and heavy taxpayers of the provinces. It was also indicated that the members of the national council might be selected from these provincial bodies. The policy of this edict was reaffirmed and made more definite by an edict issued in July, 1908, which also introduced the elective principle. The decree runs in part as follows: "The consultative council is an institution in which public opinion will be ascertained, and from which the members of the central council may be recruited. Let our people point out clearly through the councils what are the evils that should be abolished in their respective provinces and what are the reforms that they desire. But let them also remember the duty which they owe to the court and to the country. Violent discussion should be prevented, lest the order and safety of society might be disturbed."

The plan worked out by the Council of Constitutional Study determines with considerable detail the qualifications which must be possessed by members of the provincial council — such as official and scholastic status, property, etc. The councils will be consultative merely, and will be largely under the influence of the provincial officials. The electorate is limited to those who possess the qualification of experience in public office, a high-school degree, or the ownership of property worth five thousand dollars silver. The first provincial elections took place in the spring of this year; they did not, of course, elicit so much popular interest

as would have been shown in the case of national elections. But the very fact that the principle of elective representation has thus been introduced into Chinese political life in a quiet and orderly manner is of supreme importance.

In order to advance the cause of parliamentary institutions in China, there have been formed a number of political associations. Such are the Association for Preparing Constitutional Citizenship, the Association for the Study of the Constitution, the Constitutional Discussion Society, etc. The expression of public opinion in China has been facilitated through these associations. They started a movement as a result of which sixteen of the provinces sent representatives to Peking during the summer of 1908, for the purpose of presenting memorials to the throne favoring the establishment of a national parliament. These associations devote themselves to the discussion of public policies, both foreign and domestic. Political problems are considered, and proposals are worked out for legislative action. This activity is merely one of the indications of the aptitude of the Chinese people for public discussion. They have, indeed, in the past not been without training for this purpose; and in creating a national assembly and provincial councils, the government is not building in the air.

Though in theory the Chinese government is absolute, its representatives and agents have never been able to disregard the public opinion of the community in which they were working. It is practically impossible to impose any new tax without conciliating the opinion of the leading men of the neighborhood. Should any official neglect to put himself in touch with these forces, his decrees would be disregarded. The Chinese have always been accustomed to take communal action. Rather than pay a tax to which they had not consented, they would close their business houses and engage in a boycott or strike, until their grievances had been listened to, and the

matter in controversy had been adjusted in accordance with their own sense of equity. The Chinese people are grouped in various guilds and associations. The affairs of these bodies are managed by discussion in the meetings of the guild officials and members. The demand for a national assembly is therefore the natural outgrowth of a practice which is deeply ingrained in Chinese social life. The political associations which have been mentioned would readily grow into political groups and parties, were a parliament once established. It is of course a question how far party action could be made a valuable and potent political force in China. Bitter struggles may be expected before the true functions of political parties have been determined, and permanent groupings established. The experience of Japan teaches us how difficult it is to adapt party action to a system of highly centralized authority.

When the people of a Chinese neighborhood resist the imposition of a new tax until certain grievances have been adjusted, they are exercising the essential function of parliamentary government. The powers of the "Mother of Parliaments" grew up in this manner, and the financial functions of parliamentary assemblies are always the centre of their action. It is here that the whole question of Chinese parliamentarism hinges. In order to carry through the vast reforms planned in the administration, in the school system, in the construction of railways and roads, in the maintenance of a modern army and navy, the Chinese government needs money in quantities that increase in a geometrical progression. The burdens of a foreign debt imposed upon China in 1894 and 1900 must also be considered. Altogether it is plain that, even with effective fiscal reforms, the present sources of public income in China are inadequate. Compared with the taxes in such countries as Japan, India, or the Philippines, those levied in China are very moderate indeed. Sir Robert Hart expressed his

belief that it need not cause any particular difficulty to increase the income of the Chinese government tenfold. But no matter how rapidly the Chinese people may be developing a strong and devoted patriotism, they will continue to resist as much as ever the arbitrary imposition of new taxes. In order to provide itself with the necessary funds, the Chinese government must reconcile the opinion of the nation to its policies. If this is to be done through the multitude of local officials distributed over the Empire, the results will be inadequate, and official action will be constantly embarrassed by great friction and outbreaks of violence. Altogether the simplest and safest method of dealing with the nation in this matter would be through a body of representatives. As the kings of England commanded the knights of the shires to come together for the purpose of adjusting taxation, so the Chinese government could well afford to command the provinces and prefectures to send their representatives, in order that mutual arrangements might be made for adequately supplying the ever-increasing financial needs of the empire.

The Chinese government is evidently determined to solve the problem of institutional change on the basis of the ascertained needs of China and in relation to the existing institutions of the empire. Among the constitutions of modern civilized states, that of Japan has most of suggestiveness for the Chinese legislators. The dignity and importance of the imperial office is there maintained. The Japanese parliament is given a great latitude of discussion and coöperation, but the real power of government is in the hands of the council of the elder statesmen. The parliament, indeed, has the sole right of authorizing new levies of taxation; but while at times the government has been seriously embarrassed by the lack of funds, in the long run it has been able to obtain a vast increase of taxation. With all the bickerings in the Japanese parliament, it has on the whole assisted

in binding the nation loyally to the government, and it has certainly brought about a stronger national feeling. But China differs from Japan in being a federal state. The Chinese provinces, vast nations in themselves, could never be reduced to the level of mere administrative circumscriptions, like the Japanese *fu*, or the French prefecture. In this matter, the constitutions of such countries as the United States, Germany, and India, have much to teach the Chinese. It is indeed one of the major problems in Chinese legislation to-day how to adjust the relations of the provinces to the strong central authority which is being created. So far very little headway has been made in working out a definite and clear system of the relations between the provinces and the central government. The constitution of Germany is much admired in China. What makes it attractive is the importance of the imperial office, as well as the fact that the federal relation is effectively elaborated, and that the popular element in the state is reconciled with the demands of a powerful central administration.

One of the special problems much discussed in China relates to the best basis upon which the representation in a national parliament may be founded. We have already seen that the introduction of universal suffrage is not contemplated at present. The government originally favored councils appointed from among representative men, somewhat in the manner in which the councils of the Indian government are made up. The idea of representation of interests has also been strongly put forward by Chinese publicists. The government ordered a special study to be made of the Austrian system, under which special representation in the *Reichsrath* is accorded to urban and rural communes, to industrial and commercial associations, and to universities. It is possible that some such plan may ultimately be adopted in working out the details of the Chinese constitution. This would take account of the

communal feeling existing in such districts as the *fu* and *hsien*, as well as the associative relations of the guilds and of industrial companies. If the system is not directly founded on this basis, a similar result will probably be obtained by an adjustment of the qualifications for electors.

So far as the general policy of the Chinese government at the present time may be determined, stripped of temporary vacillations and of the merely hortatory elements so common in Chinese documents, it may be expressed in the following rough outline. Governmental authority must be maintained, but the officials must govern in accord with public opinion, though not in detail dependent upon it. The character and *morale* of official methods must be improved. The tests for appointment to office must be based upon modern science and practical efficiency, while the character and personality of the candidate too must be taken into account in making selections. Salaries will be increased in order that the officers of the government may not depend upon illegal fees and exactions. The general efficiency of the system is to be improved through the enforcement of stricter responsibility, and through scientific accounting. In all this work, the people should assist the government and give it their confidence. Such representation as will be accorded them ought to strengthen the state by enlisting popular sympathy and coöperation. But a constitution cannot be imported from without, it must build upon the living forces in the nation and utilize them for the general ends of the state. The government, therefore, must be allowed to take time to feel its way, in order that the institutions, once introduced, may actually fit into the political and social life of China.

The Chinese government would, of course, be reluctant to give up the substance of power to a representative assembly. This fact is made the basis of the argument advanced by the ultra-revolutionary forces that China can be

endowed with true national institutions only through a revolution in which the dynasty would be utterly overthrown and a purely elective government established. But it would seem that in the Chinese situation at the present time, Burke is rather a safer guide than Rousseau. The government would, indeed, defeat its own purposes, and might bring on even sadder catastrophes than China has already suffered, if it should attempt to dam up the great forces of public opinion that are now seeking to express themselves. A national parliament must be created; and it must, moreover, be a body truly representative of the intelligence and energy of the nation. We ought of course not to expect too much of such an institution, as parliaments are not ideal in any part of the world. But when public opinion has thus been enlisted, there will have been created an inquest of the nation, through which the government may readily ascertain the feeling of its subjects throughout the empire. New imposts of taxation will be given authority by acceptance through representatives, and the financial administration of the empire will benefit through parliamentary control.

But all this is only a beginning. An institution like a parliament brings with it new difficulties, party controversies, the introduction into political life of personal ambitions, although on a far higher

plane than that of court intrigue. So the difficulties of China will not vanish by the creation of this organ. China will, indeed, have endowed herself with an instrument that may be used toward bettering her general condition. But the real work of reform must be done in the administration. There the confidence of the people must be won. The corrupt methods which have obtained in the past must give way to strict accountability, and to the maintenance of just and legal charges. The great public works which the government is undertaking call for unusual capacity and devotion in the public service. Should there be over-centralization, the development of the provinces would suffer; and yet these great units will have to submit to a more direct, centralized control than they have felt in the past, in order that the nation may act as one body and bring to bear its concentrated energies. Thus it is clear that, with the achievement of parliamentary institutions, the real work of China will have just begun. But if these institutions can be so adjusted that they will constitute the expression of a true union between the government and the people, the solution of the other difficulties and problems will have been rendered far easier than it would have been in the hands of an administration working at cross purposes with an independent public opinion.

CAN AMERICA PRODUCE MERCHANT SEAMEN?

BY A BRITISH MARINE OFFICER

WITH the completion of the Panama Canal at a comparatively early date, and the growing and natural desire of America to possess a mercantile marine of her own, it is safe to prophesy that, before another twenty years have passed, America will own a fleet of merchant ships of sufficient size to carry at least her own produce over the seas. The question then naturally arises, "Who will man her ships, American or foreign seamen?" To secure a satisfactory answer, it will be necessary to make comparisons between certain conditions which exist in European maritime countries and conditions in America.

I

Education being of primary importance when deciding upon one's profession, let us look into this question first, and see how it affects the making of merchant seamen. It is a well-established fact that the laboring classes of America are better educated, and possess a wider knowledge of things in general, than the corresponding classes in any European country. Instead of being taken away from school and apprenticed to a trade, as the majority of English boys are, — provided their parents can afford to apprentice them, — the average American boy of fourteen or fifteen years usually enters a high school, which is on a par with what in England is termed a "grammar school." The subjects taught in the latter are quite beyond the scope of the primary and grammar schools in America, and of the board or elementary schools in England, where they are considered "too advanced" for a boy who intends working at a trade, or sitting on an office-stool as an ordinary clerk. Not so in

America! Provided a boy's parents can afford it, the time devoted to obtaining such an education is not considered wasted, but is looked upon as a good investment. The cost is borne cheerfully even if, after school-days are over, a boy follows an occupation for which he is really over-educated. In addition to what might be called "academic schools," there are in America business and technical colleges which prepare boys for the trades or professions they have decided to follow. In England these colleges are few and far between, and are generally attended by those who have already done a day's work at a bench or in an office. In general, they resolve themselves into night schools; for the practice of sending boys to a training college before launching them out on the world is not followed to any appreciable extent. The average English boy's education is considered complete when he has passed through his elementary training — generally at the age of thirteen or fourteen.

In America, too, the average man is richer than the average Englishman, and can better afford to keep his boy at school for two or three extra years. Labor conditions also demand that an English boy should become a wage-earner as soon as the school-board authorities are satisfied that he has a fair knowledge of the three R's; so that, no matter what the nature of the school or college an American boy enters, be it scholarly, business, or technical, by the time he is turned adrift to shift for himself, he is older, better educated, and more fit to choose a sensible career.

"But," the reader may ask himself, "what has education got to do with the question whether America can pro-

duce merchant seamen?" Just this! The classes which supply the greater part of European sailors, though of the same social standing as the corresponding classes in America, do not come up to the level of the latter in matters of education or intelligence; while even in maritime England, the natural home of sailors, now that the results of compulsory education are becoming more apparent, the number of boys choosing the sea as their calling is growing smaller every year. Indeed, this falling off has reached to such an extent that the matter has been the subject of much debate in Parliament, where several plans have already been adopted to induce boys to follow the sea.

But the sea as a profession is becoming more discredited every year, and parents now think twice before allowing their sons to follow it. Even with the moderate education these boys receive to-day, and notwithstanding the congested state of the labor market, it is possible for them to do better by working ashore. Instead of Britishers manning British ships as in former years, it is the exception nowadays rather than the rule to find a vessel manned entirely by native sailors, "Squareheads," Dagoes, Chinamen, and coolies in great numbers, being found in their stead. And when we consider the life of an able seaman in a modern freight steamer's forecabin, we do not wonder that a man even of moderate education does not find before the mast adequate compensation for his learning.

Let us take, for instance, an ordinary freight steamer of about three thousand tons register, such as the future American mercantile marine will be chiefly composed of. Vessels of this class carry about six able seamen. The men are usually housed in a room (forecabin) which is situated in close proximity to chain-lockers, paint-lockers, and the more objectionable quarters of the ship. The forecabins are usually evil smelling, badly lighted and ventilated, and privacy cannot be obtained any-

where. The watch-and-watch system prevents sailors from getting more than three and a half hours' consecutive sleep at any time while the ship is at sea. Food must be eaten in their watch below, and thus at least one hour is subtracted from the time that ought to be devoted to sleeping. The food is of the coarsest and poorest quality, and the amount allowed per man is just sufficient to keep body and soul together, with the aid of a stout belt. It is badly cooked and badly served, and is usually more fit for pigs than humans.

The work a seaman performs may be considered unskilled; and, in comparison with labor ashore, is fairly well paid. At sea, it is one continual round of steering, swabbing, and scaling and painting iron-rust. In port, it is varied by a bit of driving winches and cleaning holds. As in days gone by, so will it be in the future. Sailors on American ships will be better fed, better housed, and better paid, than seamen in ships of other nationalities, but the work will remain the same. The improved conditions are not in themselves sufficient to alter the monotony and drudgery of a sailor's life aboard a modern cargo steamer. The life depicted here is described by one who has had sixteen years' experience in all classes of British merchant ships, — sail, tramps, and liners. Nothing described is outside the truth, but the worst that may be said must be reserved till a little later in the argument.

Is there any possible chance for a fairly well-educated man to use his intelligence and bring his knowledge to bear in advancing his prospects? A little. In time he may reach the rank of boatswain, and if he still keeps at it and is studiously inclined, he may eventually reach command. But it is safe to say that long before he has qualified for boatswain, he will have thrown the sea up in disgust, looking upon it in the only way a sane person can — as a life fit for dogs and fools only.

No, a seaman's life offers no induce-

ments to the average American with an average American education; therefore, looking at it from an educational point of view alone, it is the writer's opinion that the future American mercantile marine will be manned chiefly by foreign seamen, who are but indifferently educated, and can consequently be satisfied with existing conditions. We must remember, too, that the sailor's work corresponds to unskilled labor ashore; and it is only necessary to look about us to find out whether it is the American or the foreign-born who performs the unskilled labor in this country.

II

Almost as important as education is the question of industrial development. During the past twenty years America has been so engrossed in developing her vast natural resources and industries, that she has barely allowed herself time to look much beyond her own borders.

In fact, she might well be accused of being "too self-centred," were it not that her central aim has been to make her people practically independent of all other countries. The end is not yet in sight either! Great stretches of land, sparsely populated, and rich in mineral wealth and agricultural possibilities, demand more people. In the course of time — taking into consideration the number of immigrants who enter the United States annually — the land will get the people it requires. Congested Europe will send over her surplus, and America will be the gainer. It will take years yet before the natural wealth of America is tapped to the full. Years also must elapse before it will be a vital matter with her to find a market for her surplus goods, for at present she can consume nearly all that she manufactures and produces. The time must come, however, when her supply will greatly exceed her demand, and when she will have to look elsewhere for her markets. When such a time arrives, the United States will enter the field as a competitor in the supplying of the

world's needs to a much greater extent than she has done in the past, or is doing at present. And should she bring into play the same energy and business foresight which she has shown in the developing of her national industries and natural wealth, the greater share of the world's markets must inevitably fall to her lot. In striking contrast to the conditions as existing at present and the possibilities which are in store for America in the future, are the conditions of labor in Europe.

England — though not so effete as Americans fondly imagine — finds the number of her unemployed increasing to an alarming extent. No vast stretches of valuable land are to be found there awaiting development. Her trades are crowded to overflowing, and the supply of labor far exceeds the demand. In the finding of markets for her manufactures, she has two strong rivals to compete with — America and Germany. The proud position she once held — the market of the world — has been lost to her.

In the case of Germany, though her internal developments have been as remarkable as America's during the past few years, yet, with her great and increasing population, the congested state of her labor market, and her limited possibilities in the future, as compared with those of America, the scope afforded to her inhabitants must indeed be small. Her trades and professions, as in England, will be overcrowded; and her sons must look beyond her borders for the means to live.

Scandinavia — Norway and Sweden — though unworthy of comparison in regard to her internal industries, must, for the purpose of this article, be brought forward. Considering her geographical position, population, small natural wealth, and the meagre share she has in the world's trade, it is only reasonable to suppose that, even after allowing for the great number of emigrants who leave the country yearly, her trades also will feel the results of overcrowding.

Though Scandinavia is not so densely populated as England or Germany, and though, as in America, great stretches of thinly populated country are to be found there, yet this surplus land offers no return to the people. It is rich neither in mineral wealth nor in agricultural possibilities, but merely so much barren and frost-bitten waste. Her exports, chiefly timber and steel, are small; therefore she must look outside for the greater part of her domestic needs.

The three countries which I have briefly contrasted with the United States may be regarded as typical maritime countries: Englishmen and Scandinavians are natural sailors, with the "call of the sea" in their blood, while the Germans are sailors through accident. None of these countries can offer to their sons the scope which America possesses. There is room yet within her boundaries for millions more. The development of her natural resources has just begun. Except in cases of transient depression, America's unemployed are comparatively few, and they would be much fewer if many were not afraid of soiling their hands or bending their backs. Labor is well paid, and the high cost of living better within the means of the different classes. With these advantages, and with a better education, there is no need for the American youth to turn his face seaward. There is room in plenty for him on dry land, and there his possibilities are boundless. Should he be energetic and get ahead in his business, he will earn more in one month ashore than he would do in six afloat. Should he for the sake of experiment take to the sea, then, unless he be the son of some web-footed Britisher or Scandinavian, he will soon throw it up never to return to it more.

III

The next question of importance is that of training boys for the sea. In America, so far as the writer's knowledge goes, there are very few training ships

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to supply the needs of merchant vessels.¹ In the present state of America's shipping there is little demand for them, but in future, when an American mercantile marine actually exists, will the coming of it bring into existence the training ships it will require if American ships are to be manned by American-born seamen?

In England, anchored in every harbor or river of importance, can be seen old wooden three-deckers converted into training ships. These old "die hards" nearly all took part in the great naval fights of the early part of the last century. Being converted into training ships, they suit the purpose admirably, having the masts, sails, and yards necessary to teach boys work aloft. Leaving out naval training ships, the vessels may be divided into three classes: cadet, charity, and reformatory ships. Cadet ships might also be left out of the question, as the boys trained aboard them are usually the sons of gentlemen or well-to-do parents, the object of their training being to fit them as officers, and not as able seamen. The object of the "charity ship" is to train orphan boys, and boys of poor but respectable parentage, for a sea life. Boarding the ships at ages ranging between nine and fourteen years, the boys receive a sound elementary schooling in addition to their technical training. When sent to sea, they are given a good kit of clothes, and are put aboard a good ship. These boys turn into good seamen, and as a rule sail in the best class of merchant ship. They seldom, if ever, bring disgrace upon

¹ For many years the State of Massachusetts has sustained a sea-going steam cruiser as a school-ship for the merchant marine. The city of New York supports another ship, and the State of Pennsylvania and the city of Philadelphia a third. These vessels train boys distinctively for the merchant service, and not for the navy. Most of these boys doubtless aspire to be officers, but nearly all begin their careers in subordinate capacities. Furthermore, all American steamships carrying United States mails are compelled to carry a certain number of American boys as apprentices. — THE EDITORS.

themselves, or the ship which trained them.

With the "reformatory ship" boys the case is different. Except in rare instances, these boys are the rakings and scrapings of slums and police courts. Incurrigibles in every sense of the word, after appearing before a magistrate several times for stealing, and so forth, it appears that the dry land is considered too good for them, and they are packed aboard training ships with the idea of reforming them into able-bodied seamen. The training they receive is the same as the charity boys, but as seamen they prove rank failures. Afloat or ashore, they give trouble, and help to fill jails. The sea, though not the honored profession it used to be, still calls for "men," and not such scum.

Attached to many training ships are small sea-going sailing brigs. These sail round the coast, and are manned forward entirely by boys, the officers being the only grown men aboard. The cruises, usually lasting from six to eight weeks, give the boys their first taste of "blue water," and they are afforded the opportunity to put into real practice the seamanship learned aboard the parent ship.

In addition to training ships, there are many training homes on shore, but as their purpose is the same as that of the ships, they need no description.

Germany also possesses many training ships, though not in such great numbers as England, and the training the boys receive aboard them must be very complete, since after very little deep-water experience they turn into as good seamen as can be found.

In the making of seamen, one of the chief points to remember is to catch boys when they are young. Waiting until they have reached the age of twenty, will, in nine cases out of ten, spoil them for the sea. The question then is, "Can the American boy be caught and bottled up in a home or training ship for about five years?" European boys between the ages of nine and fourteen can be managed

with ease, in comparison to an American boy of the same age. The spirit of democracy seems to have got firm hold of the average American youngster. Restraint is irksome to him. He resents even parental authority if laid on too thickly, and he cannot be expected to submit to five years' restraint at a time when his precocity is at its height.

As for instituting a system of charity ships in this country, the case is hopeless; though poverty must exist on a small scale, it is kept in the background, and one hardly sees the necessity of calling such a system into existence. The number of boys taking up a seaman's life through this cause will be very small indeed.

Reformatory ships in America would be of little greater use than charity ships. The juvenile courts will deal successfully with the reformatory problem which in England drives boys to the sea. And if such courts existed in England, those Britishers who have their country's interest at heart would be spared many a humiliating sight in foreign countries, when some "reformatory" boy brings disgrace upon their country. And so it is that if, in future years, America has deep-water merchant ships of her own, and her social conditions are unchanged, such institutions as charity and reformatory ships cannot take root, and consequently America must find other ways and means to increase the number of her native seamen.

IV

Let us look further into life on the rolling wave, and see what it has to offer in the way of romance and adventure; and in order to illustrate my point, it is well to make some comparison between the old and the new, — sail and steam, — and also between the navy and the merchant service.

In the days when steamers were not so numerous as now, life afloat certainly had something to appeal to men and boys of

adventurous spirit. The very fact that a sailing ship is subject to the whims of the elements gave the life a degree of uncertainty that was certainly interesting. When working aloft in fine weather, a man always took a keen delight in doing the work in hand well, knowing that when bad weather struck the ship it would be put to the test — the test very often meaning the difference between life and death.

Instead of the usual routine work on a steamer, — paint-washing, and so forth, — the work on a sailing ship varies widely. It may be making or shortening sail, bending or unbending fine or heavy-weather canvas, squaring in or bracing up the yards, tacking or wearing ship; and no matter what the labor, one always has the satisfaction of seeing the result. The speed and sailing qualities of a vessel were things to be discussed with interest, as well as the length of the passage. In bad weather, when excitement ran high and cursing was considered quite in order, struggling up aloft with wet or frozen canvas — one hand for the ship, and the other for yourself — on a dark, dirty night, put a man on his mettle; and should the foresail be handled or the main-topsail settled, and the cry of “splice the main brace” be heard, — well, one felt at peace with the world.

In the tropics, catching sharks, harpooning dolphins and porpoises, singing, dancing, telling yarns, and reading over old love letters, are diversions not easily forgotten by those who have experienced them. Being becalmed in the tropics on a beautiful moonlight night brought home to one the beauties and wonders of nature, and the existence of a God with whom one felt in closer touch on such nights as those.

Arrived in port, sailing ships were not rushed out to sea again before they were properly made fast to the wharves. The crews had leisure to look around and take in the sights, and they had time to become acquainted with the girls and make love to them. Boat-racing — with sails

or oars — between the crews of the different ships in port was often indulged in, especially in Australian waters. On the west coast of South America, when ships lay at anchor in the bays, ship-visiting between the captains, officers, apprentices, and seamen was one of the frequent diversions. To old sailing-ship apprentices, West Coast days will always be looked back upon with delight. Gathered together on the half-deck, songs were sung, yarns told, wind and weather and length of passages compared, and sometimes when some of the boys had had a “wee drap” too much to drink, the meetings ended up in “rough houses.”

In comparison with all this, what has steam to offer as compensation? On a steamer a man's work does not return him interest; the toil is soul-killing and mind-destroying; there is no time for study or recreation; singing and dancing are unknown.

Let us take the Mediterranean trade as being perhaps the most interesting from a historical point of view. When a steamer has come to anchor, or has tied up, stern to the mole, hatches are opened and the work of loading or discharging begun. The work goes on night and day, Sunday or Monday, Christmas or any other day. No day is held sacred in the modern freight steamer. It is possible to go the round of the Mediterranean ports without once placing a foot on shore. Very often the cities are never seen by daylight, steamers entering port and leaving the same night or very early in the morning. In British ships especially, — and American ships will be the same, — Sunday, unless the cost of working be too great, is seldom if ever held sacred. If one felt inclined to worship one's God by attending church, it would be impossible to do so. No; the modern sailor must not indulge in such luxuries as a God, a soul, prayers, or Sundays. If he does, then it must be in his watch below or when he has signed off the ship's articles. For the time being it is essential, if he is to be called a good sailor, for him to remember that he is a

brute; and to remember also that for turning himself into a brute on Sundays or any other holy day, he gets paid sixpence an hour extra by his generous owner. If any prayers are necessary, the ship-owner will do all the praying required; but the prayers will not be for the sailors' spiritual welfare, but for better freights and quicker dispatches. Yet again, on the west coast of Africa can be seen ships flying the British flag carrying on the work of loading or discharging cargo on Sundays, while in full view can be seen mission stations and churches, with their attendant ministers preaching to a bunch of Negroes, exhorting them to remember their Creator in the days of their youth, and to respect the Sabbath and keep it holy. What mockery!

In fairness it must be admitted that German and Scandinavian vessels seldom work cargo on Sundays. In fairness to the men also, the following questions need answering: "Is it possible for them to retain their self-respect under such conditions?" "Can one blame them when they get ashore for trying to forget their dog's life in debauchery and drink, when they are not afforded time even to worship their God?"

In comparing a seaman's life on board a naval ship with that of a seaman aboard a merchant ship, the naval man has all the advantages on his side. In the first place, the uniform, if not the man, commands respect. Next, the service has traditions which keep alive his patriotism and force him to play the game. The work — gunnery, torpedo, and battle practice, and so forth — is highly interesting and instructive, and calls into play his energy and intelligence. Officers, whether in work or play, take a keen interest in their men. Their food and accommodation are wholesome, and the life throughout is a clean one. It is possible for a naval seaman to get "somewhere" if he devotes a little time to study. Throughout, the life tends to elevate him, and does not allow him to grow dissipated as it does a merchant Jack. To sum up, a

naval seaman respects himself because he knows that he is not looked upon as a pariah. Especially is this so in America.

From this brief comparison it is easy to see that a naval seaman is better off than his marine brother. The question then is, "Will the everyday American, with his high standard of living, put up with such conditions as are described here?" The writer will leave this question to be answered by his readers, they probably having a better knowledge of the more subtle points in the American character than he has.

V

Obedience to those in authority over them is an essential in the "make-up" of a seaman. Taking this fact into consideration, the following question presents itself: "Are Americans individually or taken as a whole amenable to discipline?" Judged from a European standpoint, Americans, individually or collectively, are the most lawless people among civilized nations.

State laws as they exist at present are a convincing proof that each section of the country wants to be a law unto itself. What is legal or constitutional in one state, may be illegal or unconstitutional in another. What the federal government considers unconstitutional, certain state governments consider the opposite. A man may do in one state what he may not do in another. Federal laws, if there is the remotest chance of its being done successfully, are ridden over by state laws. Looking at the question from a European standpoint, the laws of America seem to be in a hopeless muddle, and to encourage lawlessness.

Again, the American as an individual seems to demand that his recognition of the law should have the force of a policeman's club at the back of it. Somewhere in his make-up there is a sneaking regard for brute strength instead of moral force. (This is also evident in his sports.) Whether the spirit of democracy fosters

such ideas, the writer, not being an American, cannot say. Disregard for the law seems to be common to all classes and all communities. Graft, whether applied in buying or evading the law, makes the foreigner occasionally wonder if such a thing exists as an honest American in authority.

In the Southern States, when a negro, and sometimes when a white man, is lodged in jail, the people very often will not allow the law to take its course, or even to prove beyond a question of doubt whether the prisoner is guilty or not. Jails are forced; and the criminal, instead of being allowed an opportunity partly to redeem himself by walking to the scaffold like a man, thereby purchasing the right to be hanged with such decency as the law and the occasion demand, is dragged ruthlessly by the mob to the nearest tree, hanged, set on fire, and his body riddled with bullets. The night-riders of Kentucky, the necessity for calling out the state militia so frequently, and "arguments with the town marshal," such as Frederic Remington so picturesquely depicts, all point to the American's disregard of the law.

Taking this characteristic into consideration, is it possible to make a merchant sailor out of individuals who make up such a whole? Brute force in ships is a thing of the past. Discipline must be maintained by moral force alone. Helping a man to see your point of view with the weight of a six-pound iron belaying-pin halfway in his skull is out of date, and nowadays considered low. An old nautical Americanism: "Come aft and be introduced to the third mate" (the third mate resolving himself into an inanimate piece of wood shaped like a club, or perhaps a sling-shot), is out of date also. Along with it went the old way of hurrying a man along with a heavy sea-boot somewhere in the vicinity of his stomach. A mercantile marine, being a purely commercial concern, cannot have the force of the law at its back in maintaining discipline in the same way that the army

and navy have. Insubordination and disobedience to lawful commands cannot be punished with the severity usually meted out to soldiers and naval seamen when found guilty of such offenses.

Democracy, as interpreted in America, tends to make Jack believe that he is as good as his master. Well, aboard a ship Jack never was, and never will be, as good as his master. Familiarity between master and man can never exist, if discipline is to be maintained. All the world over, "familiarity breeds contempt." The Tom-Dick-and-Harry style of addressing men, so dear to American ideas of democracy, will not hold for a moment. While ships exist, the line of demarcation between the men abaft the mast and those before must be recognized and respected. Taking into consideration the (after all) lovable cussedness which is inherent in the native-born American, his absolute contempt for the law and rule by moral force, his very often mistaken notions of true democracy, and the conditions under which the modern steamboat sailor-man lives, there seems little possibility of his ever being licked into shape as a man before the mast in the present-day freight steamer. Conditions will not change for the better to such an extent as to suit the American temperament. The change must come from the opposite direction. American temperament must alter to suit conditions if the number of native-born Americans taking up a life on the briny is deserving of consideration.

VI

In support of what has already been said, perhaps an inquiry into the nationalities of the crews who man American coasters — both sail and steam — will bring out the most convincing argument yet brought forward. In the forecastles of many of the giant fore-and-aft schooners found in the American coastal trade only, it is the exception rather than the rule to find a native-born American of white stock.

Southern States Negroes, who man a great many of them, though American-born and bred and entitled to the same privileges that are granted to American-born whites, cannot for the purposes of this article be considered truly American. But, as a factor in the manning of the future American mercantile marine, their qualities as seamen must be taken into consideration, seeing that they are to be found in such great numbers aboard coasting schooners.

As a coasting sailor, the Negro, barring his natural laziness and hatred for work, seems to fill all the requirements demanded, and, technically speaking, may be called a good sailor; but as a deep-water (foreign-going) man he is a rank failure. In the first place, he is a sentimentalist and a dreamer. His thoughts, instead of being directed on practical things, are invariably centred on his "old Kentucky home," and watermelons, any long absence from which makes him the most uninteresting person on board any ship. His usual light-heartedness disappears until the time for arriving home draws near. He is essentially a "land crab," and cannot be depended upon on long voyages. His capacity for work under conditions obtaining at sea is small. No matter how well paid he may be, or how favorable the conditions under which he serves, there is nothing in his make-up that will allow him to do an honest day's work for an honest day's pay unless he is watched all the time.

In comparison — at least aboard a ship — a white man will do a job in half the time it takes a negro to do it, and the work will be carried out without the singing and dancing so dear to a negro's heart. Hustle is the word in deep-water ships, especially in port; and hustle is just what a negro will not do unless on the verge of starvation: an active bone being an unknown quantity in his anatomy.

Many schooners and the majority of American coasting steamers are manned fore and aft entirely by Scandinavians. The merits of Scandinavians as seamen

are known all the world over, and comment here would be superfluous; therefore we must now take a glance at the really true American sailor and see what is to be made of him.

In holding up the fisherman of the New England coast as a sample of the true American seaman, and considering him as a factor in the manning of future American deep-water ships, we have touched upon the worst material in the world for our purpose. Taken individually or as a whole, there is nothing in their make-up that will allow them to serve as seamen before the mast. Their destiny is a higher one. With traditions for bravery and endurance such as they possess, and which they uphold year in, year out, in all weathers and under all conditions, is it possible for these men to sink their individuality and lose sight of their glorious reputation as "real men" by serving as able seamen in a modern freight steamer's forecastle? Individually or collectively, they are born to command or to hold positions of authority, even though they be of minor importance.

As all cannot hold these positions at sea, then, rather than submit to the drudgery of a seaman's life in a merchant ship, they stay in their own fishing schooners, where their position is at least one of equality, comparatively speaking, if they do not stay ashore to earn a living. And who, knowing them, can blame them? Though poor in world's wealth, yet their glorious traditions for bravery make them to be envied by all who care the least bit about pride of race.

The writer, though not an American, would deem it one of the greatest losses which could happen to America, and also to the world in general, if in future years these men were to find their way into steamers' forecastles. But such a thing cannot be, for to-day they will not ship as seamen on American coasters, although wages, food, and in fact everything connected with a seaman's life on a coaster, are more attractive by far than

all that is offered by life aboard a fishing schooner.

As officers only will they serve in merchant ships. Nothing less will suit their splendid personalities; therefore, as a factor in the manning of her ships in the future, America cannot for a moment count on her fishermen to fill her fore-castles, but may look to them to mount her bridges as officers.

To sum up, the writer, after a varied experience with men and ships, is of the opinion that the future American mercantile marine will be manned chiefly by Scandinavians and officered by New England men. The causes which attract Scandinavians toward British ships — wages and the like — will also attract them toward American. These men in the course of time will become naturalized Americans, and may be trusted to bring honor to the Stars and Stripes. They will marry and rear families in the country of their adoption, and their children of the first generation will take to the sea in great numbers.

"The call of the sea" is too strong to become neutralized in one generation. The losses caused by death, and so forth, will be met by fresh recruits coming over, and the supply of good men will always be found adequate to meet the demand.

The question, "Can America produce merchant seamen?" is not intended to refer to officers, but to the men before the mast. A factor as important as the supply of seamen is the supply of firemen and coal-trimmers; but, as conditions surrounding them aboard a ship are still worse than those for seamen, it seems hardly likely that Americans born and bred will reject a sailor's life to follow these occupations.

Reference having been made so often to the American character throughout this article, the writer hopes that his American readers will not take amiss what has been said. He does not assert that his observations are "actually so," but states them merely as they appear to him after traveling round the world for sixteen years with his eyes open and many a chance to learn.¹

¹ In the face of the author's rather discouraging statements, it can be asserted that there is not only an absolute, but a relative increase in the number of American citizens earning their livelihood in the American merchant service. In 1899 there were in this service, according to the United States Commissioner of Navigation, 23,108 American citizens, or 31 per cent of the total number of seamen of all nationalities. In 1908 the number had risen to 80,778 and the percentage to 49.5. These figures are not, of course, restricted to the native-born. — THE EDITORS.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS

VII

BY MORRIS SCHAFF

ALL up and down Wilderness Run, all over the tilled fields of the Lacy farm and the old, gullied, pine and brier-tufted ones uplifting east of the run, little fires are blinking as they burn low. Some are those of batteries, some of trains, and some, at the top of the ridge, those of the hospitals of the Fifth Corps, where the surgeons, with rolled-up sleeves, are at their humane tasks in the operating tents; instruments by them which they handle with skill and mercy, as one after another the mutilated and perforated bodies of the boys who had been willing to risk their lives for the country were brought in and laid on the table before them, their anxious eyes scrutinizing the surgeon's face for a sign of hope as he examined their wounds and felt their fluttering pulses. Heaven bless their memory, all of them, and wherever the dust of one of them lies, I know the feeling mother earth holds it tenderly.

Aides were still coming and going to the Lacy house and to army headquarters, in quest of or carrying instructions of one kind or another. For before Hancock's attack on Hill had ceased, Grant through Meade had ordered that the battle be renewed all along the line at 4.30 the next morning. These orders were issued at 8 P. M., and formations, ammunition, and everything, had to be got ready. Meade, in transmitting them to his corps commanders, directed them to send their train-guards to their troops; that every man who could shoulder a musket must be in the ranks by daylight; adding that staff officers should be sent at once to his headquarters to learn from the

chiefs of departments the location of their special trains and conduct the guards to the front. This order took a deal of hard night-riding to fulfill, and some of those who carried it did not get back to their respective headquarters till long after midnight; for the main trains were scattered about Chancellorsville and along the Ely's Ford Road wherever they could haul off into an opening, and on account of the darkness were hard to find.

Meade had asked his corps commanders to come and see him in reference to the movement in the morning; and, having had quite a conference with them, at half-past ten he sent Lyman over with this message to Grant: "After conversing with my corps commanders, I am led to believe that it will be difficult, owing to the dense thicket in which their commands are located, the fatigued condition of the men rendering it difficult to rouse them early enough, and the necessity of some daylight, to properly put in reinforcements. All these considerations induce me to suggest the attack should not be made till six o'clock instead of 4.30." Grant had retired, was aroused, and changed it to five; and says in his memoirs that he was sorry that he made the change, and I am sure that he was right. In view of the fact that the sun rose in a clear sky at 4.47 that morning, and, as every one knows, dawn at that season begins at latest by four o'clock, — I remember its coming on, scattering light like the sower it is, at every step; for we breakfasted early that morning; the mist that had gathered during the night was lifting and all but a few of the stars had

faded and gone, — I have always wondered why Meade made this request that the attack should be postponed until the sun was well above the treetops. But Colonel Lyman's notes, I think, disclose the reason.

It will be recalled that Burnside unfortunately had a separate command; his Ninth Corps was independent of Meade, and all his orders had therefore to emanate from Grant. Accordingly Grant sent his orders for the morning's attack to him direct through Colonel Comstock of the engineers, one of my instructors at West Point, a tall, sedate man, and Grant's most modest, able, and confidential aide. They were in these terms: —

HEAD QUARTERS
Armies of the United States,
Near Wilderness Tavern,
May 5, 1864, 8 P. M.

Lieutenant-General Grant desires that you start your two divisions at 2 A. M. to-morrow, punctually, for this place. You will put them in position between the Germanna plank road and the road leading from this place to Parker's Store, so as to close the gap between Warren and Hancock, connecting both. You will move from this position on the enemy beyond at 4.30 A. M., the time at which the Army of the Potomac moves.

C. B. COMSTOCK,
Lt.-Col. & Aide-de-camp.

It seems that Burnside came to Grant's headquarters after the receipt of this order, and then joined Meade. At the close of his interview with Meade and the other corps commanders, he said, as he rose, "Well, then, my troops shall break camp by half-past two." He had a very wise, oracular air. After he was out of hearing Duane, Chief of Engineers with Meade, who had been with the Army of the Potomac since its formation, said, "*He* won't be up — I know him well!" — I can see Duane's face, hear his quiet voice, see his hands slowly stroking his full, long, rusty beard, as he says, "*He* won't be up — I know him

well!" — And apparently that was the opinion of them all, that he would n't be up by 4.30 — for they all knew him well, too, and recognized what Lyman says of him, that he "had a genius for slowness." Moreover, each one felt the importance of his joining them before they tackled Lee again, for they had had about all they could do to hold their own that afternoon. So, fresh troops being very desirable, and knowing Burnside as they did, they wanted to make sure of them by allowing him an extra hour and a half. And I suspect that, as they did not feel at liberty to go to Grant, almost a stranger to all of them, and give him their individual opinions of Burnside — they were too good soldiers for that, — they made use of thickets and want of daylight, instead of his "genius for slowness." It turned out just as they had predicted.

Burnside belonged to the well-formed, handsome, California-peach class of men, — affable, with lots of small talk, and dignified good-humor, most admirably fitted for a military attaché at a foreign embassy, or for the head of a banquet, but utterly brainless on a battle-field, — yet could and did look wonderfully wise. He was affectionately called "Old Burn," and died with hosts and hosts of friends.

Roebling at 11.30 rode to Grant's headquarters to confer with Comstock in relation to Burnside's movements in the morning, and prepared to meet him at four o'clock and lead his troops to carry the Chewning Ridge, considerably to the right of Wadsworth, which he and Comstock had decided was the best thing to do.

And now, reader, it is drawing late. Great, majestic, and magnanimous Night has come down, covering the Wilderness and us all in pervading, mysterious silence. Let us take a couple of these folding camp-chairs and go out and sit in the starlight on the lawn of the old Lacy house. Here is my tobacco-pouch; fill your pipe, and I'll try to tell you the situation at this hour on the field, and then

we will turn in. There are one or two incidents that I'd like to tell you also, and if I forget to mention them as I go along, I wish, before I get through, that you would jog my memory.

Meade's commodious living tents are pitched on the east side of the Germanna Road, directly opposite the knoll which he and Grant have occupied all day. Grant's are at the foot of the knoll, and a big, swelling-topped cottonwood or poplar waves over the spot still. They are about two hundred yards apart, and Canton's little Warrior Run is between them. Their headquarters tents, flaps thrown back, are indicated by colored lanterns on poles in front of them; and in them a candle or lamp is burning, and on a camp-chair before them, or writing at a table within, is an adjutant general on duty for the night. Couriers are standing about with their horses saddled, and out where the Germanna Road meets the Pike, is a mounted orderly to point the way to aides coming in from the lines, who have occasion to visit headquarters. And let us hope that Sleep, which knows no battle-front, but wings noiselessly in from a land of softer fields, found her way without the aid of the sentinel at the Pike to the tents of both Meade and Grant.

There is no moon, the stars are dim, and all is hushed. The night air is permeated with the odor of freshly-burnt-over woods, for the fire spread widely and is still slumbering and smoking in chunks and fallen trees. Here and there it has climbed up the loose bark of a yet standing dead trunk, and aloft throws out little tremulous torch-like flames from their scraggly-limbed tops, now here, now there, over the dark woods. Single ambulances are still coming and going, and now and then one is making its way slowly and carefully with its suffering load across the dark fields.

Up the Pike, barely visible by the light that falls from the starry maze, from those lamps that are hung to show our minds the way to another's headquar-

ters far, far above Grant's and Meade's, both armies are lying behind their newly-thrown-up breastworks, which stretch from Flat Run well across the Pike toward Chewning's, and are more or less parallel and close. On Sedgwick's and some of Warren's front they are within pistol-shot of one another, and all along between them are many dead and wounded, whose cries and moans can be heard, but cannot be relieved, so persistent is the firing. Sedgwick's headquarters are on the Flat Run Road not far from where it joins the Germanna. Upton, Brown, Russell, Shaler, Morris, and Seymour of his corps, like Griffin, Ayres, Robinson, and Bartlett of Warren's, are up in the woods close behind their troops, blessed, I hope, with refreshing sleep.

Ewell has his headquarters bivouac on the Pike, and I suppose his flea-bitten gray, Rifle, that Major Stiles claimed resembled him, — if so, Rifle must have been a lank, serious-looking horse, with a high broad forehead, rather bony eye-sockets, and lean, scooped-out cheeks, for such were the prominent features of Ewell's face, — Rifle, more or less visible on account of his chalky color, is not far away, tied to a sapling; and, as his rider has lost a leg, he, out of sympathy or weariness, is probably resting one hind leg on its toe and dreaming. Ewell's general hospital, his surgeons as busy as our own, is back near Locust Grove, whence at an early hour in the evening a batch of our prisoners, about twelve hundred in number, most of them from Warren's corps, had set out for Orange Court House. In the middle of the night they met Ramseur and Mahone hurrying toward the front. Had I been one of the unfortunate prisoners I know that I should have wished over and over again, as I trudged along that night, that I was lying dead back on the field with my fellows, rather than about to face a long term in Confederate prisons, so greatly did I dread them after seeing the wrecks that came down the James from Richmond when I first went to Fort Monroe.

Hancock is bivouacked on the Plank Road a short way east from the Junction, and he may or may not be asleep, for, at his interview with Meade, the latter cautioned him to keep a strict lookout for his left in the morning—hinting at the possibility of Longstreet's striking him in the Stonewall Jackson way.

The situation along his front at the close of the fighting has been referred to, and it may be assumed that his lines, as well as those of the enemy, are fairly straightened out by this time, and that Birney and Wheaton have been told to lead in the morning. Sheridan is at Chancellorsville; Wilson and Gregg are so encamped as to cover the roads that come in at Todd's Tavern.

On the Widow Tapp field, that is dimly lit by the faint shadowy starlight and is silent, save that now and then a traveling cry from the wounded in the woods passes over it there, Lee, Hill, and Wilcox are camped close up to their well-fought, tired troops, and their headquarters are not far apart. Hill is described as sitting alone at a late hour before a little fire, made of a few round, crossed-over sticks, near one of the guns whose right wheel is just on the edge of the road, facing Birney. Wilcox has been to see Hill and asked for permission to withdraw his lines so as to reform them, and the little, punctilious man, who is not very well, has told him to let the men rest.

The reason why Wilcox made this request is explained by the adjutant of the Eighteenth North Carolina in his account of the Wilderness. It seems that when Miles or Brooks struck Lane's brigade, the Eighteenth was badly shattered, and, breaking, disappeared in the darkness. The adjutant, while seeking it, got lost, suddenly found himself within our lines, and, cautiously making his way to avoid this body of men and then another in the woods, all at once struck the Plank Road, knew where he was, followed it up to our pickets, and then, staking his life against captivity, dashed ahead through them. On reaching the edge of the woods he saw

a white horse standing out in the Tapp field and, going closer, recognized it as General Wilcox's. He sought the general and told him that there was nothing, absolutely nothing, between his lines and ours. Wilcox was cross, and would not listen to him, dismissing him sharply with an aside that there was a brigade in front of his line. The adjutant at last found his regiment, told his fellow officers his story, and they, in view of the danger, went to Wilcox and assured him of their adjutant's truthfulness and good judgment. Thereupon Wilcox made his visit to Hill. Later he tells us that he went to see Lee in reference to the same matter. When he entered Lee's tent, Lee broke into compliments on the conduct of Wilcox's and Heth's men and said, in effect, holding up a note, that Anderson had just sent him word that he had bivouacked at Verdierville, and that he had instructed him and Longstreet to move forward, and that the divisions which had been so actively engaged would be relieved.

Longstreet at that hour was bivouacking at Richard's shop on the Catharpin Road. When we first entered Richmond the following April, the diary of an officer of his corps was picked up in the street by some one of our men, and in it is this entry:—

"Thursday, May 5th. Marched at three o'clock this morning. Rested after marching thirteen miles, and cooked some rations. After resting a while resumed march, marched 20 miles and camped at dark five miles from the battlefield." That made a total of thirty-three miles, and as the day was exceedingly hot, especially in the woods, the men must have been very tired.

Lee's orders to Longstreet were to move at 2 A. M., the same hour as that Grant had set for Burnside. Longstreet had a mile or two farther to march, but, unfortunately for us, he had not, on this occasion at least, "a genius for slowness," and was on the very nick of time. Some of his men, who had marched thirty-three miles the day before, and five already

on the 6th, came the last mile or two at the double quick. As heretofore told, Ramseur and Mahone are on their way to reinforce Lee's lines, and Ferrero, my old West Point dancing-master, is tiptoeing along with his colored division to reach Germanna Ford and swell Burnside's Ninth Corps.

And that now is the story of the night.

"But you have not told me," exclaims the smoker, knocking the ashes out of his pipe, "of the personal incidents you asked to be reminded of." Well, do not fill your pipe again, I'll promise not to be long. There is the body of a young officer lying alone in the woods pretty well south of the Plank Road. It is that of Colonel Alford B. Chapman, age twenty-eight years, of the Fifty-seventh New York. There is a little pocket note-book beside his lifeless hand, and on one of the open leaves he has written his father's name and address and these words: "Dear Father: I am mortally wounded. Do not grieve for me. My dearest love to all. Alford." I do not know, but I doubt if Death anywhere in the Wilderness has met more steady eyes than those of this dying, family-remembering young man. He was brigade officer of the day, and his duties had called him into the engagement very early; and when, toward sunset, his regiment advanced to fill a gap on account of the lines being extended southward to meet the overlapping of Lane's big North Carolina brigade, it came across Chapman's body, the first it knew of his fate.

And while we are on this part of the line let me refer to Hays, and, if ever you go along the Brock Road, you will come to a cast-iron gun standing upright on a granite base and surrounded by an iron picket fence. It marks the near-by spot where he fell, and is on the right-hand side of the road about where the swampy head of Wilderness Run crosses it, a little this side of the Junction. He was a very gallant officer, and his lonely monument will appeal to you. There is something illustrative of the man, and mysteriously

prophetic, in a letter he wrote the morning of the day he was killed: "This morning was beautiful," said the letter, "for

*"Lightly and brightly shone the sun,
As if the morn was a jocund one.*

Although we were anticipating to march at 8 o'clock, it might have been an appropriate harbinger of the day of regeneration of mankind; but it only brought to remembrance, through the throats of bugles, that duty enjoined upon each one, perhaps before the setting sun, to lay down a life for his country."

It was a translation worthy of the prophets of old that he gave to the notes of the bugles; and the reverential, kindly mood — and to think it was his last! — hailing the sun as the harbinger of the day of regeneration of mankind! Oh! the sanity and spread of the primary emotions!

The other incidents are these, one of which was referred to early in the narrative, namely, the relief of one of our men by a Confederate officer. The circumstances were as follows: the Confederate, touched by the cries of our men, — he had been trying to sleep, — crawled over the works on hands and knees in the darkness, till he reached a wounded man, who turned out to be a lieutenant of a western regiment, and asked what he could do for him. "I am very, very thirsty, and I am shot so that I cannot move." The good Samaritan crawled to the little brook, — it wimples still across the old Pike, — filled a canteen and came back with it, and, after propping the wounded man's head, went his way. A little while afterwards another Confederate came prowling toward the wounded man, and, thinking he was dead, began to feel for his watch. The lieutenant remonstrated, but the hard-hearted creature took the watch, saying, "You will be dead before long, and will not need it." Here we have the extremes of our natures. I know the name of the prowler; but of the other, the noble fellow, I do not. If I did, it should appear on this page and live

as long as I could make it live. This story I got from my friend, Mr. Jennings of the Wilderness, who had it from the lips of the western lieutenant himself, who, a few years ago, came back to the old battlefield, and the first place he visited was the little brook; and I have no doubt it murmured sweetly all through that night, full of a native happiness at seeing once more its acquaintance of other days.

The other incident is found in the diary of Captain Robert E. Park, Company F, Twelfth Alabama, Rode's Division. "Crawled over the works with two canteens of water to relieve some of the wounded, groaning and calling aloud in front of the line. Night dark, no moon and few stars, and as I crawled to the first man and offered him a drink of water, he declined; and, in reply to my inquiries, told me that he was shot through the leg and body and was sure he was bleeding internally. I told him that I feared he would not live till morning, and asked him whether he was making any preparation for leaving this world. His reply was that he had not given it a thought, as his life had not been one of sin, and that he was content. He was about twenty years of age, and from a northwestern state." Guides of the upper world! I have only one request to make, that you point out to me that boy; for I should like these earthly eyes to rest upon the calm depths of his heroic and innocent face; and I have no doubt his kind benefactor, Captain Park, will be there too.

And now it is near midnight, and all is very, very still. "Hark, what is that I hear?" you ask. It is some staff officer's horse at a brigade headquarters up in the woods just back of the lines, neighing for an absent companion. Let us turn in.

Knowing that at 5 o'clock battle was to be renewed by vigorous attack all along the line, every one was up early, while some of the stars were still glowing in the sky. The little colony of orderlies, cooks, and teamsters, were already astir, and belated detachments from the train-

guards were still coming on to the field on their way to their respective commands, moving through the disappearing mist that had stolen into the Wilderness, and, as we would fain believe, to moisten the cheeks and eyelashes of its living and dead as they slept, and to wrap the latter in its cool, gray shrouds. Up near the woods, dimly visible, were a couple of brigades — the Marylanders among them — which Warren had had assembled there during the night as a reserve behind Griffin, to whom, as on the day before, the initiative of the serious work was entrusted. The places of these troops in line had been made good by closing Crawford to the right and abreast of Griffin, on the assumption that Burnside would be up and take the ground he had occupied, that is, across the Parker's Store road near where it leaves Wilderness Run for the rolling plateau of the Chewning farm.

Kitching's brigade of heavy artillery had just arrived from Chancellorsville, and the men were resting near the Lacy house, most of them between the run and the road. It was a big, fresh brigade, over twenty-two hundred strong, and while its regiments were preparing for the night march — their orders were to move at 1 A. M. — the Colonel and a score or two of his men held a little service, and all kneeling, he led them in prayer. Around the kneeling group were the shallow graves of those who had been killed the year before; and the one who narrates the circumstance says that solitude's dreariest choir, the whip-poor-wills, of which there were hundreds, and maybe thousands, were repeating their night-long mournful chant. Possibly the earnest student of the battle would have preferred to have been told why they were serving as infantry, — they were three battalion regiments, — their order of march, and exactly the distance they had to make; but I wonder which is the more enduring and significant fact, the young colonel with palm to palm pouring out his heart to God under the starlight, or whether Blank's battalion moved

first and kept its distance, or how Major Thunderbolt's voice rang down the line, "Keep closed up! Don't let it happen again!" Thunderbolt, you are a gallant old fellow, and I've heard you more than once, "*Eyes right! Eyes left! As you were!*" Military and soldier critics, don't apply this as a reflection on the profession; it is only meant to renew your memories pleasantly of the Thunderbolts you and I have met in the service, and to suggest how all mere military detail of battle fades away as we lift on the tides of the heart. Student of war, let me suggest that once in a while you take Imagination's offered hand; she will lead you through simple height-gaining paths till at last fife and drum die away and lo! you are in a blessed company charged to convert what is earthly into what is spiritual.

But to return to the morning: day was coming on fast; bodies of woods, solitary trees on the ridges, and vacant distances sky-arched, were stealing into view as we hastily breakfasted. Our horses were saddled and ready, and those of us who had had a kind word for the colored cooks and waiters found in our saddle-bags a snack of one kind or other wrapped up in bits of paper. Nowhere in this world does it pay better to show consideration for the low in estate, and above all to those of the colored race, than on a campaign. They will look after you faithfully and, if you should be sick or wounded, will stand by you to the last.

Although a great many years lie between now and then, yet across them all I can see Warren mounting his heavy dappled iron-gray, and wearing his yellow sash. His saddle-blanket was scarlet, and a few days afterward at Spottsylvania, when this horse was shot, I waited near him while saddle and blanket were stripped from him by an orderly. The shot that hit him was aimed at Warren, and possibly fired by the same sharpshooter who the next morning at almost the identical spot killed Sedgwick. Warren was watching Robinson's men, who were briskly engaged along and to the

right of the Spottsylvania road, trying to carry the enemy's position at the old scattered orchard of the Spindle farm. I was directly behind him. We had been there but a short time before I heard the ping of a passing shot. From the same direction soon another went directly over our heads, and in a little while another, and this time so much nearer that I said, "General, that man is getting the range on you." The sharpshooter was in the woods beyond the rather wide and deep ravine that makes northeastward from the Sedgwick monument. Warren said nothing but shortly started to move to the right, when down went the horse.

The first duty I had after breakfast was to go to the intersection of the Pike and Germanna Ford roads and wait there till Burnside should arrive, and then offer to show him the way up the Parker's Store road to his position. My assignment happened in this way: Roebeling at half-past eleven the night before had been called in conference with Comstock of Grant's staff, in relation to the position Burnside's corps should take. In his notes he says, "Two opinions presented themselves, either to go and join Wadsworth by daylight, or else obtain possession of the heights at Chewning's and fall upon the enemy's rear by that route. If successful in carrying the heights, the latter plan promised the greatest results; if not, it would fail altogether. Then again it was thought that when Wadsworth joined the Second Corps, the two together would be sufficient to drive the enemy. General Grant then decided that the Ninth Corps should go to Chewning's, and I prepared to accompany them at 4 o'clock in the morning." Accordingly, at that hour, he and Cope went to the Pike and waited for Burnside. I suspect that Warren, the hour for attack coming on, and Burnside not appearing, and feeling the need of both Roebeling and Cope, who really were his right-hand men, sent me to take their places and wait for Burnside. They both hurried off to join Wadsworth.

On my way to the Pike I passed the engineer battalion marching in column of fours to report to Griffin. It was the first time in all their history when, as a body, this aristocracy of the rank and file of the army was called on to take a hand as infantry, as common "dough-boys" in the actual fighting. I knew all the officers well: they were the ones I had dined with when I announced my readiness to take command of the Army of the Potomac. Their duties hitherto had been confined to the dangerous business of laying the pontoon bridges, and at other times to repairing roads or to selecting and laying out field works — the officers meanwhile familiarizing themselves with the lines and all the natural features of the scene of operations. But we all recognized the grind of fighting as infantry, and broad grins were exchanged as I rode by them. Fortunately, they were not called on to assault, but were put to throwing a new line of entrenchments across the Pike in rear of Griffin.

The head of Burnside's leading division, Potter's, came on the field about half-past five, and Duane's oracular observation of the night before, "He won't be up, I know him well," had been verified. The head of his column should have been at this point at least an hour and a half earlier if they were to be on time to move to the attack with Hancock and Wadsworth. Meade and the corps commanders had reckoned just about right in allowing him till six to be on hand. As a matter of fact, Burnside himself did n't get up to the Pike, let alone to the ground Crawford had occupied, till after six. When he came, accompanied by a large staff, I rode up to him and told him my instructions. He was mounted on a bob-tailed horse and wore a drooping army hat with a large gold cord around it. Like the Sphinx, he made no reply, halted, and began to look with a most leaden countenance in the direction he was to go.

It was the first time I had ever seen him, — he had commanded our old Army of the Potomac, he was a famous man, I

was young, — and my eyes rested on his face with natural interest. After awhile he started off calmly toward the Lacy house, not indicating that my services were needed, — he probably was thinking of something that was of vastly more importance. I concluded that I was n't wanted, and was about to go my own way, when I caught sight of Babcock of Grant's staff coming at great speed just the other side of the run. He had been out with Hancock, and as he approached, I called, "What's the news, Babcock?" Without halting he replied, his kindly, open face gleaming, "Hancock has driven them a mile and we are going to have a great victory," or words to that effect. I do not believe my heart was ever more suddenly relieved or beat freer, for somehow or other from my youth the forebodings of the worst happenings have always presented themselves first. And now to know we were gaining a victory! I went back to the Lacy house happy, very happy indeed.

Shortly after arriving there, Meade's instruction through Warren for Wadsworth to report for orders to Hancock while detached from the Fifth Corps, was given me to deliver. And with an orderly I started with it. We rode first up Parker's Store road, encumbered with Burnside's troops moving sluggishly into position. By this time it was about 8 o'clock. The General had passed through them to the front where Potter was deploying, but he had no sooner arrived there than his big staff caught the eye of a Confederate battery somewhere away off on the right of Ewell's line, and it opened on them, making it so uncomfortable that they had to edge away. When I came about where the uppermost eastern branch comes in, I set off through the woods in the direction of the firing, and had not gone a great way when my orderly, a German, riding behind me, said, "Lieutenant, you are bearing too much to the right, you will run into the rebel lines." I sheared off a little to the left; here and there were

wounded, and at a point alongside the run, propped against a beech tree, his head resting on his right shoulder, his cap on the ground beside him, was a dead fair-faced boy, eighteen or nineteen years old, holding in his bloodless hand a few violets which he had picked. A shot had struck him in the arm, or the leg, I have forgotten which, and he had slowly bled to death. I fancy that, as he held the little familiar wild-flowers in his hand, his unsullied eyes glazed as he looked down into them, and his mind was way off at home. After passing him, the orderly again cautioned me, but this time I paid no attention to him and went on.

The woods were very thick, and unknowingly we were approaching quite a little rise, when suddenly came the command, "Get off that horse and come in." I lowered my head to the left, and there along the ridge within a few rods stood a heavy skirmish line with uplifted guns. It did not take me one second to decide. I suspect I did not think at all. I gave my horse a sudden jerk to the right, then the spur, and as he bounded they all let drive at us. A shot, I suppose it was one from their 58-calibre Enfields, grazing my sabre belt, struck the brass "D" buckle on my left side and tore the belt apart. My Colt's pistol in its holster began to fall and I grabbed it with my left hand. Just then a limb knocked off my hat and with my right hand I caught it as it was passing my right boot-top. Meanwhile the horse was tearing his way along the course we had come. The orderly disappeared instantly, and that was the last I saw of him till the next morning, just after I had returned Grant's despatches. When I met him—he was one of Meade's headquarter couriers—with unfeigned surprise he exclaimed, "Why, my God! lieutenant, I thought sure you were killed up there yesterday." I hardly know why he should have thought so unless he concluded I was falling when I was reaching for my hat. His judgment was better than mine, and had I followed

it neither of us would have had such a close call.

Well, as soon as I could get control of my horse and both of us could breathe a bit easier, for the dear old fellow was no more anxious to go to Richmond that way than I, I struck off more to the left, and in a little while ran into lots of stragglers, and pretty soon met a little group falling back under some discipline. Upon inquiring, I found that they belonged to Cutler's brigade; they told me that the division had been driven with heavy losses and was all disorganized. I gave to the officer who said he was going back to the open ground, that is, to the Parker Store road or the Lacy fields, the following despatch, which will be found in the War Records. By mistake it is dated the 5th, instead of the 6th, —

8.30 A. M.

GENERAL WARREN: —

The Rebel skirmish line is about 1 mile from the field. I think they have tried Wadsworth's left. I will bear down to the left until I find him.

MORRIS SCHAFF,
Lieutenant of Ordnance.

He either delivered it in person or sent it by some one to Warren's headquarters, for the news it contained was given in a despatch to Humphreys dated 9.05. Soon after parting with him, I fell in with Cutler himself, leading back fragments of his broken command. There may have been seven or eight hundred of them, and possibly twice that number, for they were scattered all through the woods. He was rather an oldish, thin, earnest-looking Round-head sort of a man, his light stubby beard and hair turning gray. He was bleeding from a wound across his upper lip, and looked ghastly, and I have no doubt felt worse; for he was a gallant man, and to lead his men back, every little while coming to him and them the volleys of their comrades still facing the enemy, must have been hard for him. On my asking him where Wadsworth was, he said, "I think he is dead;" and one or two

of his officers said, "Yes, we saw him fall."

Relying on what they told me, I started back for Meade's headquarters with the news. When I reached there and reported what I had seen and heard, no one could believe it; but just then Cutler's men began to pour out of the woods in full view on the ridge east of the Lacy house, and the seriousness of the situation at once appeared to all. As to Wadsworth's death, Cutler and his officers were mistaken; he was not mortally wounded until about two hours later, but some of them maintained, as will be seen by their valuable contributions to the Loyal Legion papers, that he was killed before nine o'clock. It is highly probable that the general they saw fall was Getty, who was badly wounded about that time.

My despatch and Cutler's appearance verifying it brought alarm which found expression in the following despatch sent at once to Warren:—

The Major General commanding directs that you suspend your operations on the right, and send some force to prevent the enemy from pushing past your left, near your headquarters. They have driven in Cutler in disorder and are following him.

A. A. HUMPHREYS,
Major General & Chief of Staff.

In harmony with the spirit of the above, the immediate front of Meade's headquarters suddenly bristled, as battery after battery came into position "action front" where the little chapel now stands. The cannoneers stepped blithely to their places and, boldly expectant, men and guns stood facing toward where Cutler's men came straggling out of the woods. But, as a matter of fact, the enemy had not broken our lines seriously, and were not following Cutler.

About this time too, word was sent in from Hancock's headquarters that a column was reported coming up the Brock Road deploying skirmishers. This lowering news on the heels of Cutler's appearance was translated by Grant in the light of its premonitory look. He called for his horse and set out to join Hancock where, if at all, the crisis would break. By the time he reached him, 9.50, Hancock had filled the gap Cutler's withdrawal had made, and within a few minutes Gibbon, who had been in a blue funk all the morning over Longstreet's mythical advance up the Catharpin Road, sent word back that the column reported approaching his front was not the enemy but some convalescents on their way to rejoin their comrades.

So much then for my attempt to reach Wadsworth, and events with which it had more or less connection.

(To be continued.)

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OUR LOST INDIVIDUALITY

BY LOREN H. B. KNOX

THOUGH we, the people of the United States, boast of our individuality, we are regarded to-day by those who cater to our wants as an absorbent mass, rather than as discriminating units. Great agencies of supply give us a range of selection, it is true. But each differentiation is the standard choice of so large a number that it becomes a class by itself. Take, for example, those commodities and needs concerning which our personal taste is naturally selective, and we see that they are supplied, — but to a million or so others as well.

In foods, we are shipped train-loads of ready-to-eat, sometimes predigested, breakfast foods, biscuits, meats, soups, and desserts. In clothes, all of us who are not museum freaks are offered ready-to-wear, uniformly designed suits, shirts, underwear, collars, hosiery, and shoes. In medicines, ready-to-alleviate dopes cure all diseases, and produce a host of rural centenarians. In travel, we are urged to join ready-to-start excursions and parties to every quarter of the habitable globe. In music, the ready-to-grind phonographs and pianolas have given the art of the few to the mob. In education, the ready-to-fit curriculums of our great colleges, business and correspondence schools are adapted to every youth in the land who is not an idiot. In dwellings, the ready-for-anybody flat is making a whirlwind obliteration of the American home.

All, all is ready prepared. But these are only an indication. Everywhere we seem to be credited with an appetite for uniformities in bulk. In the industrial sphere, the urgency of making standard articles for the multitude has forced the hurried and ill-favored growth of vast

corporations, "trusts" and "monopolies." In the dramatic, the combines, supplying the whole country with its run of melodramas, farces, comedies, and vaudeville performances, plead the generality of our taste. In the journalistic, we have the bright and shallow magazines boasting a million subscribers; also a daily press, even the best type of which gratifies the great average of us with a conventional line of exaggerations, fabrications, and vulgar sensationalisms. In the religious, the material and moral needs of the masses have given rise to forms of organized "practical Christianity," in which the orthodox, heterodox, and atheistic may join.

Indeed, the disease of democracy is upon us. We *are* a mass. Our appetite is for uniformities. It is clear that the "much-too-many," that canny coinage of the half-lunatic Nietzsche for the demos, dominates. But to what extent, and to what effect on individual character? What influence to-day has the mere number of us on each of us?

Of course, the attitude toward us of those who supply our real or fancied necessities is not conclusive. For them, we may be only a grand total, yet in our souls be lofty, alone, and *sui generis*. But the condition or position thus assigned to us by our servitors, whom our numbers have made so mighty, is important. Its summary alone is more than fanciful, because those servitors touch us at so many points; indeed, reflect us to a considerable depth. A course of study followed by a hundred thousand young men is no arbitrary schedule; it is not an isolated régime peculiar to our academies; it is a gauge of our national culture, and the demands of our life even to our fron-

tiers. Sameness in our food, clothing, medicine, and musical performance, for illustration, need not be, but it *may* be, a sign of enslavement in more senses than one.

We are wearily familiar with the tale of how railways, corporations, combines, trusts, and syndicates have in our West possessed themselves of immense areas of mining, timber, oil, grazing, and agricultural lands, to the extinguishment of the opportunity of the individual settler. By their control of judiciaries and establishment of "third houses" in legislatures, they have at various times rendered him a political nullity. Finally, by regulating his production and market, they have brought him to his knees crying for mercy.

Thus in our West, as in our East, a new kind of individuality has arisen: not of the man, which was once the boast of the plainsman and the mountaineer, but of the soulless entity created by the legislature. For example, in Colorado the commercial individualities have been the "American Smelting and Refining Company," "Boston Smelting Company," "Victor Coal and Coke Company," "Colorado Fuel and Iron Company," just as the "Standard Oil Company" and the "United States Steel Corporation" have been in the country at large. These are the real American individualities. Their chiefs, the leaders in our financial life, are celebrated, not so much on their own account as because of their connection with these mighty organizations.

Americans have not been quick to complain of this curtailment of their individual opportunity. All were after the almighty dollar. They were not disposed to lament that some successful rival had beaten them at their own game. Therefore, they have suffered long, and seen the evil grow. Westerners, who have prided themselves on their personal independence, have been the first to rebel. But their revolts came only after they felt that such abuses as those inflicted upon them by the railroad and oil

companies, in discriminating and excessive rates, and the general coercions of the mining, fuel, and smelting monopolies, were unbearable. The Granger movement, the Farmers' Alliance, the Populist, Socialistic, and Social-Democratic uprisings, have testified to their indignation at the flagrant denial by these their overlords, their superiors in individuality, of their right freely to extract, raise, move, and sell their products.

Those socialistic agitations toward paternalistic government were epochal struggles. Americans, traditionally the freest among us, were realizing that their vaunted Western independence and individuality were being slowly crushed out of them. When they, at various times, called for the government ownership of all lands not occupied by actual settlers; the reclamation of tracts held by corporations; the public ownership of transportation facilities, telegraphs, telephones, parcels' post, and other utilities in the nature of monopolies; the establishment of postal savings banks; the declaration of fiat paper money to be full legal tender; the loan of government funds on farm products in federal warehouses; the refining of oil by the state, — they were unconsciously in full retreat from their stronghold. Thereby they admitted that their boasted personal initiative was come to a sorry state. First, the corporations and capitalists had taken it away from them. Then, instead of seeking to reclaim it, they were willing to surrender its power to the authorities at Washington, or at best to those of their own state. Their common plea in "hard times" — "I can't pay until the government gives me relief" — showed the completeness of their capitulation.

The intermixture of two motives has made us preëminently a materialistic people: our eagerness to make money and the urgency of developing the unparalleled resources of our mighty empire. But though physical work and practical problems absorbed our fathers in the early and middle portions of our national

history, they did not prevent the development of unique types of character. Or perhaps it would be correct to say that the conditions were such as to permit the people at large to be typified by unique representatives. Threatening questions of government, involving reforms, nourished a burning patriotism which everywhere lifted the minds of people above their drudgery. Society had not coalesced to put its stamp on all. Commerce, industry, and agriculture were free and honorable. Avenues to livelihood were open to the humblest. Men wrought independently, thought independently. Benjamin Franklin, John Jacob Astor, Daniel Webster, Henry Clay, Abraham Lincoln, Horace Greeley, Peter Cooper, George William Childs, were sample individualities representing thousands of men of lesser mould.

To-day we have inherited the American spirit of work and wealth. The world credits us with ideals and genius which are commercial. But we find our republic of opportunity divided into monarchies, oligarchies, and plutocracies. Wall Street has in some respects far overreached Washington. We have been endowed with characteristic impulses and longings, but, behold, the only fields in which they can mature to fruitage are preëmpted. Individual opportunity has been supplanted by corporate opportunity. It is the fault of our mass. To supply the demands of the tremendous aggregate of us requires the investment of vast capital. Modest expenditure is a mere wading in the shallows near shore. It also necessitates specialized education far beyond the reach of most of us. Untrained native talent has nothing of its prestige of fifty years ago.

In proportion as the acquisition of wealth becomes difficult, that process absorbs our time and faculties. The mass of us have money-getting as our real, if not our acknowledged, aim. But we are glad to fit into the vast system where we can. We no longer boast of fortunes to be had for the mere exertion of turning

the soil of the prairies, felling the trees of the forest, or delving for minerals in the mountains. Instead, we are willing to spend time and money in technical preparation, that we may become simply cogs in one of the wheels of the complicated existing machine. We are subordinate to successive chiefs. Or, if we become chiefs, we are still subordinate to the plans of boards of directors, and to the universal corporate and commercial plan which rules in the business world.

Even if we rebel against this overpowering system, the effect is to lose ourselves in the mass to do it. Labor unions make man a numeral. The very psychological impress on us of organizing to overthrow the despotism is that of our separate insignificance.

Individuality, in the sense of a man's distinct personality, in the material domain is becoming an increasingly rare phenomenon. We are forced to a common standard. Even those of us who have not material objectives cannot be non-conformers. For the few are powerless to escape the brand of eighty millions. We are socialized into an average. This brand of the multitude is a mental trademark. There can be little deviation from its grading. Granted a people of utilitarian aims, who must conform to established financial, commercial, and industrial systems of completely dominating power, and it is clear that their intellectual type must be persistent. The more intent they become on wealth, the more material- or uniform-minded they grow. The dead level of intellectuality widens.

Our effort in competing for success over the same long, difficult, foreordained courses gives us all a similar mental cast. Prosperous times, with their elation, "hard times," with their despair, equally engrave the mark of tribe. Extinguishment of individuality is the tendency of our business system as surely as it is that of the German army system. In our world of affairs, intellectual individuality, if such it may be called, is shown in the degree, not the differentiation, of our

mental powers. The best fitted win distinction, but they are only large specimens of the same mental species.

Yet our Rockefellers, Carnegies, and Morgans are unlike the eminent merchants and financiers of fifty years ago. The latter were examples of our free, successful men of affairs. The former are generals in the hard-drilled army of this commercially militant country, which has been largely of their own mustering and training. What representative quality the latter may have possessed was due to personal achievement, and was, therefore, accidental and individual. But the former have been feverishly active these many years to create in us their own mental form and comeliness.

Each of us is under tutelage to the mass of us. Every moment we are acted on by suggestions from the demos. One cannot escape the thought of all. What John Stuart Mill and Frederic Harrison say, about society now having the better of the individual, is especially applicable to the United States. Americans tend toward the cities. One third of us live in them. There we are packed; there a thousand means conform us to the multitude. Our proximity, our universal communication, make us common. Numerous clubs, societies, coöperative charities, tend to merge our individualities. Social settlements, those necessary and admirable activities of "practical Christianity," are typical of a material people too busy for meditation and spirituality, and are the very apotheosis of the non-individual. A general type of social converse is current, not reflective of high culture, but of a low average. Our mass is increasing daily, hourly. The more we are weighted by it, the more subject to it we become, the more our capacity for individuality diminishes.

Intellectually, the rural regions are ruled by our centres of population. An idea taken up by a metropolis runs its course to our farthest national bounds. That we so often make a craze of such an idea shows our imitative quality. We

copy because we are too busy to originate. Thus golfing and automobiling, catchy songs and slang phrases, styles of architecture and bridge-whist, picture post-cards and frenzied finance, Christian Science and anti-graft, Teddy bears, and cheap magazines, are sweeping over us at present. From dense centres of the East, they, as all our fads and styles, take their imitative way westward. But they may, on a turn of the popular tide, be abandoned, just as bicycling, ping-pong, jig-saw puzzles, child-discipline, and orthodox theology have been left behind.

But how is it in the higher realms of thought? Ah, there also the mentality of the mass crushes us. Though students in the classical courses in the colleges of the United States still outnumber those in technical courses, education is turning from cultural to utilitarian ends. German authorities have noted this in the selective courses peculiar to our institutions, and assert that it promotes only superficiality, not scholarly individuality, in our undergraduates. Curricula are readjusted to vast numbers of students whose ambitions and abilities are similar. These students have all the traits of their shrewd, calculating parents. Their schooling they desire to be a practical, technical training for a livelihood in a material calling.

But even those students who pursue purely academic courses are beaten into an intellectual sameness. Coming from the democracy of our public schools, they enter the democracy of our colleges. Against this leveling influence the American home to-day does little to individualize the youth of the land. Parents are too preoccupied with material affairs; their conversation and their actions show it. They have neither the leisure nor the culture of Lyman Beecher, Bronson Alcott, John Gladstone, the elder Robert Browning, or the elder William Pitt, to develop and refine the separate characters of children. Students in their advanced schooling are still trained in battalions, and still are subject to our spirit of mob-

hurry. The high-pressure requirements of each department tend to exhaust what nascent individuality a youth may possess. With scores of companions, he is everlastingly hustling about, making "majors" and clearing up "hours." His energies are so spent on the general task assigned each day to his crowded class that he really cannot find himself. Naturally, when he gets his diploma he is uncertain whither his talents lead.

Probably he has specialized on sociology and economics, sciences of the multitude, because they deal with the teeming life about him, and are popular with his fellow students. From the nervous tension of his studies his sane diversions are few. Athletics, the most powerful leveler in our college life, has absorbed him, not as an exercise, but as a mob craze. Its rivalries and feverish materialism make it the analogue in our university world of the hot competition in the postgraduate world of trade. Is it remarkable that our fresh graduates seem cast in the same mould? They wear the same suits, hats, shoes; act the same; smoke the same pipes; think and talk the same athletic trivialities, and seem equally void of vital interest in cultural subjects. Very different, as President Nicholas Murray Butler has remarked, from the graduates of his day, whose minds inclined toward high themes. One is tempted to sigh for the old loose college régimes and easy schedules which allowed Burke, Goldsmith, Wordsworth, Stevenson, to loaf through their courses, each with his individual genius undimmed.

Lecky was right. Our literature has suffered because of our equality, our haste, and our apotheosis of the average judgment. Everywhere things are adjusted to minds intent on material objects. The hurry of the omnipresent common mentality, on its mission of developing and extending the business of the nation, will not permit of the isolated culture necessary to great verse or prose. Our poets cannot flee the multitude, as Wordsworth did. To-day the inspired

aloofness of men like Emerson, Hawthorne, Whitman, and Thoreau, would be a miracle. Coöperation, organization, a leveling union, is the rule. Our means of communication are too complete. In the remotest wilderness a hundred suggestions may remind us that we are still working bees which belong to the hive. In his *Maxims and Reflections*, Goethe complained of the newspapers of his day, "They publish abroad everything that every one does, or is busy with, or is meditating, — no one can rejoice or be sorry but as a pastime for others." What would have been his despair at the commonizing bombardment of our hourly press? If our character cannot escape the deadly level, our literature cannot.

Our science, as well as our letters, has felt the blighting animus of our mass. It is not because "we have not yet emerged from the backwoods" that we are to-day so wholly eclipsed by Europeans in this field of research. Nor is it because democracies in general are unfavorable to this branch of knowledge. Democratic France, perhaps, leads the world in it. But it is because the animus of our democracy is utterly alien to pure science. So charged has been the atmosphere of this country with the immanence of practical, physical problems, that we have been unable to see the use of theorizing, investigation, or experimentation, unless it promised return in dollars and cents. Such labor as that of Berthelot, who never took out a patent; of Pasteur; of the Curies, in its patient preliminary stages, we are too impatient to comprehend. We certainly do little in honors, emoluments, or equipment, to encourage it.

That doctrine of the supremacy of the individual, well taught by Nietzsche, in *Thus Spake Zarathustra*; by Ibsen, in *The Doll's House*; by Hauptmann, in *Lonely Lives*; by Sudermann, in *Magda*; by Bernard Shaw, in *Man and Superman*, seems to have made headway in this country. Apparently we often act with their royal disdain of mob-wisdom, of the supreme sanctity of matrimony, formal

piety, precise social respectability, the duty of preferring others to ourselves. Certainly our Puritanic ideals of duty and morality are toppling. Notions concerning self-sacrifice, Sabbath and religious observance, obedience and reverence in children, common honesty in trade, are relaxing. Adulterations in food, deceptions in merchandise, graft, over-capitalization, the artificial raising of prices, the crushing of competition, frequent divorces and domestic scandals, point to a general lowering of the tone of our business and private morality.

Such instances, of course, show nothing more than that the old ideals are losing something of their force. They do not necessarily point to an enlightened emancipation of the individual will. But, as a denial of the unexceptional and universal rule of conventional ideals is the burden of the great modern playwrights, it is interesting to know how far our present state goes toward moral liberty.

It is one thing to supplant old ideals of "duty" and "morality," because they are outworn, with a more enlightened principle of conduct which shall obviate unnecessary self-immolation and suffering. It is another supinely to fall away from those ideals. By doing the first, I say, "The universal rules, laid by the church upon Christian civilization in the dark ages, while it was growing out of barbarism, have in particular instances proved unjust, and they should not, at this late day, be blindly followed by me, a free, cultivated individual, capable of judging my own case." By doing the second, I do not imply individuality, but merely lapse into moral anarchy. In the one case, my emancipation is justified by its enlightenment, in the other, condemned by its lawlessness.

Acts which to-day have the aspect of moral individuality, I can see only as acts of protest and moral chaos. We have felt the irksomeness and frequent injustice of straight-laced piety, morality, and custom. Thereupon we cast them

behind us. But when, for example, we leave the home for the divorce court, or the church for the Sunday golf game, it is a retreat, not an advance. Like self-willed, pleasure-loving children, we have petulantly thrown aside something we were taught to cherish. We have merely forsaken a principle or an ideal, and have nothing positive in its place. And it is the sight of a multitude of others breaking bounds that makes it the easier. We have backslided as a mass. Acts which appear to indicate the moral freedom of the individual will are really the sheepcaperings of the flock when the bars are down. Our individuality has lost rather than gained.

After what has been said, it is enough to allude to the spiritual test of individuality. Without soul, man is common; with it, he is distinct. In art, it gives him temperament; in faith, insight into the divine. Our universally diffused commercialism and the uncertainty of our religious tenets, caused by the overthrow of the "orthodox" Scriptural cosmogony by Darwin, are clear as working against his spiritual development. Both oppose the religious enlargement of the soul; the former discourages its æsthetic cultivation as well.

Individuality in the United States, judging from the lack of its products, is more hard-pressed than in the countries of Europe. There the creations of distinctive genius flourish. In art, letters, science, music, the drama, the so-called despotisms of the Old World show a greater liberty to man as a unit than does our Republic. Social caste and military conscription certainly are still oppressive on the Continent, and many causes there restrain the growth of full, free personality. But against the established gradations of population under dynasties we, in this land of equality, have the incalculable tyranny of our commercialism. Over the water, certain classes are coerced into uniformity; others, as the scholarly, the artistic, the literary, are comparatively free. Here, where the law

knows no distinction between man and man, we are all to-day under that invisible master-monarchy which holds us, body, mind, and soul.

Full individuality, freedom in the material, mental, moral, and spiritual realms, — how few Americans have possessed it! Emerson, Thoreau, Whitman, are the conspicuous ones. To-day we occasionally see, here and there, little groups struggling for it. Concord and Brook Farm ideas seem to lure them. But the cloud-like hosts of materialism envelop them. The Press quickly brays forth its ridicule, and they end by being resolved to earth again. Their combination for individuality is dissolved, and each mixes with the elements of the multitude. Thereafter they are merely "queer" to their separate neighborhoods.

"The average judgment" — whatsway

it bears over us! Deference to the views of others is the principle of our institutions and actions. Each man wishes to be a "good fellow;" that is, so to act as to meet the approval of the greatest number of other "fellows." He averages himself with the rest by everlastingly exchanging ideas and articles, of the appreciable sort, with his fellow beings. Small wonder that the wholesalers of our food, clothing, medicines, and musical machines know that their products will sweep the land. An article once favored must run its course, like a fad. We buy it because others do; we deceive ourselves into approval of it in imitation of a like self-deception on the part of our acquaintances. Yet we call ourselves the most individual people on earth! As a whole, we have lost the inclination and capacity for separate selfhood.

HERB-O'-GRACE

BY MARY NORSWORTHY SHEPARD

WHEN that slim treader of the air, the wind,
Bends her long dances through the archèd green,
In the thin air no footprint can I find,
And no man has that sealèd vision seen.
Is there no herb-o'-grace to touch my eyes,
That I may see as tree or flower sees,
Behold the incense from the grasses rise,
Vision the swaying motion of the breeze?
— There, where the laurel and the sunshine meet,
Is it but laurel, vibrant in the light?
Or do a lover and a maiden greet,
She still a-tremble from her sudden flight?
There, where the quiver of his rays is poured,
Is it shy Daphne, yielding to her lord?

THE DANDER OF SUSAN

A PRATT PORTRAIT

BY ANNA FULLER

SUSAN LEGGETT was sound as a nut at sixty. Not that sixty is any age at all, so far as that goes. Susan's grandmother, Old Lady Pratt, of delectable memory, would have called it the edge of the evening. But it was something, even at sixty, never to have an ache or a pain, and to be able to read the *Dunbridge Weekly Chronicle* without glasses. To be sure, one knew pretty well beforehand what was in the *Chronicle*, so that was no great feat; especially as they had n't begun printing with mouse-colored ink at that period.

Susan's detractors said that the reason she kept so young was that she was always having the entertainment of making other people lose their tempers without ever losing her own. But her partisans, who were greatly in the majority, averred that she never said sharp things behind a person's back, — as indeed, where would have been the fun? For Susan was essentially dramatic. She loved setting character in play; it was like throwing a stick to a terrier.

Her husband, the professor of Christian Ethics, had resigned his chair seven or eight years ago, because he imagined himself an invalid. Susan, having come into her share of the Spencer property at about that time, and being anxious to get back among her own folks in Dunbridge, had readily fallen in with this notion, though once the move was made, she stoutly denied that there was anything whatever the matter with him; which might have been disconcerting to the professor, only that he was used to Susan. He admired his wife immensely,

and thought that she had a remarkable mind.

Of all the advantages attaching to her change of residence, none was more highly prized than the frequent opportunity of treating her brother James to the unvarnished truth, and then using her fine mind in an effort to discover what could have disturbed him. Susan was by no means devoid of tact; but, like her "real thread" lace, she did not wear it "common."

She was calling at her brother's one day, when Nannie, her sister-in-law, pleading a headache, excused herself and left the room. James and Susan were invigorating personalities, but taken together they sometimes formed rather too powerful an astringent for a sensitive organism like Nannie's. Her defection was viewed with pitying tolerance by Susan, who did not however feel called upon to exercise a like indulgence toward her eminently robust brother.

"You know, James," she remarked, with unflinching sincerity, "it's all your fault, as I've told you time and again, Nannie's being such an invalid. First you don't let her lift a finger for fear she'll tire herself, which is enough to make any woman a gibbering idiot; and then keep her nerves on edge by blowing out at her every five minutes about nothing."

"Blowing out at her?" was the indignant protest. "I never blow out at her! Never blow out at anybody!"

"There, there, James; don't get all wrought up, just as I'm leaving you." And, as she rose to go, "How's Benny doing now?"

"How's Ranny doing now?" James retorted viciously. For Ranny was Susan's only child, and there were rumors about Ranny.

These had not reached Susan, however; so she was able to reply with telling emphasis, "Oh, Ranny has never given us a moment's anxiety," and to leave the room with her head in the air. Susan was a short woman, not to say stout, but at mention of Ranny's name she had the faculty of holding her head so high that one involuntarily looked for stilts.

James meanwhile kept his seat, a smouldering eye upon the departing chignon, which was quite as provocative in its way as the ringlets of yore. He and Susan had been near enough of an age for fraternal amenities; and as often as not, when she referred to the golden days of childhood, as she occasionally did, being of a sentimental turn, this was the picture that arose in his memory: a small boy in a sputtering rage, and a startled little girl, a size or two smaller, with a deservedly rumpled head-piece.

"How's Ranny doing now!" she repeated, as she turned her steps homeward. "I declare, there's no lengths James won't go when he's out of temper. How's Ranny doing, indeed!" While as for Benny, — well, she certainly hoped he would not commit any more excesses, though if he did, she was too good an aunt not to wish to know all about it.

But what did James mean about Ranny? That was really what was gnawing at her consciousness all the time that she was simulating concern for Benny. What did James mean by that peculiar echo of her own significant inquiry?

The cousins were not far apart in years, but they had never had much in common. How should Ranny have much in common with a boy who was known to be dissipated? — a word which Susan spelled in italics, but pronounced *sotto voce*. Her Ranny, her only child, upon whom every care had been lavished

that Christian Ethics could devise or parental devotion bestow. She did not believe he had ever had a glass too much in his life; and as for cards, he hated the sight of them — would n't even take a hand at euchre in the family circle. While Benny, poor boy, the youngest of nine, — of course his mother had had neither time nor strength to bring him up carefully. Really, a large family was a great mistake.

There had been a time when, if Susan had not been at bottom a thoroughly amiable woman, she would have hated her sister-in-law, whose babies used to come along so regularly that they might have been made a feature of the Old Farmer's Almanac; while she, Susan, had waited nearly fifteen years for Ranny. When the boy did arrive he was but a puling infant, — and our forbears knew what that queer little word meant, if we don't. It was thought in the family that the name Randidge Leggett, Junior, which was instantly clapped upon him, might have proved something of a facer for so young a child. But that was soon mended. For when, at a tender age, he was brought to Dunbridge and solemnly introduced to all the magi and magesses of the clan, Old Lady Pratt, without a moment's hesitation, addressed him as "Ranny." Upon which he was said to have ceased puling and chirked right up.

To-day, when Susan arrived at home, she found the professor mousing among his papers in an aimless way that was growing upon him, now that he was out of a job. He glanced up at his wife as she entered, and willingly relaxed his efforts. It always did him good to see Susan come in. She was so brisk and hearty and wholesome. When she fretted because she was not tall and stately, like her sister Arabella (which she frequently did, merely for the pleasure of drawing him out), he would assure her that long-necked women were formed for poets to write verses about, — though the careless fellows sometimes neglected to do

so, — while the roley-poley kind were made to be loved. Was it any wonder that Susan accounted her husband a profound thinker?

"Well, my dear," he inquired, "been cheering up your neighbors?"

She came over and dropped a kiss on the top of his head before replying. It had been her habit from time immemorial. Perhaps that was why she was the only person who seemed not to have observed that he was beginning to grow bald. As the professor would have put it, "The attrition of a frequently repeated process tends to blunt the perceptions." He used such erudite phrases in conversation with his wife, for, whether she understood them or not, she might always be depended upon to think that she did.

As she performed the customary rite, he got hold of her gloved hand and called her "my love." This he invariably did when he pressed her hand. Nor was he conscious in so doing of any attrition of the faculties.

"I've been to see Nannie," she announced, sitting down on the other side of the big study desk, and drawing off her gloves. "James was in a shocking temper. What do you suppose he asked me?"

"I'm sure I can't imagine."

"He asked me how Ranny was doing! Now, professor, what do you suppose he was driving at?"

"Perhaps he had heard of Ranny's promotion."

"Ranny's promotion? What do you mean?"

"Why, Ranny has just been in to tell us. He says they've moved him up a notch, and" — he eyed her apprehensively — "he asked me to tell you, so I have to, my dear, — he may have to go west."

"Never!" cried Susan, springing to her feet. "Never! He shall throw the whole thing over before he goes west."

"I was afraid you might feel that way. Of course we should miss Ranny."

"Miss him? Why, I would n't have

him go west to be President of the United States!"

"He would n't have to," the professor interpolated.

"Go west? Go west? Where is the boy?"

"He said he should n't be in again until after we had gone to bed."

"He'll be in before I've gone to bed. You may rest assured of that! Why, Randidge, —" And she stopped, with a little gasp. "Do you suppose he was *afraid* to talk to me about it?"

"Well, my dear, you *are* pretty decided in your views, and — he appears to be pretty decided himself in this instance. In fact, it struck me" — and the professor began blinking through his glasses in a way he had when his brain was under its own steam, rather than towing in the wake of a brother savant, — "it struck me that he was rather particularly pleased with this opening — for every reason."

But Susan, in hot pursuit of her own thought, missed the implication.

"There's no need of his staying with the Stickman Company at all, if they put such conditions on his promotion." She had sat down again, and it was evident to the professor that she was about to use her remarkable mind. "Any one of his uncles could give him a new start, — James might certainly think of something, — though I don't know that I could ever bring myself to ask a favor of him, after the way he spoke of Ranny just now."

"But, my dear," the professor interposed, with pained insistence, "I was about to say that what the boy seems to want is to —" he hesitated, but there was no help for it, — "to get away."

"Randidge!"

As Susan spoke the word that was the Alpha and Omega of all she loved, she sank back in her chair, incapable of further speech, — and the professor knew what that meant. Ranny, her Omega, wanted to get away. To get away from home, from his father, from his mother,

— to get away! Their only child, that they had waited for so long! Their one chicken! No, it was too much! And Susan, the brisk, the cheerful, the hearty, broke completely down.

Then the professor got on his feet and came over to her and, perhaps with a vague reminiscence of past favors, essayed to kiss the top of *her* head. But his glasses were dangling on the string, and he found himself so suddenly confronted with a bunch of apocryphal roses, that he was obliged to content himself with patting her shoulder and saying, "There, there!" which did just as well.

Then Susan looked up through her tears.

"You won't desert me," she implored, clutching blindly at the sheet-anchor that had never failed her yet.

"Desert you?" he protested. "Desert you!"

And, as was ever the case in moments of conjugal fervor, his brain was fired with the familiar fiction that he had never loved another, and he found himself impelled as by automatic action to murmur something to that effect. What matter if there lived one or two elderly ladies who could have told a different tale? What mattered they, since they were clean forgotten! And so he comforted Susan, and cheered himself, with that immediate and unstinting devotion which is so much better than historic accuracy.

But when bedtime came and no Ranny, she would not let him share her vigil, but sent him off, in the well-founded assurance that, being an avowedly light sleeper, he was safe not to be disturbed by any echoes of the battle-royal for which she was preparing.

And when the house was quiet, Susan sat down on the top stair and waited. She could not have told why she chose just that conspicuous and uncomfortable situation, unless with some far-reaching strategical design. But there she sat, full-panoplied for the fray. And yet, while she knew that there was a struggle

before her, she felt in no combative mood. Rather was she singularly open to gentle influences. That was because she was thinking of her boy, which always made her heart soft. And indeed, for all her martial aspect, never was there a heart more prompt to soften than Susan's own.

She had turned down the gas in the upper passage-way, leaving the entry below brightly lighted as usual. The house was still warm, in spite of a bleak November wind outside, for the professor had but just banked down the furnace. Pleasant odors of geranium and heliotrope came floating up from the wire stand in the dining-room, while the ticking of a placid old clock, taking quiet note of the passing seconds, swelled to the slow stroke of eleven. The sense of home was very strong. Surely Ranny could never hold out against it. He would only have to look and listen — and smell — to feel that here was where he belonged.

Good boy! It was as Susan had assured her brother; he had never given them a moment's anxiety. She had often said that if she had had a dozen children, she could not have loved the lot of them as she loved Ranny. He was so exactly what she would have wished him to be, — though there was no denying that she had been compelled to revise her specifications from time to time. She had fancied, for instance, that she wanted him to grow up tall, and of imposing carriage; but when he turned out short and stocky she saw that it gave him a singularly manly, trustworthy air. She had imagined that he would inherit his father's scholarly tastes; but when he begged off from college and chose a business career, Susan was the first to declare that that was the thing for a man in a big growing country like this. And even when he developed a slightly stolid temperament, — Susan called it judicial, — she perceived how much it was to the advantage of a man not to wear his heart on his sleeve. From the beginning she had accepted Ranny

as the Lord made him, concerned only to perform aright her supplementary task of keeping his manners and morals straight; for, despite her cheerful commentary on the surface foibles of her kind, Susan had a fundamental respect for inherent character and tendencies. Here, however, in this present crisis, was no question of such weighty matters. This deplorable caprice of Ranny's, — it was, it must be, fruit of some light impulse, lightly to be checked.

As the placid clock ticked off second after second, she told herself that she was really taking things too seriously. Ranny had no doubt felt flattered by the promotion, and for once his excellent judgment had been at fault. But as for his going west, — going west! And at the fatally reiterative phrase Susan clasped her hands together until the knuckles showed white. She would yield in everything else, but not here. On that path she felt herself a very rock of resistance. It seemed to her that no locomotive ever built could get past her if it were bearing Ranny away. She had a grotesque vision of the whole westward-bound traffic blocked by her stout person, immovable, indestructible, in its adamant purpose.

The clock struck twelve; he must soon be here. And a sudden craving for the sight of him stirred her to impatience. Ah, there he was! How often had it happened that he came just when she most wanted him! And she held her breath as the latch-key turned in the lock, the big door opened, and Ranny stepped inside, — a short, close-knit figure, shutting the door and making it fast with a quiet decision of movement not suggestive of a pliable disposition.

As the young man turned to put out the gas, the light struck full on his face, and Susan's nerves, strained already to severe tension, vibrated to the shock. The boy's usually self-contained countenance was alive and alight as she had never seen it, not even in those rare moments of expansion which only his mother had shared. What could it mean, this

look of exaltation, of strong emotional up-lift? She rose to her feet, prepared to take his secret by storm.

At sound of the movement he glanced up and saw his mother standing there; and swiftly, as in conscious self-defense, he turned out the gas. But not so quickly but that she had seen his face fall. A sickening reaction lamed her will. He had come in with the look of a young conqueror, and at the sight of his mother his face had changed. The mask of darkness that fell as the light went out had been no more effectual than that which his will had summoned at the same moment, against his mother.

"Why, mother," he exclaimed, "you up? Anything wrong?"

Then Susan descended the staircase, leaning heavily on the balustrade, and coming up to him said, "No, Ranny. There's nothing wrong. I only thought I should like to kiss you good-night."

"Dear little mother! How nice of you!"

But though he kissed her, dutifully enough, his words had not the true ring.

And so ended Susan's first engagement with the enemy that she could not see, that she could not locate, of which her very scouts were afraid. And worsted for the moment, not by the errant son outside there in a hostile world, but by the mother in the innermost depths of her, she crept to her bed and passed a sleepless night.

But not for nothing had Susan husbanded her reserve fund of tact for great occasions, and never did it stand her in better stead than in the watches of that sleepless night, from which she arose with her plan of campaign distinctly mapped out.

Stepping to the front door with Ranny after breakfast, as was her daily custom, she said quietly, "You'll not decide anything hastily, will you, Ranny?"

"No, mother," he answered, surprised and touched by her forbearance.

"Just when would it be if you go?"

"Not before January."

"Oh well," was the cheerful rejoinder, "that's a long way off!"

And upon that she gave him quite the same kind of kiss as usual; while the professor, witnessing the little scene from his seat at the breakfast-table, fell to winking his eyes and assiduously wiping his glasses.

But to-day Susan had no time to squander on sentiment, and no sooner had she got the ordering of her household off her hands than she made a bee-line for James's store. She found him in his private sanctum, running through his mail, and, had she but guessed it, confidently anticipating her visit. For brother and sister had exchanged too many home truths first and last, not to be on terms of excellent understanding.

"Now, James," she began, without preamble, and planting herself at his elbow, "out with it. What did you mean by asking how Ranny was doing now?"

"Mean?" he repeated, beginning to sharpen a pencil, and breaking off the point. "Why, I was only hitting back."

"Then you *were* hitting back. I thought so. Now — what do you know about Ranny?"

"Mainly what his mother has told me," he answered, protruding his lips in sign of craft and deliberation.

"Come, James, don't prevaricate. You meant something."

But James seemed quite absorbed in his whittling.

"Do you know anything about Ranny that I don't?" she demanded.

"How should I know what you know?" His penknife was toying perilously with the attenuated point it had achieved. To relax his attention meant disaster.

"James!" The supplicating monosyllable struck home.

"Well, Susan," he admitted, with a shrug, "since you insist. It's something that pretty much everybody seems to have got wind of, except you and Ran."

Her hands were so tight-clasped by this, that one of the fingers of her glove split down the seam.

"Do you think that is right?" she asked quietly.

"No," cried James, tossing the pencil to one side, regardless of the point, "I'm blessed if I do!"

"Then, for pity's sake, tell me!"

He was looking out at the neighboring chimney-pots.

"It's a girl," he answered.

"A girl? Good heavens, James! But Ranny's nothing but a boy!"

"That won't help you any."

"But he's too young."

"Stuff, Susan. He's older than I was when I got married. We did n't think it young then."

"Who is she? Do I know her?" Her voice was grown monotonous.

"You would n't be likely to."

"Is she — respectable?"

"I guess so."

"Guess so? James!"

"She's a working girl. They're usually respectable."

"What does she do?"

"Waits on table in an ice-cream saloon."

But Susan never flinched.

"Where?" she asked, in the same dull, level tone.

"On Marlowe Street, next the theatre."

"Do you know her name?"

"Not all of it. They call her Biddy." And still she kept a steady front.

"How did you find out about it?" she asked.

"Well, Bill met them driving together a week ago; and the girls saw them at the cathedral at some musical shindy; and they've been rowing up-river. Mary Anne's boys almost ran them down under the willows one day last August. It's always Sundays. Guess they've been going together for a good six months."

"And nobody told me!"

"I suppose they kind o' hated to bell the cat."

"James!"

"Oh, I'm not excusing them, nor myself either; though I did n't know a word of it till Tuesday, and I've been trying to

get the spunk to break it to you. For of course it's got to be headed off, and the sooner the better."

James rather prided himself on his family pride.

"But how did everybody know who it was?" she persisted, driving hard at the point, like a seasoned cross-examiner.

"Oh, it's a place the young folks go to for an ice-cream of an afternoon, or after the theatre."

"After the theatre? A young woman! For she is young?"

"Presumably." Then, with a keen look at his sister, "Going to do anything about it?"

"Do anything!" The challenge brought her to her feet. "I rather think I am going to 'do anything'!"

"What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to get an ice-cream!"

"Good!" he cried, springing to his feet. And as he held the door open for her, "I'll bank on you, Susan, when once you get your dander up!"

And Susan, strong in the "dander" of that brotherly encomium, marched straight for the "Ice-cream Parlor," as it called itself, which already her imagination was painting in lurid colors. She was a bit taken aback to find it merely a quiet, decorous place, with rows of marble-top tables, mostly unoccupied at this hour, and a bevy of tidy waitresses gossiping in a corner. As the stout, elderly customer entered and took her seat, a prettyish little person with freckles, detaching herself from the group of girls, came down between the tables and stood at attention.

"Bring me a chocolate ice-cream," Susan commanded, endeavoring to look as if such were her customary diet at this hour of the day.

"There's nothin' but vanilla so early in the mornin'."

"Then bring me vanilla!"

Susan loathed vanilla and all its works; but that was neither here nor there. Cold poison would scarce have daunted her in this militant mood.

And when the initial sacrifice was accomplished, and she was valiantly imbibing of the highly flavored concoction, Ranny's mother set herself to a systematic study of that group of girls. At first the half-dozen potential adversaries looked to her exactly alike, and one and all she regarded with impartial antagonism. But presently she found her attention concentrating upon a certain tall, showy blond, of stately bearing and masterful address, still further endowed with a rich brogue, — the only genuine thing about the hussy, Susan told herself, taking vindictive note of each unlovely trait which made the girl conspicuous. And that the maternal instinct, now keenly on the scent, should lack no confirmation, there straightway arose an agitated whisper of, "Look sharp, Biddy; it's your turn!" And behold the Biddy of her worst forebodings, bearing down upon a youth in tweeds, who had just seated himself at one of the tables, and taking him in charge, with an air of competence which left no doubt in Susan's mind of the girl's sinister identity. She recalled, with a shudder, Ranny's fatal predilection for great bouncing partners, away back in dancing-school, when, to his mother's unspeakable chagrin, he was forever leading out the tallest bean-pole of the class. Yes; all signs and portents converged upon that stately siren; and as Susan grasped their ominous significance, her dander rose to boiling point, driving her brain in a dozen directions at once.

"So you would propose offering her money?" the professor inquired, in his leisurely, speculative tone, when she had sprung upon him her whole arsenal of high-pressure conclusions.

"To be sure. What else can we do? Money is the only possible bait for a creature like that."

Hm! Susan was undoubtedly right about it. And what a picturesque way she had of expressing herself! Only — might not the hook have to be heavily

baited? The professor, whose youth had known the spur of necessity, was not always able to share his wife's exuberant indifference respecting the power that makes the mare go.

"If only her demands be not exorbitant," he ventured half-heartedly.

"What if they are?" was the gallant rejoinder. "You would n't have the hussy put a low price on Ranny!"

And that night Susan slept a sleep so confident and so unbroken, that morning was upon her in no time.

At the earliest possible hour, and wishing that she might have the incredible luck of attracting the siren to her service, she repaired to the scene of action. But again the little waitress of the previous day came forward, this time with an engaging smile of welcome.

"We've got chocolate ice-cream this mornin'," the girl announced, pleased as if catering to an honored guest.

"How nice of you to remember what I liked," said Susan, glancing up into the friendly little face, which seemed all the more attractive for its piquant spatter of freckles.

"I always remember what folks like." The unconscious disclaimer was pronounced with a slight brogue, — a mere cadence compared with the siren's challenging accents, — but slight as it was, it touched a spring, and Susan's thoughts were off and away.

Her intrepid fancy had just arrived at the point when she should confront the enemy, a check for a large amount in one hand, in the other some sort of legal quit-claim for Ranny, when a much over-dressed young woman made a rustling exit from the room, and Susan's ear was caught by the delicate brogue of her own little Hebe, bubbling over with, "Say, gurr! did ye mind the hat on her? Right on top of her head, where annybody could see ut! Now would n't yer thought she'd ha' put a thing like that under the table?"

And as the girls broke into suppressed titterings, "Ach, go 'way wid ye, Biddy!"

the siren cried. "'Tain't a patch on my new chapeau!"

Susan's heart contracted with a quick misgiving. So that was Biddy too, the dear little one who had remembered that she preferred chocolate! She hoped to goodness that that was not Ranny's Biddy, — that honest little human girl with the sweet voice and the spirited, sensitive face! At mere thought of an antagonist like that, Susan's dander dropped to zero.

"How many Biddys have you here?" she inquired, ostentatiously fumbling in her purse for change, while the little Biddy waited.

"Only one. I'm the only Biddy o' the bunch."

"But I thought they called that tall one Biddy."

"Her? Oh, she's Liddy."

"And you are Biddy," Susan repeated, still managing not to find that illusive coin. "And pray what is your other name?"

"Molloy." It fell on the ear like a note of music.

"Biddy Molloy. How pretty!" was the involuntary comment.

"Do you like ut? Maybe ye're Irish yerself?"

"Oh, no!"

"Well, it's no disgrace," quoth Biddy, with a little toss. The protest had been a thought too spontaneous.

"No, no. I did n't mean it that way. But, don't you think we all like to be what we really are? Now, you would n't want to be a Yankee girl; would you, my dear?"

"I use n't to," was the candid response. "But now" — and she sighed wistfully — "I don't know."

Then Susan knew, with a knowledge as different as possible from any fantastic theories of tall girls and competent sirens, that this was Ranny's Biddy; and deeply dejected, yet curiously consoled, as well, she cashed her little ticket and went her ways.

To-morrow was Sunday, and when

Ranny slipped away to his poor little fool's paradise, he never guessed what solicitous and tender thoughts were following him. It was Indian summer weather, and Susan could fancy the two young people — how touchingly young they were! — rowing, up-river, where Mary Anne's boys had once come upon them. All day long she was haunted by a picture of their little boat, passing under the willows, — Ranny at the oar, Biddy paddling an idle hand in the water. She saw it all as vividly as if she had been standing on the bank. She saw the reflection of the boat in the tranquil stream; in their faces the reflection of an honest, natural love, such as all young things have a right to, — a love that had come to flower in the sweet out-of-door life, in the sabbath stillness, or quickened and uplifted on the strains of great cathedral music. For Susan was imaginative, in her own homely way, and the casual touches in James's report, which had passed unnoticed at the moment, fitted now into Ranny's little love-story, as a tune will fit the verse it was written for.

As the beautiful Indian-summer day wore on, poor Susan, dramatic, sentimental, soft-hearted, hardly dared look her unsuspecting husband in the eye. And yet his counsel tallied closely with her own inclinations. For the thrifty man, only too ready to agree that this was no case for bribery and corruption, urged upon her the necessity of getting to know the girl better, of winning her confidence, and thus studying how best to circumvent her. And, contrary as this programme was to Susan's frank nature, the initial steps at least were intimately alluring. On nothing was her heart so set, indeed, as upon getting to know Ranny's Biddy.

The enterprise bade fair to be an easy one, for there was something about the child so alive, so expressive, so individual, that she could not set a plate of ice-cream before a customer without some small, unconscious revelation of herself. A trig little hand it was that performed the humble task, and nicely tended, too. Susan

had a feeling for hands; her own were rather pudgy.

"Are your father and mother both Irish?" she asked, next day, vainly striving to feel herself the relentless inquisitor it was her business to be.

"Yes; they was Irish. But they're both dead."

"Oh!" Susan grieved, with instant sincerity. "When did they die?"

"Whin I was a baby."

"You poor little thing! And who brought you up?"

"Me aunt."

"Are you living with her now?"

"No; she's dead, too. But I gets along." Clearly Biddy was not looking for pity.

"How old were you when she died?"

"Fifteen; big enough for a job. I'm seventeen, now," she added, with the pardonable pride of maturity.

And, as question and answer fell, brief and incisive, Susan perceived that Biddy — the Biddy she must get to know — was already emerging, clear-cut as a little cameo.

"And before that you were at school?" she persisted.

"The last year I was takin' care o' me aunt."

"She was ill all that time?"

"Yes; it was her heart." And the girl's voice dropped to a pitiful note as she added, "She suffered awful."

"But you helped her bear the suffering," said Susan warmly; and from that hour they were fast friends, — which did not help matters in the very least.

That Biddy had no lack of friends among her special customers, was patent to any observer. It gave Ranny's mother a turn one day, when a great calf of a boy had the impudence to twitch the girl's apron-string. But, "None o' that," laughed Biddy, serenely adjusting the loosened knot, "or I'll have ye put out o' this!" Whereupon the youngster blushed and grinned and looked a hundred foolish things.

That same afternoon, however, — it

was only Tuesday, — Biddy showed another side, a new phase of that vivacious temperament which she had so well in hand. The tables were nearly all full, when the girl stepped up to an unprepossessing person in a "sporty" necktie, and waited his order. The fellow saw fit to speak so low that Biddy was forced to bend her head, which she did with manifest repugnance. What he said was inaudible to Susan, keenly alert as always, but the effect was electric. Straightening up, the girl flashed back, "I guess I'm too busy to wait on you!"

As she turned away in tingling scorn, the competent siren, already come to seem as chimerical as her sisters of ancient lore, went sailing across the room, and took the discomfited gallant under her protection.

At last, on Thursday, — just one week it was, one anxious, futile, poignant week, from the day James put that fateful question about Ranny, — the professor was brought, much against his will, to expose himself to the seductions of ice-cream at an ungodly hour and, ostensibly at least to bring a trained mind to bear upon the situation. Did Susan have a sneaking hope that he too might succumb to Biddy's artless charm, that he too might own himself baffled and at a loss? If so, she had for once misread the open book that was her husband's mind.

"Well, dear, and how do you feel about it now?" she inquired anxiously, as they passed out into the busy city street, and wended their way to the horse-car, arm in arm, — an unblushing anachronism among the up-to-date populace.

"Feel about it!" he repeated, so gruffly that she could hardly credit her ears. "I feel that you've got to come to an understanding with that girl, and be quick about it too, or *I'll not answer for Ranny!*" As if anybody had thought of answering for Ranny, by the way.

Then Susan knew that matters were serious, — that her husband was bracing himself to take a stand; and she trembled at thought of the consequences. For,

like many another tractable man, the professor had his rare periods of mutiny, when he became irritable, dogmatic, yet fatally ineffective.

They were sitting, as usual at dusk, before the study fire, trying to look the Darby and Joan they could not feel tonight, when suddenly the professor broke the silence.

"Susan," he declared, — and his tone was so accusatory that she felt her courage shrivel up as in a killing frost, — "Susan, you are in love with that girl, yourself!"

It was her own conscience coming to speech on his lips, and she dared make no denial.

"Perhaps I have been foolish, Randidge," she faltered. "But the little thing is so pretty, and so plucky, and so alone!"

"Not so much alone as she had better be!" he asserted harshly; at which, conscience or no conscience, Susan was up in arms.

"Randidge," she cried, "how can you be so unfeeling?"

"I'm not unfeeling," he insisted, grown suddenly didactic and authoritative. "Quite the contrary; I am feeling deeply. But my eyes are opened, and I see things as they are, — things that you, in your lamentable soft-heartedness, are unable to apprehend. I see that you are playing fast and loose with a very critical situation. Here is our son, our only son, exposed to one of the gravest dangers that can beset a young man on the threshold of life, — an ill-assorted marriage — marriage with a young person, —" Susan was holding her tongue by sheer force of will, recognizing the justice of her husband's contention, recognizing her duty to Ranny, yet conscious of a climbing revolt that had nothing whatever to do with reason, — "marriage with a young person," he was saying, "an ignorant, underbred young person, who would be a drag upon him all his life. And just because she has a pretty face and a taking way with her, — I will admit that I observed that trait in her myself, — but just

because of these skin-deep attractions, you are weakly sacrificing your own child, his happiness for life, rather than take the most obvious measures for saving him."

"No, Randidge," Susan interposed, with a slow, fierce self-control. "If you want me to agree with you, you must put it differently."

In the heat of conflict they had not heard the latch-key, nor the closing of the front door, — Ranny was always quiet in his movements, — nor were they aware of his approach, as he halted on the threshold, arrested by the tenor of their talk. This was his concern; he had a right to play the eavesdropper.

"I tell you, Susan," the professor went pounding on, "she is a girl of low extraction, and has lived all her life in a demoralizing atmosphere. Working in a public restaurant of an evening, exposed even by day to such rudeness as you yourself described to me, — walking the street at midnight, subject to still worse affronts, living by herself, with no one to see to it that she leads a decent life —"

There was a menacing light in the eyes of the listener on the threshold, and his hands were clenched till the knuckles showed white, precisely as his mother's were doing, over there in the firelight. But Susan broke in just in time.

"Stop, Randidge," she cried peremptorily. "Stop just where you are! I'm ashamed of you! Yes, I'm ashamed of you! To throw it up against that brave young thing that she lives the life she is obliged to live, — the only life that is open to her, — with no one to protect her, no one to guide her, no one to love her! Has n't she as good a right to all that as any other girl? Has n't she a warm heart, and a sweet soul, and the courage of a little soldier? Is n't she witty, is n't she kind, is n't she good? What more do you want in a young girl?"

"But, Susan," the poor man cried,

vainly trying to stem the flood he had rashly let loose, "her low origin, her lack of education! Why, she can't even speak grammatically!"

"Speak grammatically!" Susan retorted, ruthlessly pouncing on the anticlimax. "Neither did my grandmother Pratt speak grammatically; and that's why we remember what she said! There was some flavor to her sayings! What's the good of everybody talking just alike, as if we were a lot of poll-parrots, huddled together in one cage? And what are we, anyway, you and I? I've never heard of any coronets hanging on our family trees, nor any laurel wreaths either! What's my family? What's yours?" And now Susan had slipped the moorings of a lifetime. "You were nothing but a farmer's boy, with your own way to make, and that's exactly what Biddy's father was in the old country! What have all the women of my family done, more than love their husbands, and bring up their children the best they knew how? I'd like to have you show me a sweeter, better girl than our Ranny's little Biddy, to do just that!"

"Mother!"

It broke like a great sob across her words, and as the professor looked around, dazed and defeated, there were Ranny and his mother, locked in each other's arms, as it were, carved out of a single block, Rodin-fashion; only there was n't any Rodin in those days, that anybody ever heard of.

Susan was the first to break that rap-turous spell.

"Oh, what have I done?" she cried, as one who wakes from a bewildering dream.

"Done!" the professor echoed, settling back in his chair, and thanking Heaven that it had not been his doing.

But in Ranny's face was the look she had seen but once, and this time it was all for his mother.

THE NOVEL TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR.

NOT quite two thousand, since we hardly care to take account of Xenophon's graceful Sunday-school book, the *Cyropædia*, nor of the Milesian fables, of which we know little except that they were not Sunday-school books. Plutarch tells us that an officer in the defeated army of Crassus had a valise stuffed with these same fables, which greatly shocked his Parthian conqueror, though even the grave biographer points out a certain inconsistency in the Parthian's morals, in view of his own domestic arrangements.

Neither are we much concerned with the dreaming philosophy of Plato's Atlantis, nor with the various travel stories that have come to us in fragments, nor with the Alexander legends which were so popular in the Middle Ages. The *Satyricon* of Petronius is more a series of sketches of manners than a unified work, and even Apuleius's *Metamorphoses*, full of grace and full of spirit, is less a complete novel than a tissue of adventures after the fashion of *Gil Blas*.

There are, however, a half-dozen stories belonging to the later period of Greek literature which curiously anticipate certain types of modern fiction. It is characteristic of these books that everything about them is vague. We hardly know the authors' names, nothing of their lives. We do not know the dates of composition, nor which were imitations and which originals. And the contents are vaguer still. Lovers from far countries range through the known world, joyously indifferent to history and chronology, intent on their own affairs and regardless of what takes place about them. They might have told us so much that we should like to know, and they do not. This is the complaint of the learned

Professor Rohde, exhaled at German length in six hundred closely printed pages. Not to be compared with modern novels, he says, — no psychology, no picture of real life at all. And when I read Professor Meyer's pronouncement, in the January *Contemporary Review*, that *Die Wahlverwandtschaften* is the best of German romances, I am obliged to confess that, if that work and *Wilhelm Meister* are the highest types of fiction, Chloe and Chariclea may hide their heads at once.

But the Greek novels were not written for professors. They were read in their own day by those who read Scott and Dumas at present. And I greatly fear *The Three Musketeers* would suit Professors Rohde and Meyer no better than *Clitophon and Leucippe*. The Greek novels were written to amuse and to enchant, not to instruct. Curiously enough, I think we may infer almost certainly from their general character that they were written, as most novels are to-day, for women. And we must imagine to ourselves a Greek lady, with no church fairs and no woman's club to occupy her time, throwing her whole soul into the strange adventures of Callirrhoe and longing unutterably for a husband as brave, as handsome, as devoted as the much-enduring Chæreas. Why should we quarrel with these stories for what they are not? Let us put ourselves in the place of their readers and inquire what those readers found in them.

And first, and everywhere, and always, there is love. Anatole France charmingly misquotes Gremio in *The Taming of the Shrew* as requiring of books only "*qu'ils soient bien reliés et qu'ils parlent d'amour.*" The Greek romances may or

may not be beautifully bound, but assuredly they speak of love and of nothing else. Psychologically, no; that is not their way. But love in its tenderness, its grace, its early and youthful pathos, they often depict with extraordinary charm. "For never yet was anyone born loveless, or will be, while beauty is or eyes behold. But may the god spare me, even while I write of others' woes," says one author. Anthia and Abrocomas meet at last in the temple, after years of separation and torment and despair. "They knew each other at once, such was the overwhelming longing of their souls. And they embraced each other again and again. And their knees sank under them, in a tide of passions hardly to be borne, joy, grief, fear, the remembrance of things past, the agony and doubt of things to come."

What is distinctive in these stories, as in Greek literature generally, is the conception of love as a visitation and scourge of God, not as a weakness to be ashamed of, nor as a pretty sentiment to be nursed and cherished. Sainte-Beuve, in his essay on Theocritus, has admirably analyzed the difference between ancient and modern feeling in this matter. Love to the Greek poet was a malady, a fierce affliction; but the sense of its divine origin ennobled the physical torment and made the passion of Medea and Dido a strange blend of bodily and spiritual ecstasy.

It was just the lack of this essential mingling of soul and sense which Macaulay meant to indicate when he said that Southey's heroines loved "either like seraphim or like cattle." And the Greek attitude has never been better summed up than in Euripides's line, —

Κύρις γὰρ οὐ φορητὸν ἦν πολλὰ ῥυτί, —

so finely paraphrased by Horace, —

In me tota ruit Venus;

and by Racine, —

C'est Vénus toute entière à sa proie attachée.

Phædra and Dido are doubtless a good way above the heroines of our Greek novels; but the point of view is the same.

Love comes like a thunderclap. The heart is free, and the god envelops it and blasts it all in a moment. As Juliet speaks ten words to Romeo and droops and withers, —

"If he be married,

My grave is like to be my wedding bed," —

so Callirrhoe sees Chæreas on her way to the temple and is lost. "The maiden fell at the feet of the goddess and kissed them and said, 'Sweet lady, give me to my husband the man whom you have showed me now.'" And she went home and pined away and was not to be comforted, till they gave her Chæreas. Then "like a lamp that has burned low, when you pour fresh oil on it, she glowed and gleamed again, in fresher, and brighter, and more perfect loveliness."

As with love, so with the beauty that enkindles it. The heroines of modern novels are as beautiful as language can make them, undoubtedly. But here again, the Greek attitude is different. It is not a matter of hair and eyes and color. There is very little description in detail. It is the Greek feeling of something divine in beauty, an adoration of pure lines and graceful bearing as in themselves almost inseparable from grace and nobility of soul. The impression given is quite as much of a different sense in the beholder as of a satisfying perfection in the thing beheld.

Note also that the mere physical beauty of the hero counts almost equally with that of the heroine. "When Abrocomas took his place among the young men, although the aspect of the maidens was very tempting, everyone forgot them in gazing at him, and the multitude, carried away by the sight of him, cried out, 'How fair is Abrocomas, fairer than ever mortal was before, and the very image of a glorious deity.'" Almost, not quite, so long as the writer is a man, even though a Greek. "Then Chariclea, chaste and lovely, issued from the temple, and we realised at once that Theagenes was surpassed, but surpassed by only so much

as it is natural for the beauty of woman to overshadow the beauty of man."

Perhaps it is in regard to Callirrhoe, the heroine of Chariton, that this public and general adoration of beauty reaches its highest pitch. And if there is something fantastic about it, there is also something sincere and genuine, which testifies to a real basis of human experience. Callirrhoe is summoned to the court of the great king. As she approaches the capital, a rival beauty comes out to meet her, but is completely eclipsed. "All the people strained not only their eyes, but their souls, one crowding before another, to get as near a view of her as possible. For the countenance and the glory of Callirrhoe possessed the eyes of all, as in the depth of night the sudden flashing of a splendid star. The barbarians, overcome, bowed down and worshiped her, and no one even seemed aware that her rival was present." A more humorous phase of the same thing is the naïve remark of Callirrhoe herself, when starting on one of her numerous wanderings: "I don't care so much about the length of the journey, but I am afraid that somebody over there may find me lovely, too."

If the heroes of these stories excel the modern article in physical beauty, it is by no means the same in other respects. Our friends, the German professors, are very indignant with the Greek hero for his selfishness and his pusillanimity. They forget that he was a Greek, not a German or an Englishman. The heroes of the *Iliad* fight like tigers, but they also run away and feel no shame for it. They brag and scold and jibe and weep and groan. So do Theagenes and Chæreas. The latter is advised to forego the sight of his love. "He did not like it, though he did his best; and the tears ran down his cheeks." Whenever this same gentleman meets trouble, he has immediate recourse to suicide, and has to be either cut down or pulled out by some accommodating friend. Hysmine is thrown overboard by pirates, and her lover stands by and sees it done. Clitophon loses

Leucippe: "Six months had now passed and the greater part of my grief had disappeared." A little later he is caught by a rival and beaten: "I was much puzzled, having no idea who the man was, nor why he was beating me; but I suspected something was wrong and therefore made no effort to resist, though of course I might have done so. When he was tired of beating and I of philosophizing, I got up and said, 'Who are you anyhow? And what are you beating me for?'" Imagine a hero of Mr. Winston Churchill behaving after this fashion, or even a hero of Scott.

Yet the Greek heroes come out strong at times, with an inconsistency which, if unheroic, is not wholly unhuman. After all his weeping and mourning, Theagenes baits a bull single-handed and has a jollily impossible wrestling-bout with a "bony prizer," whom Orlando would have hesitated to face. Chæreas, shaking off his suicidal melancholia, regains his bride by leading a rebel army, besieging cities, and smashing the navy of Persia. Above all, the most striking merit of these romantic lovers is their constancy, which a modern novelist would naturally assume, but would hardly portray in such vivid fashion. Every one of them sticks to his love, in spite of the most enticing and fascinating blandishments, and even of stripes and torture. This trait is easy to ridicule; but it is really most significant. In the first place, it confirms our suspicion that these stories were largely written for women. And even more than that, it seems oddly out of keeping with our usual ideas of pagan morality.

The heroines are worth constancy, however; and in making them distinctly superior to their lovers, the Greek novelists have Shakespeare, at any rate, if not human nature, on their side. Chariclea, Anthia, and Callirrhoe are far more than beautiful, they are truly charming: simple, tender, affectionate, brave, self-forgetful. They will lie occasionally, for the good of the cause. What Greek would not? But otherwise they are quite fault-

less, and not offensively so. For spirit can you beat Chariclea, shooting arrow after arrow, like Artemis, or a Harding Davis girl with a revolver, at the pirates who are fighting for the possession of herself and her lover? And for tenderness, how about Anthia, who implores Abrocomas to save them both from cruel persecution by accepting the hand of the pirate's daughter? "I know you love me more than the whole world; but I beseech you, O sovereign of my soul, not to destroy yourself by braving the wrath of the barbarian. Yield to the tyrant's desire, and I will not come between you, but will kill myself. Only, I beg of you, bury me, and love me a little, and do not forget Anthia."

The most curious difference between these ancient heroines and their modern successors is that Callirrhoe and Anthia, at least, are married when the story begins. Therefore, instead of the old business of the lover seeking his beloved, we have husband and wife, separated, and faithful, and longing for each other unspeakably, and reunited at last. And that seems to give a different and peculiar charm and tender piquancy, which makes one wonder that modern novelists have not been tempted oftener by the theme. Callirrhoe, sold into slavery and about to become a mother, hesitates between death and second marriage, but finally decides on the latter alternative, as the only means of saving her child. Her prayer to Aphrodite seems to me singularly touching in its absolute simplicity: "I beseech thee, sweet lady, be kinder to me in the future. I have suffered enough. I have died and come to life again. I have been afflicted by pirates and more afflicted in escaping from them. And now I have been sold into slavery, and am to enter upon a second marriage which is to me the worst evil of all. Yet, in return for this, I ask only one favor of thee, and through thee, of all the other gods: spare my child." She would have said more, but her tears would not permit."

Other characters besides the heroes

and heroines there are in the Greek novels practically none; shadows, puppets, figures of circumstance, playing their part in the action, — nothing more.

Likewise there is little local color: no description of frocks or furniture or back-alleys or afternoon-teas, such as French realists would revel in and German doctors gloat over. Heliodorus hangs up his narrative for the space of a book to tell us about some tedious Egyptian ceremonial; but he does it awkwardly, and hurries back as soon as possible to the rushing stream of adventure which is his proper business.

Ah, the adventure! For quantity nobody has piled it up before or since like these Greeks. The editor of a popular magazine for young people is reported to have said to the late Elijah Kellogg, "Why don't you write more for us?" And Kellogg answered, "It's too wasteful: you want incident enough in one short story to last me through six volumes." But the most popular editor would be satisfied here. With a little good-will you may find everything that has been invented and reinvented by all the novelists of yesterday and to-day. Read the opening of *Theagenes and Chariclea*. It might have served as well for G. P. R. James. "The morn was just breaking and the sunlight had tipped the mountain-tops, when a band of armed robbers paused upon the summit of a hill which overlooks one of the branches of the Nile delta. First their glances swept the sea, but in the piratical line there was nothing doing. Then they gazed along the coast, and this is what they saw."

Long ago it was pointed out that Juliet's drinking the potion and awaking in the tomb had been anticipated by Anthia, the heroine of Xenophon of Ephesus, who in his turn probably borrowed from some one else. So the marriage of Chæreas and Callirrhoe reconciles two houses who have been in bitter feud. And again Chæreas is driven mad with jealousy by Callirrhoe's maid who personates her mistress, as in *Much Ado about Nothing*.

These are mere trifles, however, in the furious tide of incident, which sweeps the reader along from one breathless page to another. Earthquakes and cataclysms, perils by sea, perils by land, murder, threat of murder, and thrilling rescue from murder, separations and recognitions, ordeals by fire and water, strawberry marks on the left arm — nothing is wanting. Anthia is twice buried alive, the second time with two starved dogs for company; but she escapes, — don't you wonder how? Chariclea is to be burned alive, but the flames will not touch her. Abrocomas is crucified; but a fierce wind blows him, cross and all, into the river. He is fished out again, and a fire is kindled around him; but the river rises and extinguishes the blaze. Leucippe has her entrails torn open before her lover's eyes; but she reappears, cheerful as ever. Later her head is cut off, also in her lover's sight; but, like the heroine of Sidney's *Arcadia*, after a similar experience, she reappears again. "O Leucippe, Leucippe," cries the lover, not unnaturally somewhat discouraged, "you have died on me so very, very often!" It reminds one of the Irish maid who exclaimed, on occasion of her mistress's third widowhood, "That poor lady's husband has died again."

Then there are the pirates: other diversions may fail, but the pirates are with us always. You may know them by their terrible aspect, and especially by their long hair. If Mr. Howard Pyle would only draw a few, with haggard eyes, and spots of gore, and always with that long hair! I commend this remark of Heliodorus to Mr. Pyle's particular attention: "These fellows do everything they can to appear blood-curdling. Above all, they grow their hair down over their eyes and on to their shoulders, knowing well that long hair makes lovers more lovely, but pirates more awful." Such a gorgeous fight as begins *Theagenes and Chariclea*, when the pirates divide into two parties and kill each other, every last man, while the hero and heroine take a hand at con-

venient intervals, and otherwise placidly await the result. Chassang complains that these are not real pirates, but the comic-opera variety. Bless his professorial heart! Does he suppose the readers of these stories wanted real pirates? "That were enough to hang us all, every mother's son." They must roar, but they must roar gently as any sucking dove, so as not to affright the duchess and the ladies.

All this is, of course, very primitive, very crude, inartistic, and overloaded. Yet sometimes it moves you. "So long as the human nerves are what they are, so long will things like the sounding of the horn, in the famous fifth act of *Hernani*, produce a thrill in us," says Matthew Arnold. I was glad myself that Leucippe came to life again. So with the repetition of the same incidents. The German critics complain bitterly of this, though how could it have been helped, when the first writer had used everything that exists in nature? But the point is that readers like what they know; witness the extraordinary limitation of our modern historical novels to the Stuarts and Valois. Sarcey's two rules apply to novels as to lecturing: be sure you make your material your own, and never tell your audience anything they did not know before. Again, Rohde grumbles because all these adventures are external, no psychology, no inward analysis at all. But inward analysis was not what readers wanted — or want to-day. To simple minds, violent incidents are the natural stuff of fiction. To simple minds, earthquake, shipwreck, pirates, lust, and bloody murder, are beautifully simple; what is complex and laborious and subtly difficult is the adventures of the soul. And he who cannot render his mind simple, for a few hours at least, is not to be envied, but pitied.

But it is their possible reality which most of all distinguishes the adventures of the Greek novels from the modern. Our pirates exist only in the hirsute and rubicund imagination of Mr. Howard Pyle. But to the Greek lady a pirate was

a splendid actual shudder, who might at any moment tear her away and put her through all the torments endured by Chariclea or Callirrhoe. To understand how literal these violent incidents were, we have only to turn from popular fiction to the real experience of Saint Paul, in a period very little earlier than that of our romances: "Thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned, thrice I suffered shipwreck, a day and a night have I been in the deep; in journeyings often, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils in the sea, in perils among false brethren." It would be difficult to make a more concise catalogue of the adventures by which the luckless Greek novelists excite the wrath of the learned Rohde.

There is so little mystery left in the world nowadays, that we do not understand what the word meant two thousand years ago. Now the unknown is only a spot about the poles,¹ and perhaps a bit of Asia or Africa, even that tramped over by presidents with caravans and cameras. Then it was all unknown. What strange surprises, what sudden thrills, what wonders, what miracles, awaited the imagination as soon as it strayed from the accustomed nook! And as with the material world, so with the spiritual. Nothing of the dry certainty of modern thought, indifferent to the casual interplay of winds and tides, measuring, weighing, balancing even the brute forces that overwhelm it. With those old people there was always the sense of the unseen, of dim powers, of hidden personalities, some loving, some hating, some mocking, all to be courted and appeased. The presence of these things is constantly felt in the Greek novels; and while it is, doubtless, in part, as scornful critics suggest, rhetorical and literary, it also unquestionably reaches down into genuine depths of spiritual disturbance and dismay. The long picture-

¹ Too many cooks have spoiled even this broth now — October 28.

esque narrative of Apuleius is a mine of supernatural matter: witchcraft, spells, transformations, oracles, and dreams. Dreams especially are the stock in trade of the Greek romancers; young and old hearken after them as eagerly as Hebrew prophets. And omens, and oracles, — now and then there is a skeptical jibe, but the usual tone is to interpret and believe.

And the land which above all others abounds in such things is the paradise of all the novelists, Egypt. They may start their characters in Greece, or Sicily, or Syria; but somehow or other Egypt always gets hold of them at last. "Tell a story about Egypt and all Greece is agog at once," says Heliodorus. Obviously because of the contrast. Greece was clear, bright-eyed, simple, living in the present. Egypt was always dreaming of the past, and forgotten glory, and the dead. It is properly in Egypt that this same Heliodorus lays the grimmest of all his inventions, that of the old woman calling her dead son to life by incantations, that he may tell her of his brother's fate. Heine, as quick as any one who ever lived to seize these contradictions, has set Greece and Egypt over against each other in his discussion of Shakespeare's Cleopatra. "You know Egypt, that mysterious Mizraim, that narrow Nile valley, which looks like a coffin. In the tall bulrushes lurks the crocodile, or the outcast child of revelation. Rock temples, with colossal pillars, and sacred monsters leaning against them, high-colored hideously. In the portal nods a priest of Isis, his cap all hieroglyphs. In lofty villas, mummies dream away the world, screened by their gold shrouds from the swarming armies of corruption. Like dumb thoughts rise the thin obelisks and the fat pyramids. In the background soar the moon mountains of Æthiopia, hiding forever the sources of the Nile. Everywhere death, stone, and mystery. And over this land the lovely Greek, Cleopatra, is queen."

Yet superstition and religion are never far apart. And the spiritual attitude of the Greek heroes and heroines is not

wholly abject, but sometimes has a very pure and tender charm. It has been urged, indeed, and with some reason, that their prayers are too often addressed to Chance, Tyche: in Malvolio's phrase, "Fortune, all is Fortune." But even the austere Æschylus acknowledges the same wayward deity, "Fortune, our saviour." Souls naturally devout may revere the spiritual reality under very different names, and the prayers of Chariclea and Callirrhoe have genuine fervor, though offered to gods who do not seem to us very godlike.

It is with morals as with religion. I have been surprised to find in these stories, or some of them, a tone quite different from what one might expect. To be sure, they did not satisfy the Christians, who endeavored to meet the inborn craving for romance with fiction of their own, creating endless legends of the saints, such as the tale of Cyprian and Justina, which gave a foundation to Calderon's *Wonder-Working Magician*, or that of Saint Thais the penitent, which has made its way into modern novel and opera. The morals of Greek romance are not in every way our morals, especially in the light regard for truth which I have already spoken of as troubling us in otherwise most charming heroines. Nevertheless, there is a singular sweetness of tone, a kindness, an element of human sympathy; there is a high estimate of virtue and goodness, even where they are not habitually practiced; most remarkable of all, there is an entire seriousness in the treatment of moral questions, an almost naïve sincerity; nothing whatsoever, absolutely nothing, of the leer of Ariosto and Boccaccio, or even of the riotous coarseness of Chaucer and Rabelais. This delicacy of tone is perhaps the most peculiar thing about the Greek novels, and is especially what convinces me that they must have been written for women.

There is a difference, however, and the novels may be divided quite sharply into two groups. Heliodorus, Xenophon, and Chariton deserve the compliments I have

just been paying them. They evidently write with a moral instinct, though there are trifling inconsistencies of detail. Artistically, also, they stand together. Their object is to tell a story that shall thrill and stir and startle. Heliodorus does it with a better grace, the others with more naturalness. But none of the three cares for much besides adventure, incident, sentiment, and virtue properly rewarded.

The other group, consisting of Longus and Tatius, is more exceptionable from a moral point of view, but as literature much more interesting. Tatius's morals are hardly suited for discussion, though even with him there is no cynicism, merely an attitude totally different from ours. But as a writer he is of distinct importance, a true lover of words, and a consummate master of them.

Even more important is Longus, with his *Daphnis and Chloe*, and here we have the only one of these Greek stories that really deserves very serious consideration as matter of art. The moral difficulty, does, indeed, again confront us. But on rereading the book, I feel more than ever that there is neither impurity nor corruption, simply Greek nudity, a nudity not possible in modern English, but in no way ugly or offensive with the ugliness and offensiveness of many French plays and novels.

The little romance is really a poem, the last flowering of old Greek beauty, the last relic of that pastoral grace which holds us enthralled in the pages of Theocritus. Even as a story it is on a different plane from Heliodorus and the rest. There is the same use of incident, pirates, etc.; but the strange happenings have more of divine fitness and poetic beauty: as when Chloe, by merely playing on the pipe of Pan, makes all the stolen herd crowd to the side of the pirate ship, overturn it, and swim safe to shore with the triumphant Daphnis.

And the magic of the style is much greater than that of the story. Rhetoric, say the critics, and contrast the sweet *naïveté* of the old French translation by

Amyot. No one need deny the merits of Amyot, nor maintain that the original is naïve in exactly Amyot's fashion. He wrote at the beginning of a literature, Longus at the end. But a great writer is a great writer always. The simplicity of *Hermann und Dorothea* is a conscious simplicity. The simplicity of Wordsworth is a conscious simplicity. What can be more exquisite than the simplicity of M. Anatole France? Yet we know that it is the studied result of the most subtle literary art. So Longus was cunning in every resource of rhythm and diction, but he used these resources with taste and skill and delicacy to produce something very near a masterpiece.

At any rate, this was the opinion of Goethe. "The whole work," he said to Eckermann, "shows art and refined cultivation of the highest order, . . . a taste, a sense of perfection, a delicacy of sentiment comparable to the very best. . . . One would do well to reread it every year to renew the impression in all its freshness." What charmed Goethe most was, of course, the pastoral grace of the story, its exquisitely pure and simple lines. "The landscape," he cried, "the landscape. It is sketched with a few strokes . . . so that behind the figures we see clearly the meadows, the river, the low woods, and far away the infinite sea. No trace of gloom, or clouds, or raw, dank mist; always a sky of purest blue, an air deliciously soft, and the earth so dry and sweet that you could lie on it all day without a garment."

Precisely this purity of outline makes Longus difficult to translate, and without the gift of Amyot, perhaps it is rash to attempt such a thing; yet we must have one passage, at least. Chloe, hardly more than a child, is touched by love for Daphnis and does not understand it. "'I am ill at ease,' she said; 'yet I know not what ails me. I suffer, but no cause of

suffering appears. I am troubled, yet no one of my lambs has gone astray. . . . How many thorns have pricked me and I have not wept. How many bees have stung me, yet I have eaten gaily afterwards. But this bites my heart more cruelly than thorns or bees. Daphnis is fair. So are the flowers. His pipe sounds sweetly. So do the nightingales. But neither nightingales nor flowers are anything to me. Would I were a pipe, that he might breathe upon me. Would I were a lamb that he might shepherd me. . . . I am perishing, sweet nymphs, and not even you will save the maiden you have reared. Who will honor you, when I have gone away? Who will feed my wretched lambs? Who will tend my babbling cicada? Him I captured with much toil, that he might sing me to sleep sitting in the shadow of your cave. Now I lie awake for Daphnis, and the poor captive babbles in vain."

But it should be read in the original, not in my translation, nor even in Amyot's. So only can one get the charm of it, that Greek something which is lost now, and which neither the mystery of the Middle Age, nor the splendor of the Renaissance, nor the human sympathy of the nineteenth century can quite replace; that something which Goethe meant when he said, "The art of all other times and nations requires some allowance; to the Greeks alone are we always debtor." No one has more delicately analyzed this charm of Greek life and work than Sainte-Beuve, in his delightful essay on Theocritus, from which I have already quoted. In a few words of translation and comment he sums up the whole matter: "'Thus let me sit and sing, having thee in my arms, beholding our two herds mingled together and far below us the Sicilian sea.' That is what I call the Raphael in Theocritus: three simple lines, and the blue horizon crowning all."

OGRIN THE HERMIT

BY EDITH WHARTON

Vous qui nous jugez, savez-vous quel boire nous avons bu sur la mer ?

*Ogrin the Hermit in old age set forth
This tale to them that sought him in the extreme
Ancient grey wood where he and silence housed :*

Long years ago, when yet my sight was keen,
My hearing knew the word of wind in bough,
And all the low fore-runners of the storm,
There reached me, where I sat beneath my thatch,
A crash as of tracked quarry in the brake,
And storm-flecked, fugitive, with straining breasts
And backward eyes and hands inseparable,
Tristan and Iseult, swooning at my feet,
Sought hiding from their hunters. Here they lay.

For pity of their great extremity,
Their sin abhorring, yet not them with it,
I nourished, hid, and suffered them to build
Their branchèd hut in sight of this grey cross,
That haply, falling on their guilty sleep,
Its shadow should part them like the blade of God,
And they should shudder at each other's eyes.

So dwelt they in this solitude with me,
And daily, Tristan forth upon the chase,
The tender Iseult sought my door and heard
The words of holiness. Abashed she heard,
Like one in wisdom nurtured from a child,
Yet in whose ears an alien language dwells
Of some far country whence the traveller brings
Magical treasure, and still images
Of gods forgotten, and the scent of groves
That sleep by painted rivers. As I have seen
Oft-times returning pilgrims with the spell

Of these lost lands upon their lids, she moved
Among familiar truths, accustomed sights,
As she to them were strange, not they to her.
And often, reasoning with her, have I felt
Some ancient lore was in her, dimly drawn
From springs of life beyond the four-fold stream
That makes a silver pale to Paradise;
For she was calm as some forsaken god
Who knows not that his power is passed from him,
But sees with tranced eyes rich pilgrim-trains
In sands the desert blows about his feet.

Abhorring first, I heard her; yet her speech
Warred not with pity, or the contrite heart,
Or hatred of things evil: rather seemed
The utterance of some world where these are not,
And the heart lives in heathen innocence
With earth's innocuous creatures. For she said:
"Love is not, as the shallow adage goes,
A witch's filter, brewed to trick the blood.
The cup we drank of on the flying deck
Was the blue vault of air, the round world's lip,
Brimmed with life's hydromel, and pressed to ours
By myriad hands of wind and sun and sea.
For these are all the cup-bearers of youth,
That bend above it at the board of life,
Solicitous accomplices: there's not
A leaf on bough, a foam-flash on the wave,
So brief and glancing but it serves them too;
No scent the pale rose spends upon the night,
Nor sky-lark's rapture trusted to the blue,
But these, from the remotest tides of air
Brought in mysterious salvage, breathe and sing
In lovers' lips and eyes; and two that drink
Thus onely of the strange commingled cup
Of mortal fortune shall into their blood
Take magic gifts. Upon each others' hearts
They shall surprise the heart-beat of the world,
And feel a sense of life in things inert;
For as love's touch upon the yielded body
Is a diviner's wand, and where it falls

A hidden treasure trembles: so their eyes,
Falling upon the world of clod and brute,
And cold hearts plotting evil, shall discern
The inextinguishable flame of life
That girdles the remotest frame of things
With influences older than the stars."

So spake Iseult; and thus her passion found
Far-flying words, like birds against the sunset
That look on lands we see not. Yet I know
It was not any argument she found,
But that she was, the colour that life took
About her, that thus reasoned in her stead,
Making her like a lifted lantern borne
Through midnight thickets, where the fitting ray
Momently from inscrutable darkness draws
A myriad-veined branch, and its shy nest
Quivering with startled life: so moved Iseult.
And all about her this deep solitude
Stirred with responsive motions. Oft I knelt
In night-long vigil while the lovers slept
Under their outlawed thatch, and with long prayers
Sought to disarm the indignant heavens; but lo,
Thus kneeling in the intertidal hour
'T wixt dark and dawning, have mine eyes beheld
How the old gods that hide in these hoar woods,
And were to me but shapings of the air,
And flit and murmur of the breathing trees,
Or slant of moon on pools — how these stole forth,
Grown living presences, yet not of bale,
But innocent-eyed as fawns that come to drink,
Thronging the threshold where the lovers lay,
In service of the great god housed within
Who hides in his breast, beneath his mighty plumes,
The purposes and penalties of life.
Or in yet deeper hours, when all was still,
And the hushed air bowed over them alone,
Such music of the heart as lovers hear,
When close as lips lean, lean the thoughts between —
When the cold world, no more a lonely orb
Circling the unimagined track of Time,

Is like a beating heart within their hands,
A numb bird that they warm, and feel its wings —
Such music have I heard; and through the prayers
Wherewith I sought to shackle their desires,
And bring them humbled to the feet of God,
Caught the loud quiring of the fruitful year,
The leap of springs, the throb of loosened earth,
And the sound of all the streams that seek the sea.

So fell it, that when pity moved their hearts,
And those high lovers, one unto the end,
Bowed to the sundering will, and each his way
Went through a world that could not make them twain,
Knowing that a great vision, passing by,
Had swept mine eye-lids with its fringe of fire,
I, with the wonder of it on my head,
And with the silence of it in my heart,
Forth to Tintagel went by secret ways,
A long lone journey; and from them that loose
Their spiced bales upon the wharves, and shake
Strange silks to the sun, or covertly unbosom
Rich hoard of pearls and amber, or let drip
Through swarthy fingers links of sinuous gold,
Chose their most delicate treasures. Though I knew
No touch more silken than this knotted gown,
My hands, grown tender with the sense of her,
Discerned the airiest tissues, light to cling
As shower-loosed petals, veils like meadow-smoke,
Fur soft as snow, amber like sun congealed,
Pearls pink as may-buds in an orb of dew;
And laden with these wonders, that to her
Were natural as the vesture of a flower,
Fared home to lay my booty at her feet.

And she, consenting, nor with useless words
Proving my purpose, robed herself therein
To meet her lawful lord; but while she thus
Prisoned the wandering glory of her hair,
Dimmed her bright breast with jewels, and subdued
Her light to those dull splendours, well she knew
The lord that I adorned her thus to meet

THE LOST ART OF AMBLING

Was not Tintagel's shadowy King, but he,
 That other lord beneath whose plummy feet
 The currents of the seas of life run gold
 As from eternal sunrise; well she knew
 That when I laid my hands upon her head,
 Saying, "Fare forth forgiven," the words I spoke
 Were the breathings of his pity, who beholds
 How, swept on his inexorable wings
 Too far beyond the planetary fires
 On the last coasts of darkness, plunged too deep
 In light ineffable, the heart amazed
 Swoons of its glory, and dropping back to earth
 Craves the dim shelter of familiar sounds,
 The rain on the roof, the noise of flocks that pass,
 And the slow world waking to its daily round. . . .

And thus, as one who speeds a banished queen,
 I set her on my mule, and hung about
 With royal ornament she went her way;
 For meet it was that this great Queen should pass
 Crowned and forgiven from the face of Love.

THE LOST ART OF AMBLING

BY HOLBROOK WHITE

THE word *preamble* might as well be omitted from the dictionary. Words must not loiter about, cumbering the language, when that which they stand for has become obsolete. Too many new recruits stand waiting for a place in the ranks. And we no longer indulge in ambles. The race of amblers is as undeniably extinct as the mound-builders. An ingenuous youth, like him of Oxford who queried "What *are* Keats?" might reasonably suppose the Preamblers to have been cousins-german of the Pre-Adamites.

Yet ambling was once considered an exceeding pleasant mode of progression,

and the preamble a sensible way of making ready, getting in tune, for an excursion in any direction whatsoever. There was a time when a prologue was quite an essential part of the performance, on the opening night of a play. Garrick came down to the footlights to pronounce serious lines written, perhaps, by Johnson, for the occasion; or Peg Woffington or Mrs. Abington tripped from behind the scenes to recite, with smiles and curtseys, a witty prelude by a Restoration dramatist.

Once, too, it was considered eminently fitting that an author provide a preface

for his book, setting forth the reason of his sally into print, the direction in which he was going, and the way he proposed to manage the expedition. What with dedicatory epistles, apologies, and introductions of all sorts, the preliminary exercises wellnigh equaled in length the subject-matter that followed. As an old essayist once candidly admitted to his readers, they were kept standing a long time in the porch.

Even in works of fiction, a preface stood to introduce the tale. Scott furnished his novels with whole chapters in which one is conducted slowly to the story by such voluble gentlemen-ushers as Captain Clutterbuck and Jedediah Cleishbotham. On the way one learns a little about the story-in-waiting, and a good deal concerning the Captain's *penchant* for Gothic arches, and the worthy Jedediah's responsible position in the renowned town of Gandercleugh. But who ever wished the way shorter or the guides dumb?

Preluding remarks are no longer in order. Were Garrick himself to revisit the stare of the footlights, his prologue would languish unheard; for we do not arrive at the play until sometime during the first act. Stories are expected to plunge *in medias res*, shallow or deep, as the case may be, without hesitation. The solitary horseman who used to take his way, in the first chapter, through the landscape illumined by the rays of a setting sun, proceeded at so slow a pace along the winding road, that we became tolerably well acquainted with him by the time he reined in his steed at the castle gate. We could greet him, as free from embarrassment as the servant who answered his summons.

But now, our stories begin somewhat in this wise: "She looked at him with a radiant smile that led him to believe he had found a clue to the mystery."

Such a lack of ceremony is perturbing to any one naturally diffident. One feels as if a lasso had suddenly coiled about one's neck, slung from the hand of a galloping horseman rods away. One can
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but gasp — and run — urged forward by the jerks of that speed-compeller.

A good deal of the "reviewing" that attends this seven-league-booted fiction keeps pace with it. Judgments are meted out with the rapidity and vehemence of a Gatling gun, if not with its capacity for sure aim, or the effectiveness of its missiles. "A gripping story of tremendous power." "The greatest novel of the year." "The most remarkable work of the age." Met in every direction by these "criticisms," we cannot but reflect regretfully on the caution — and the temper — of those three early critics in the land of Uz, who, when they came into the presence of their "subject," sat down upon the ground seven days and nights and spake not a word. We need a few reviewers like Zophar the Naamathite, with his curt remonstrance, "Should a man full of talk be justified?"

There used to be a fine saying, extremely popular as a theme for Commencement eloquence, "Italy lies over the Alps." Some of those who wrote dissertations on the subject, strewn with metaphors as Vallombrosan brooks with leaves, afterwards sought a real Italy, over real Alps, remembering, with a smile and a sigh, their youthful effusions. It was all there, — just as they had described it: the dolorous passes, the bleak heights, the threatening precipices, the stress, the danger. But they discovered the enthralling interest of that august mountain wall, and were astonished to find that Italy, smiling at the foot of those southern slopes, lost something of the glamour it had worn as the end of pilgrimage, and one's heart remained in the highlands, that Via Mala which had been the barrier to the goal.

Italy still lies on the other side of the Alps. But the way to it, for eager tourists, is through the mountains, not over them. One does not "seek Italy." One emerges upon Italy from the mouth of a black, smoke - and - cinder - pervaded tunnel. Likewise the young traveler of the essays, who was described as seeking the goal of

his endeavors over heights appalling and through gorges fearsome, may now, light of heart, avail himself of the "short cut." The short cut is convenient, and convenience is a quality not lightly to be esteemed — but it is not usually picturesque. We feel no lively admiration for a vessel that slides toward its destination over the flat, safe water of a canal, though the canal itself be a marvel of engineering skill; but let that same vessel undertake the voyage through the boisterous waters that welter about Cape Horn, and we follow the story of its passage with thrills and shivers, and greet with cheers the record of its entry into the desired haven.

Moreover, the tolls collected on these short cuts are oftentimes astonishingly large. Some one must pay for the bridge that has been built, for the scooping out of the canal, for the cutting of the tunnel; and each passer-over is called upon, first or last, for a contribution. The greater the difficulties that have been overcome in the construction, so much the heavier the toll. Just as inevitably are contributions levied on those who choose to go "across lots" to success in any direction. They pay toll.

One encounters on every side solicitations to enter upon one or another of these short routes; solicitations advanced in the spirit of the old Sunday-School refrain, "Dare to be a Daniel!"

Learn to be a diplomatist. Statecraft taught by mail. Success guaranteed.

A boy who has set his face resolutely toward commercial enterprise or mechanical devising, thinks he cannot stop to sing of *arma virumque*, or to learn that *sunt lacrimæ rerum*. He asks that the schools, instead of delaying him in his start into business, shall assist him in that very starting. Hence the sound of the clicking of typewriters, and the buzz of revolving wheels, in rooms once dedicated to the cadences of hexameters. Hence, perhaps, also, the failure of that lad, by and by, to grasp some of the finer meanings in lessons set him by the world,

his master, and his pitiful inability to discern, and to share in,

The sense of tears in mortal things.

He will not be the one to respond quickly to the "note" sounded by those soldiers of Cromwell who, on the gray morning of conflict, halted in the cold and the mist to pray and sing psalms to the Lord of Battles. The cry of his hero will be, "Up, guards, and at them!"

It is true the world's business seems to require haste. With specialists burrowing through the mountain of facts like steam-drills, it takes a youth with a far-seeing steadfastness, akin to genius, to take up his way over the mountain, in order that he may have clear air and wide prospects, and dream dreams under the stars. Specialists are, doubtless, they who shall inherit the earth. The "meek" will have to make shift as residuary legatees. And since for each generation of specialists there is a lengthening road to be run over before the standpoint of the former generation is reached, it will soon be necessary, in the nature of things, for a specialist to start on his career in the cradle.

Something of the kind is already provided for. A kindergartner is taught to distinguish the colors and forms of birds, butterflies, and various other things. As a primary scholar he must name these various things. In the next room he draws them; a little later he collects them; and by the time he graduates from the schools he may be a full-fledged naturalist. Technical high schools are being established through the breadth of the land. Some of our cities are even trying the experiment of allowing a boy to spend alternate weeks in the school and in a specified factory. From the time the specialist has decided "not to live but know," his line of way is about as straight, and as narrow, and as vacant of romance, as the towing-path of a canal. To urge forward that reluctant horse, to keep his own feet in that narrow path, until nightfall, is what life means to him. Of distant prospects, of humble interests

near at hand, of what Stevenson calls "the human scenery" along his route, he must be unregardful. He reminds one of those contemporaries of the letter-writer, James Howell, who provoked the genial old gossip into saying of them, "they travel much, but see little, like Jonah in the whale."

With such competitors in the field, it is not surprising that most young people scorn the leisurely spirit hinted at in Lamb's remark: "Mushrooms scramble up in a night, diamonds lie a long time ripening." Indeed, the account given, in a recent magazine, of examination-papers submitted at a certain government test, does not encourage the belief that diamonds lie "ripening" in large quantities in the training schools. When a student, after a four years' course at one of these technical institutions, has become convinced that, "Alexander the Great was a Roman general who conquered Gaul and Palestine," that the Ganges is in South America; and, when he is asked the cause of the Civil War, gives his opinion that "slavery was the main aggritation. So Carolina done most of the disputting and finely ceceeded," we may, not unfairly, judge his education to be a "scrambling up."

Whether Alexander the Great was a Roman conquering Palestine, or an early Briton campaigning in China, may seem an entirely irrelevant question; whether Carolina decided "to ceceed or not to ceceed," may appear a small matter to a scurrying student in the twentieth century. Perhaps they are small matters, but the pity of it is that he is content to think so. He is paying toll, without being aware of it. When a government official decides that because of this disregard of small matters the boy is not the one to attend to the coveted greater matters at West Point, then he feelingly pays toll.

As long ago as Swift was recording the foibles that his keen eyes were noting in those about him, he wrote, "Because to enter the palace of learning at the great gate requires an expense of time and

forms, therefore men of much haste and little ceremony are content to get in by the back door." The much haste and little ceremony are familiar enough now-a-days. We are accustomed to little else. In our frequenting of public edifices we are pretty sure to seek the door in the basement from which an elevator ascends, in preference to climbing the flight of steps toward the great hall where the architectural effects, so carefully planned, open out to the sight. It is considered a mere waste of time and breath (as a people we are scant o' breath) to toil up the long way. Moreover the "great gate" is apt to make us look — and feel — small. The postern gate is nearer the measure of a man. Perhaps it is this "feeling small," as much as the lack of leisure or shortness of breath, that causes the reluctance of some to climb to the great gate of which Swift speaks. Humility is a difficult virtue to "assume." When creation widens on the view, and one begins to feel like an ant setting out to explore a Californian giant sequoia, one wishes that he had undertaken something better proportioned to his size, — like a mullein-stalk.

As I listened, half consciously, the other day, to the tuning of the stringed instruments in a great orchestra, previous to the concert, I fell to thinking how much depended upon that teasing prelude. Not one of the players would so much as think of joining in the great symphony on the programme until he was sure that his violin, or 'cello, or harp, was tuned to the pitch, absolutely right. And when the grand chords of Beethoven filled the hall, we were all minded how beautiful a thing is the harmony of instruments in accord. Yet we seem perversely disposed, in all our undertakings, major and minor, to slur over, or give up altogether, the tuning of the strings. We get our cue, perhaps, from the much-advertised ability of the pianola to "take you at once into the presence of the great masters." A good deal of the sentiment we unroll, not a little of the emotion we put into play,

when brought into touch with the finer issues of life, is pianola emotion. We hasten "into the presence of the masters" when there has been, on our part, no preparatory tuning of the strings. To expect any one to be edified, or in any way stirred, by our interpretations, is to expect him to be warmed by the fire of glow-worms.

The truth is, I take it, that preambing, as a fine art, called for qualities that are alien to the present-day disposition. It was closely allied to that other art, sauntering, which was so fervently preached — and conscientiously practiced — by Thoreau. The milder attributes of his saunterer — his "Holy-Lander" — are what we moderns sadly lack. The zeal and the strenuousness we have no need to pray for. A double portion of that part of the crusading spirit seems to have fallen upon us. We can accomplish a prodigious flourish of the trumpets; we can march up to the walls, and demand surrender with admirable resoluteness; we can fight, if need be, with valor; but we are not conspicuous for the virtues that shine

when lances are at rest and trumpets are silenced.

A little wayside chapel that stands in the English village of Houghton-in-the-Dale, a mile or more from the ruins of Walsingham Abbey, remembers in its name a custom of the old pilgrimages. It is still called the Shoe-House, because here, tradition has it, the pilgrims bound to the shrine of Our Lady put off their shoes, to walk the remaining way bare-foot. A toilsome march they found it, in all likelihood, but it was the only way to reach the ear of the miracle-working Madonna. Whoever was found unwilling to humble himself so far was judged unworthy to ask favor at her altar. Would that something of the patience, the reverence, the humility, which that little chapel commemorates, could be bestowed upon the hurrying crowds bent upon reaching the temples which contain the objects of their adoration. How "this visible scene of things" would gain in impressiveness if the devotees of those temples would approach in seemly delay, to the halting music of a Song of Degrees.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE BELOVED CONSERVATIVE

EVERY child, declares Gilbert's rhyme,
That's born into this world alive,
Is either a little Liberal,
Or else a little Conservative.

J. O. H. was of the latter persuasion, even when being wheeled in a go-cart about the "Washington Square" of the small city of her birth. She was a conservative element in Miss Wicks's School for Very Young Ladies. Even then she had a kindness in her heart for society as it is, and viewed it by the pleasant light of a shaded lamp. Fate intended her to correct my radicalisms — a happy fate kept her in store to be the comrade

of my early-middle years. It was fore-ordained that we should beguile the long windy autumn evenings of our mountain home with discussion and argument rather than with piquet and cribbage.

J. O. H. has the brow (and bonnets) of a conservative. The stillness and pleasantness of her look belong to that character, as my uneasy air betrays me for a contentious woman. The hairs of my head are belligerent, and form cowlicks in the midst of a smooth part. These are not to be mistaken for "escaping tendrils," "playful, wayward locks." They are brusque and uncompromising, and seem, as the Psalmist says, "to speak with a stiff neck." Though informed that

they are not becoming, I value these signs of character in my appearance. I am a holder of opinions — one who takes sides. I never use the dodging expression, "I don't know enough about it to judge." I am like my dear Aunt F., who could, and did, fly into a burning indignation over events in Portland and San Francisco. Well I remember the noble passion she displayed over the case of the elderly German who shut his wife up in a bureau drawer. My aunt was peacefully sewing when some one read this item aloud to her from the *Tribune*. She started up, and threw down her work. Her blood boiled, she said. She wished she had been present! *She wished she had been his wife*. Could the victim of the bureau drawer have seen my aunt then, as, pacing up and down our small parlor, she charged an imaginary jury, well might the meek frau have exclaimed, —

"O for a single hour of that Dundee!"

Very different is the beloved conservative. She confides all these affairs to the local authorities. There is nothing pleasing to her in the illusion that she is living next door to the actors in these unquiet scenes, or harboring a reporter on her doorstep. I cannot, at first, always drag her into a controversy. She often incenses me by remarking that "there is probably another side of it." She even interrupts me by introducing some family matters, which naturally are far from my thoughts. Have I called on the Taconic Avenue ladies? Did I remember to leave an order for the stage? What a spoke is this last in my wheel! I *never* remember to leave an order for the stage.

Such checks, however, have no lasting effect on me. Unlike Miss Pross, I begin to exaggerate when *no one contradicts* me. Contradiction is what I want and must have. Eventually I can always provoke the beloved conservative into a mild word or two for the defendant. She is sometimes foolhardy enough to try to season my indignation with some such remark as "Those wrinkles at the top of your nose are getting very deep."

This I regard as beneath my notice. When I become eloquent about the misuse of wealth, she says only that she knows many just and kind rich people in the world, and supposes there are many more whom she does not know. Blacker and blacker I paint the wrongs of my clients. What though I am hurting an unoffending cause by such vivacity of statement? I am not arguing for any cause, but enjoying a glorious sport. I underscore everything I say. Triumphantly I tell of oppression and cunning and fraud. It is an ill wind of man's inhumanity to man that will not blow some good to my argument. I am rejoiced if I can remember another and yet more pitiful tale. If the beloved conservative questions any of my tall statements, I quote a good authority for them. Sometimes, a few moments later, I begin to wonder where I found those statistics. I feel inclined to look up the reference. Strange that I cannot find it! The facts all *ought* to be on my side.

Our discussions do not always arise from timely topics in the papers. They are sometimes artificially introduced. By the kind grace of Heaven, J. O. H. and I disagree on almost every matter of public right and policy. Our views may coincide about mere housekeeping or family matters; but academically we are foes to the knife. Our differences of opinion are so well grounded, and have such a fine vitality, that one or other of us may even say, as we enter after dinner that long room lighted only by the fire, where we spend so much of our cosy solitude, —

"Let's argue this evening."

"Very well — what shall it be about?"

"What do you say to kindergartens?"

"Why, we've had that once this week. Let's take up the automobile."

Automobiles are very promising. They are sufficiently remote to be calmly discussed. If we argue about unions, or strikes, one or both of us may have to read Dr. Syntax "In Search of the Picturesque" before we can sleep.

J. O. H. holds correct conservative

views on property, warships, higher criticism, vegetarianism, education, psychical research, Canon Nineteen, etc. The necessary exception to the rule is in a surprising direction. (I do not refer to her opinion, which agrees with mine, on vivisection. Who but posterity can decide which side of that dark question is truly radical, which truly conservative?) But this gentle, this thoroughly feminine J. O. H. is not an anti-suffragist! Nay: should the gentlemen of her country offer to escort her to the polls, we should promptly behold the beloved conservative tripping forth, in her pretty little shoes, to cast a Republican ballot. She would not willingly set one of those little shoes on Mr. Asquith's geraniums; and yet I think she sometimes ruminates as she pays the taxes on this pleasant house, meadow, and orchard. I have made some deductions from this and other facts. At times I feel convinced that this beloved person is conservative only because she cannot endure any further wear and tear on her sympathies; because the church, the school, the town, the club, the S. P. C. A., her friends, — her letters, — her contrivings and plannings for distant relations, — leave little room on her not too broad shoulders for new burdens. To hear of wrongs she cannot help gives her only an aching pity, not a bracing indignation. Or perhaps, although she has a secret bias toward our camp, she is warned away by my example, and the noble saying of Bishop Wilson: "Intemperance in talk makes a dreadful havoc in the heart."

THE ENCHANTED DUSK

THERE was a bright crescent moon in the west, and the skies were everywhere blue as day. Not a star had as yet pulsed through the sunlight to earth. There was no whisper of air; tall and slender, the young trees were grouped about my cabin, motionless, silent, and the lake lay dead and blue under the blue heavens, with the far half of its surface darkened by the

shadows of mountains. A group of late-flying curlews cried to each other, a night-hawk answered; far away the mountain whippoorwill whistled its two final bars over and over again, and in the woods behind my cabin a deep-throated owl hooted once. Then, silence. And after a long interval, while Venus and great Jupiter stepped out from their cerulean veils, and Arcturus throbbed into view, and the dusk gathered in ravines and forests and on the distant slopes, there came, quaveringly, from immeasurable distance, the long, heart-breaking ululation of a wolf.

Lying at half-length in a rope-hammock before my cabin, with the two pines whence I swung nodding to my slight movement, and the others high and still above me, I yielded to the enchantment of the dusk, and the silence, and the melancholy that forever possesses dark wildernesses and frowning hills and forests and hushed lakes. My pipe fell from my hand, and I too grew still and expectant and dreamy, while I waited with Nature. Waited for some miraculous happening, surely, that yet would not appear.

Through all the ages since its fiery birth out of chaos, the world has been waiting, tip-toe, breathless, for this unknown Something, this miracle, this fruition of universal desire. All Nature feels it, thinks it, dreams it, and the essence of the suspense steals over brooding humanity that watches; and so there creeps into the heart of man, by imperceptible impressions, the vague anticipation, and we feel that we are but tarrying in the world, and waiting, — waiting for the miracle. So our dreamers build dreams of the future, and with Tantalus-longing we hope and expect — what, we know not. When some great thing happens as we would desire, or some great soul visibly flames up before us, or some great crisis impends, then for a moment we think this is the predestined. But it passes, and yet we tarry, and yet we anticipate, and in the fervor of our longing we cry for the miracle. And we die, and others take up the vague vigilance. For the instinct is

implanted in us; visibly all Nature waits and wonders, and visibly we, imitative passing thoughts of Nature, wait and wonder with her.

The priests and the seers, the poets and the prophets, have from immemorial times felt this anticipatory vigilance of the hushed dusk, and it has brought strange and exalted thoughts to them, until, rapt out of themselves, thrilling with Nature's expectancy, they have given religious words to the wordless sensation, and have prophesied of the approaching dooms. The fervor and the faith of the coming miracle! All religions throb with it, all dreamers of dreams have interpreted the dumb rapturous ecstasies into mythologic fables and ideal parables, and many of the most exalted have lived their parables and have taught their interpretation of this expectancy of Nature by their very works and lives. Yet the dreamers fade; and the dreams, the fables, are forgotten; and the parables and the holy actions, the works and the religions, like watch-fires, flare and die; yet Nature waits, hushed and attentive, and new souls thrill and stand agog, wide-eyed, for the imminent flash. But there are no new words in the silence, no new marvels in the heavens, no new miracles on the earth. The pebbled globe with its human animalculæ falls through the eternities, and nothing happens. Yet we wait, and hope, and anticipate, watching vigilantly through the moments ere we vanish, and hush our breathing lest the coming Something strike us unaware.

The world is indeed enchanted, and we watchers brood on a Circean island of infinity, with strange gods in our hearts. The fables of fairy and gnome and elf, of wood-haunting dryad and satyr, of star-striding Olympic deities, are more real than the actual atomic globe, with its unguessable forces and riddled laws. This is the true land of Faerie, where the miracles are so many, and so often encountered in our own persons, that long ago we ceased either to marvel or to wonder; and not the pulsing of the sun, nor the growth

of a tree, nor the changeful seasons, nor the birth of a child, fills our souls with the least amazement. If, from one of my dusk-pillaring trees, there should step out before me a graceful sylvan deity, I should not start from my hammock. Already I am satiated with miracles. Looking at my feet in the grasses, if I should see a ring of crystal elves dancing about some pygmy Titania, my delight would contain no poison of doubt or wonder. I have gathered flowers ere now, nor been startled by their beauties. I exist, and that is the utmost miracle; gnome or hamadryad are not above Nature's creative power if she can produce man. Anything is possible; the heavens and the earth are enchanted, and dusk is peopled by mysteries, and I only know that I, with all of Nature, am waiting and anticipating, and that ere long something should satisfy this universal longing, — some flashing stroke of supreme felicity or agony or atomic dissolution.

We have but to watch through one twilight to have its essence permeate our souls. Ever after, we are enchanted and see the broad day vaguely mysterious and tinged by the recollected dusk. Passing dreams are our portion until we, too, pass. There are shadows that go before us and that cast over everything we encounter and over every one we meet dim adumbrations of our inward essences, so that we see as through the glass, darkly. It would spell madness if we looked and saw the world as it is, wholly external, surrounding us, pressing close in upon us, but in no way a portion of ourselves; if we clasped hands with our fellows and our families, yet saw them as they truly are, no nearer our own souls than the beings who possibly may inhabit some planet of Arcturus; if we saw ourselves wholly alone, cut off by impassable barriers from all other life, quite as segregated as if we dwelt each on his own asteroid. And so our shadows go before and tinge the world with our own personalities, until we see through charmed dusk our environment. Thus our world is Faerie,

and we live with dreams, while we wait and keep vigilant watches for the coming destiny that will flash down the heavens.

Though, to us, in everything else the swirling universe changes momentarily, in that one thing we find no change. At twilight life and Nature stop, breathlessly, and look upward to the skies for a moment, and all of creation is struck by a Niobeian fear. And then, with the falling of night, there seems to be one long breath drawn, whether of regret or relief, and the winds move again, and thought reenters man's mind, and the essential Pan resumes his wonted motionless content. The agony has not fallen, nor the ecstasy been consummated, nor the dissolution darted through infinitude. And again we prophesy and our dust is blown away. It is all Faerie, and unreality; and the dreams possess us until the twilight falls into darkness, and we with it.

THE OPEN-MINDED BIGOT

A RECENT contributor to this Club has eloquently described the comforts of bigotry, and many who read the arguments against a too hospitable mind will sympathize with the writer's point of view; for, doubtless, we have all tried the experiment of flinging wide the gates of our intelligence, only to admit the disorderly rabble of fads and fancies that come crowding into our minds, jostling the more dignified procession of legitimate ideas and beliefs.

This open-door policy certainly has its perils. During rush hours there is great danger that the more modest and quiet ideas which are seeking admission will be trampled to death by the lawless insurgents behind them. Only yesterday there was a serious casualty at the entrance to the mind of a friend of mine. A quiet, conservative little Dogma was just putting its foot over the threshold, when a horrid rough Heresy seized it by the throat, squeezed the life out of it, flung it away, and strode into my friend's mind, — a squatter sovereign.

It goes without saying that the opposite course has its dangers also. Where there is a Scylla there is also a Charybdis, and the dread alternative of the frying-pan is the fire. So even worse than the wide-open mind is the mind closed and locked, — barricaded with an unassailable conviction. Not all the tools of Modern Science — that miracle-working burglar — can prevail against the bolts and bars of Prejudice.

Is there no alternative between solitary confinement with one's own opinions, and the communistic freedom which finds expression in a placard bearing the wholesale invitation "Free to all"? Can we not leave the doors of our minds a crack open so that we can peek out and exercise a discriminating hospitality? We all like to feel sure of a thing, only we get tired of feeling sure of the same old thing, and so we get wobbly and undecided, and that is worse than being prejudiced.

I have a recipe which, if followed conscientiously, will produce an open-minded bigot; and it will only be necessary to say that my advice is thoroughly immoral to make sure that it will at least be read, if not followed.

It is an excellent bit of mental gymnastics to change your conviction without changing your mind, — like the impersonator who, in the same garb, can become alternately Sarah Bernhardt and Theodore Roosevelt. Assume a conviction if you have it not; or if you have one, discard it and assume a different one. How tiresome is the guest who, when asked by his host with weapons suspended over the chicken, whether he prefers light or dark, weakly replies, "Either." For myself, having really no preference, I deliberately alternate my inclinations. On Monday I say "light," — and there is light, — on Tuesday my vote is definitely cast for chicken of a darker hue. At luncheon I own to a weakness for beef as rare as a day in June; at dinner I promptly reply, "*Well done*, good and faithful servant," when the butler respectfully offers me my choice. So my advice to

those who wish to have convictions and yet keep an open mind is, on the intellectual plane, to go and do likewise.

It is not necessary to be all things to all men, but by being different things to different men at different times, one's mind becomes active even if one's morals get a little torpid. (In these days of specialties you must not expect treatment for your morals when you ask for mind-cure. Go to the heart-specialist around the corner.) According to my eclectic doctrine, you may with one man hold the views of a rank free-trader, and with another you may be a fierce protectionist. You may be by turns a Socialist and a Conservative, an Orthodox Christian and an heretical Hindoo. Who knows that you may not in time win the magic title of Pragmatist, — that name with which we all conjure, but which we cannot understand? In order to know the arguments for so many irreconcilable doctrines you *have to be* open-minded. In order to stand up for your (temporary) conviction against so many cogent reasons you *must be* bigoted. Through constant practice of this intellectual gymnastic exercise you will become supple of spirit and subtle of soul, — a cold adversary, a warm advocate. In short, you will become that delightfully irresponsible anomaly, a mental contortionist, an open-minded bigot.

A TIMID MAN'S COMPLAINT OF BABIES

ALTHOUGH a bachelor, I have no natural antipathy to babies; if I complain of their behavior it is only because I am grieved at the failure of a high ideal. I never could, with Charles Lamb, drink sympathetically to King Herod, nor tell a fluttering young mother that I "liked them best boiled." On the contrary, there was a time when I could read the *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality* with relish and approval; it pleased my youthful fancy to believe that primeval wisdom still might lie entrenched behind the silent, deep stolidity of babyhood —

having nowhere else a refuge upon earth. In those days I thought it a high and holy privilege of infancy to share the secrets of another world. Now I have learned to question whether any one becomes a more agreeable acquaintance from the mere fact of possessing exclusive information, even from a previous existence. Exclusive information always tends to make the possessor arrogant, and in this case the arrogance is heightened by the rare consciousness of being able to keep the secret. Then again, knowledge may be of good, or of evil. The infant comes from heaven "trailing clouds of glory." But so did Lucifer.

Infants of former days, with the joyous innocence of those dark, unhappy ages, may have exulted in the consciousness of immortality. Infants of our day, if it is really the Wordsworthian problem that they ponder, seem rather inclined to ask that essentially modern question: "Is immortality desirable?" Infants I have met have glared at me in a manner to suggest the most baleful possibilities. Even on the Wordsworthian theory there follows no necessary implication that infancy is the happiest and most innocent portion of life. When we have granted that infants come to us direct from heaven, there yet remains the question, "Why do they come?" Were they silly enough to leave celestial blessedness of their own accord, or were they forcibly expelled — doubtless for sufficient reason? Is it a knowledge of Eden they bring into the world, or merely a knowledge of sin?

Parents and poets like to talk of the pretty innocence of childhood, but philosophers know better. Take that stern old bishop of Hippo in Africa, mighty both as saint and sage, who gave to the world his *Confessions* nearly fifteen hundred years ago. For the sins of my infancy, he says, I must grieve not the less in that I do not remember what they were. "Who then remindeth me of the faults of my infancy? Who remindeth me? Doth not each little infant in whom I see what I remember not about myself?" And for infant play-

fulness: "Was it good, then, even for a while, to cry for what if given would hurt? bitterly to resent that persons free, and its elders, yea, even its own parents, obeyed it not? to strive to strike and hurt with all its might because its biddings were not obeyed, which had been obeyed to its peril? In weakness, then, of baby limbs, not in its will, lies its innocence. Myself have seen and known jealousy even in a babe." I have attempted to say something like this to the young mothers who have held up babies for my admiration, but the young mothers never listen.

An infant, I believe, is shrewder than his older brothers and sisters; he employs his wiles and graces in the home circle, and shows his true character only to strangers. Parents and relatives are the last persons in the world to know his true character. They like to feel that they are protecting helpless innocence, and they pride themselves on drawing out the dawning intelligence with their playful endearments. The guileless infant encourages them. They should see how he receives the same playful endearments from persons whom he has no deeply-calculated interest in pleasing. My own experience of infants has been acquired mainly in railway carriages, over the backs of plush-covered seats, when the infant was free from parental supervision. Somebody once told me that infants are the only true judges of character, and I have labored for years to establish my own self-respect by entering into amicable relations with every infant whose attention I could attract. The result has been appalling. Either I have no character, or else those infants, catching me at a disadvantage, have vented on me the concentrated scorn that all infants feel, but are too prudent always to express, against adults in general.

In the days when I still trusted to find an entrance to the infant heart, I thought it a bright idea to carry about in my pockets certain small propitiatory offerings which are currently supposed to find favor in a baby's eyes. I soon discovered

that it would be as easy to offer stick candy to Milton's terrible Lucifer as to one of these cold-eyed, bald-headed little mortal "cherubs."

Darkened so, shone

Above them all the archangel; but his face
Deep scars of thunder had entrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek.

It is in words such as these that I would like to describe those infants, not with any sentimental chatter of innocence and joy. Infants have looked into me, and through me, and over me, but have seldom smiled either at me or with me. The tiniest insignificant little mite, that seems hardly old enough to keep its eyes open, meets me squarely with a stare that is not insolent only because it is so entirely disdainful. I have nodded, and grimaced, and jingled keys until I was breathless, while some unblinking young Chinese idol would regard my performance with contempt. Then, when I had sunk back in my seat, discouraged and weary, the cold, hard eyes would follow me with a reproof too scornful for words. "You began this nonsense of your own free will, now why stop?" I have felt more abashed before one of these odious little pulpy wretches than Gulliver before the King of Brobdingnag.

Grown people who persist in believing that infancy is the happiest and best portion of life are not only ignorant of facts, but are strangely blind to their own interest. For my part I wish to believe that the happiest portion of my life is before, and not behind me. I confidently hope that my second childhood will be happier than the first, if only because I am determined that it shall be a great deal more humble and generally human. What has infancy to offer like the innocent, shrewd garrulity of Izaak Walton, or the genial, full-ripened philosophy of our own Oliver Wendell Holmes? Old age may have to rely less on memory than on faith for its intimations of immortality, but, for all that, the "last, best days" of a good man move upwards, while the infant keeps its back turned to the higher world.

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